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Rud. Leonhart.

THE TREASURE

—OF—

MONTEZUMA,

—BY—

RUDOLPH LEONHART, A. M.,

AUTHOR OF

"DOLORES;" "THE CHILDREN OF THE OUTLAW;" "THROUGH BLOOD AND IRON;" THE WILD ROSE," ETC.

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1888.

PREFACE.

If I deviate in this instance from the rule hitherto observed, not to present a preface to my works, it is because the present production of my pen differs widely from those I have hitherto given to the public. As a general thing prefaces are superfluous in works of fiction, betraying an amusing, though pardonable, vanity on the part of the writer, and the erroneous supposition that the reader extends to *him* the interest he takes in his *production*. If the present work had merely entertainment in view, as had my former productions, I would have abstained from intruding personally on the reader; but this is not the case. While I have endeavored to entertain I have no less endeavored to instruct, and of such magnitude, in my estimation, is the subject laid before the reader, that I deem an explanation of my reasons for embodying it in a story not only justifiable but necessary. Whether I have done the subject justice is a question whose answer I must leave to the reader, claiming only the sincerest conviction of the correctness of the principles expounded, and the purest motives in their promulgation. I presume it is generally conceded that at no time has there existed such universal dissatisfaction with the condition of social affairs as now; but while the acknowledgement of this fact is nearly universal, the opinions as to its causes vary greatly. Hundreds of writers and thinkers have racked their brains for plausible explanations of the puzzling phenomenon, without, however, bringing it much nearer a solution. The writer has given this subject much thought, and now ventures to express his conviction that this deplorable discontent can only be explained by the undeniable fact that the great

majority of our race practice, or at least tolerate, a number of enormous lies, underlying the superannuated and rotten structure of human society, allowing them to color and shape their lives. We live, as it were, under false pretentions, endorsing by our silence these lies, and causing the world to believe that we take them for truths. Hypocrisy has thus become a national, yea universal vice, and yet we wonder that a deep discontent prevades the masses. We may tolerate and practice a vice but we can no more evade the self-contempt engendered by such a course than the mariner the wake which his vessel plows through the water. This being my conviction, the reader will no longer wonder at my anxiety to set myself right before the world on this question, and, by the propagation of my honest views, discharge a duty which none of us ought to evade. It is not only the privilege, but the stern duty of an upright man to show his colors, and to declare such principles as he thinks calculated to advance the welfare of the human race. If he err he errs at least honestly, and is much less to blame than the miserable hypocrit who sails under a false flag and conceals his real opinions through the despicable apprehension of injuring his worldly prospects. I need not point to the vigorous denunciations which the founder of the christian faith hurls at the pharasees, *i.e.* the hypocrits, of His time. These denunciations are but little heeded in our day, like many other of His admirable precepts. In fact, if He appeared among us to-day He would hardly recognize the majority of those calling themselves His followers.

Numberless lectures have been delivered and hundreds of treatises written on the subject; but the former are mostly frequented by those already enlightened on the subject and the latter read exclusively by scholars or persons of a higher grade of education, thus missing the masses, in other words those most in need of such instruction. The story, in its various forms, is the literature of the people, and it is the recognition of this fact which has induced me to write "THE TREASURE OF MONTEZUMA," into whose

thrilling incidents the lesson in question has been woven Whether this thread is of genuine gold or a spurious article, I leave the reader to decide, begging him merely to believe that motives of the purest benevolence and philanthropy have animated me in its compilation, and that the conviction of having added my mite to the amelioration of the poor and oppressed is ample reward for my exertion.

I need not, at this place, enlarge on the principles advocated in this volume, but simply refer the curious to the work itself, assuring them that the few hours required for its perusal will not be unpleasantly or unprofitably spent, even if it fail in making them converts to the principles expounded on its pages.

RUDOLPH LEONHART.

Canton, Ohio, May 1st, 1888.

THE TREASURE OF
MONTEZUMA.

CHAPTER I.

The Reader is requested to retrace the stream of time until he reaches the fall of 1877, and then accompany us to the fair regions of Mexico, the land around which romance has woven her mystic veil more than any other country of the new world; the land on which nature, with lavish hand, has wasted all her bounties, but which the folly of man has kept so poor that it supports with difficulty its scanty population, which hardly averages thirteen to the square mile.

We are about four hundred miles north-west of the Capital, near the place where the Cordilleras expand into the table lands which, in richness of produce, salubrity of clime, and beauty of scenery, vie with the most highly favored portions of our globe.

All this is now wrapped in the somber mantle of a September night, but the moon shines and sheds sufficient light to enable us to trace the dim outlines of our nearest surroundings. We stand on what pretends to be a highway; but which, in reality, can hardly aspire to the name of a mule-path. On its eastern side stands a structure of the humblest dimensions which, as an uncouth sign-board informs us, is the tavern of "Santa Madre," devoted to the housing of man and beast. It is built of sun-dried brick, and boasts, as we see on entering, of only two apartments, one of which serves the landlord and his family for a kitchen, sitting, dining and sleep-

ing room, while the other shelters the chance stranger who, on rare occasions, has been benighted in the neighborhood.

This seems to be the case at the time of our visit, for, as we gaze through the only window into the moon-lit room, we perceive a man stretched on a low bed, held apparently in the bonds of a deep slumber. His sleep must, indeed, be very profound, for he evidently fails to hear the noise emanating from a determined effort to open the door. Presently this effort is crowned with success, for suddenly the door opens, admitting a man who walks with stealthy steps to the bed. In his hand he holds a dagger, a sign that he will not allow the awaking of a single sleeper to thwart his purpose. Is the sleeper aware of his danger? However this may be, he never opens his eyes whilst the intruder subjects his garments to a thorough search and causes the contents of their pockets to wander into his own. When he has done he seizes the saddle-bags standing on the bed between the sleeper and the wall, casts a last scrutinizing glance at his victim, and then leaves the room with an assurance which only a long practice in a career of crime can bestow.

When the robber reaches the open air, he listens once more attentively and then walks behind the house, whither we follow him just in time to see him enter an open shed, where a mule is stabled. He seems at home here, for he bridles and saddles the animal without any hesitation whatever, fastens the saddle-bags in their proper place, and then leads the mule into the road. He keeps on the sod lining the way, with the evident intention of effecting a noiseless departure. He mounts with the ease and grace of an accomplished rider and putting spurs to the mule, causes it to break into a brisk trot. As he disappears in the dim light, we hear a suppressed chuckle vibrating through the night air, an indication that he keenly enjoys a deed so much at variance with the laws of civilized society.

Our highwayman, however, plays too important a role in our narrative to lose sight of him; so, good reader, mount behind and ride with him through the balmy night air, until the rising sun permits us to cast a scrutinizing glance at him.

Indeed, our robber is no mean personage to look upon. He is hardly over twenty-one, and of a stature at once graceful and athletic. He stands probably five feet ten in his socks, and his

body is so well proportioned as to excite the admiration of even a casual observer. His hair is curly and of a raven blackness, a light mustache of the same color heightens the expression of confident nonchalance, not to say impudence, unmistakably imprinted on his handsome countenance. His eyes show that dreamy veiled contentment which we notice in the tiger when, after a hearty meal he cowers on the floor of his cage to dream of his native jungles. When thus seen, he might be considered a very harmless creature, but throw a pebble at him and a sudden lurid flash from his eyes will cause you to congratulate yourself that the heavy bars prevent a more intimate acquaintance on his part. His nose is well shaped, after the Grecian pattern. His finely chiseled lips betray animal courage and self-will. His face shows the rosy color of youth and health, although the the ring, under his eyes betray the frequent indulgence of sensual passions. The youth is clad in the picturesque costume of the country, the loose jacket and the trowsers slit to the knee, and trimmed with silver buttons. A sombrero tilted jauntily on his curly head adds to the air of deviltry so plainly stamped upon the whole apparition.

We have hardly finished our observation, when the robber also benefited by the first rays of the sun to examine the fruits of his nightly enterprise. Thrusting his hand into his breast pocket, he drew forth several papers and carelessly glanced at them; but what he saw evidently attracted his attention in an extraordinary degree, for he started so violently that his mule gave a sudden jump which came near landing him on the ground. After a vicious chastisment of the unlucky animal, he gazed once more at the paper and muttered audibly:

"Mr. Arthur Grau! Why, that is my name. Am I dreaming?"

The fellow rubbed his eyes, then looked again. Sure enough, there it was, in a bold, legible hand. "Mr. Arthur Grau, in care of Anton Stamm, K———, Germany."

"Well, if that don't beat the devil!" The robber went on soliloquizing, "this letter can hardly be designed for me, and yet there is no other Arthur Grau in these parts, as far as I know. 'In care of Anton Stamm, K———, Germany.' Let me see, haven't I an uncle by that name? Why, sure enough, my mother's brother.

"How forgetful a fellow becomes in this western wilderness! But what can this mean? How did this letter get into the hands of my worthy patron in the tavern of Santa Madre? I might rack my brain till dooms day, and not solve this puzzle; so here goes."

The robber unfolded the paper, and gave another start on discovering that the letter was written in german, This discovery, however, did not seem to discomfit him, for he began to read with an ever increasing attention, forgeting even to advance on his journey. His steed did not fail to benefit by this unusual indulgence and, coming to a dead stop, began to brouse on such herbs as the roadside would offer. The horseman went on reading without noticing, much less checking, such unheard of liberty on the part of a mule, the plainest evidence that the contents of the letter must indeed have been of a very captivating nature. It would hardly be fair, under these circumstances, to withhold from the reader what a knight of the road is permitted to enjoy, and we therefore hasten to translate the letter for the benefit of the reader, and lay its contents before him. It ran thus:

"FRIEDENSTHAL, Jan. 1st, 1876.

My Dear Arthur:

You will, I trust, pardon me for addressing you thus, when you learn from your foster-father the part I have played in your past life. When I tell you that it was I who directed your education and defrayed its expenses, it is certainly not with the intention of eliciting your recognition or securing your gratitude. Indeed, I have no right whatever to excite such feelings in your bosom; for when I befriended the orphan son of a beloved cousin, I acted as much in the interest of mankind in general as your own. It surpasses the compass of a letter to give a lengthy explanation of my conduct and the motive shaping it; let it suffice to state that the rude hand with which the world crushed my youthful aspirations for the betterment of our race, filled me with a bitter hatred for institutions which boast of so much wisdom and benevolence, but which, in reality, are nothing but a cruel fraud, practiced by a selfish few upon the masses. At first a bitter feeling of my utter inability to correct these wrongs made a misanthrope of me, and drove me into the wilderness, where the savage and the beast show more affection for their kind than the standard bearers

of a so called civilization. There a lucky fate put me in possession of boundless wealth, and thus furnished me the means of warring against the enemies of the human race and of bettering its condition. I reserve for oral communication the recital of my doings, and now merely say, come and aid me in a work more glorious and sublime than that of conquerors or diplomats. I fore-saw the necessity of an assistant long since, and when, nineteen years ago, I found you a helpless and forsaken orphan, I resolved to educate in you a fit and worthy successor to my plans and aspirations. I needed a being unhampered by prejudices, unbaised by superstition, unfettered by bigotry; and where could I find one less so than in an infant so totally free from the bonds of kin and affection. Gladly I would have superintended your education in person, but my almost constant travels over land and sea forbade all thoughts of indulging in such a pleasant task. So I looked around for a proper substitute, and was fortunate enough to find him in Anton Stamm. Your preparatory education has now been finished, and if half of what your foster-father writes is true; if your mind is stored with useful knowledge; if your body has been hardened and trained by manly sports of every description; if your heart is softened by love and sympathy for your race; if your soul is imbued with the fiery hatred of sordid selfishness and oppression of every kind; then, my son, you will require no urging to obey my summons. You will glory in the work marked out for you, and long to earn the noblest title to which a human being can aspire, the title of a benefactor of your race. Anton Stamm will furnish you with the funds necessary for your journey. To find me mark the following directions; land at Vera Cruz and procede by the capital to the hamlet of Villa, situated on the Pacific Coast at its intersection with the twenty-seventh parallel of north latitude. Thence procede northward until you reach the Rio Frio. Follow its left bank upstream to where the Cordillares bound its banks with lofty cliffs. Await the ebb which will lay bare a narrow ledge, on the left bank. Follow this ledge until a waterfall shuts off all further progress in the ravine. At the extreme edge of the cataract you will see an iron bar protruding from a rock; bend this in a southern direction, and await the result. In expectation of an early meeting,

Your friend and father, HERBERT GRAU."

When the robber had finished reading, he mused a few moments and then said with a cynical laugh:

"I begin to comprehend. This precious epistle was intended for that milksop, cousin Arthur, who used to live with Uncle Anton. He was always a lucky dog, this Arthur was; but I shall take care to keep this fat plum from falling into his lap. So, this Mexican gold uncle is no myth after all. I must confess, I had never taken much stock in the story; a proof that the smartest of us can err, but it is not too late to abjure my unbelief. By St. Mercury, our patron, I shall hencefourth swear only by Uncle Herbert and roast him alive who casts the merest shadow of a doubt on his identity. And boundless wealth has he? Well, in that case it is my unmistakable duty to relieve him of a portion of his burden, for the bible informs us that wealth has its great perils and often hinders us from entering the kingdom of heaven. I would not like to have it said of me that any remission of mine had imperiled my uncle's soul. Judging from this letter, he is crazy as a loon; but what is the odds? I rather like crazy uncles, provided they are rich. But if I am to act my cousin's part, I ought to post myself a little better concerning his affairs, to keep from committing any awkward blunders. Perhaps these other papers will give some valuable hints concerning the best mode of proceeding."

With these words the robber began to unfold a second paper; but no sooner had he cast a glance at the contents, when he uttered a lively ejaculation of surprise and exclaimed with a boisterous laugh:

"By St. Mercury, this is evidently the day of miracles! Only last night I disputed with fat rather Ambrosio the existence of such things, and now my own experience convinces me that he is right. Here I hold in my hand the passport of my brother Philip, duly installed premier of his Majesty, the King of B———. Ho! it seems, my worthy brother has risen in the world. Herr von Grau, too! Ha, ha! we are big bugs now, and I will have to get my coat of arms painted. But wasn't it lucky that Brother Philip is blessed with such a sound slumber! Else he might wander now in the realms of the blessed and I bear on my brow the mark of Cain. Arthur Grau, you will have to read a fellow's pedigree hereafter before tickling his ribs with your dagger, that is evident. But

what in the world can that fellow want in Mexico? Stop Arthur, don't stultify yourself, you know that his appearance always means mischief, and that Uncle Herbert's money has brought him in this particular case. By St. Mercury, I am almost sorry he slept so soundly; at all events, if I had dispatched him, the world would have owed me a big debt of gratitude. But as to Uncle's money, why, I'll spoil the little game for him. If I had hesitated before, this discovery would settle it. Bnt let us see whether there are more miracles in store."

The next paper which the robber unfolded was again a letter. Instead of all further comments, let us look over the fellow's shoulder and read with him:

"ANTONS RUHE, July 15th, 1877.

My dearly beloved Philip:

I cannot resist the temptation of sending you a few affectionate lines to the far west. You cannot imagine how I miss you. Ah Philip, I wish you had never left me, for since your departure my conscience has troubled me sorely as to the part I have played in my uncle's premature death. Of course, it was a stroke of apoplexy; but if it had not been for my stealing that letter, the blow might have been delayed, if not averted. Philip, I have bought you at a fearful cost. You belong to me and woe to him or her who comes between us. I trust you will return to me. If you do not, I shall follow you to the uttermost ends of the earth and claim my own.

Your loving BERTHA."

"Whew! What a tigress! And yet, I would rather like to be wooed in that fiery fashion. It would be a pleasant change from the tame affairs which all my amours have thus far proved. Can that possibly be Bertha Stamm, the gentle little girl who used to live with Uncle Anton? It surely must be she, although this fiery language does not much resemble the gentle lass I used to know. But she loves him and that accounts for it. I truly believe the contact whith him could change a very angel into a demon. But this letter comes very opportune. I think I know enough now to play my role to perfection. I am Arthur Grau, the milksop, who

comes to obey the summons of his worthy uncle and protector. He brings the sad news of the untimely death of the man who has watched over him in the days of his boyhood; striking tableau, moistened by copious tears shed in memory of the departed friend. What an opportunity for the display of the dramatic talent which they always told me I possessed! True the sojourn in that cranky Uncle's house is likely to prove an unmitigated bore; but it must be endured in consideration of the great gain to be obtained. Besides if women, rum and cigars can be found in the neighborhood, life cannot be totally without its charm."

Our highwayman then continued to examine his plunder. He found and unlimited letter of credit which he flung away with a contemptuous sneer, saying:

"Just like the contemptible cur he is. A gentleman would have carried a purse of gold or a roll of bank notes and thus have given a fellow an opportunity of earning an honest penny. Now let us cast a glance into his saddlebag. I wager the contents are as mean as the owner. No, by St. Mercury, here is really a small purse, hardly worthy of a Premier, and here is a fine broadcloth suit with plenty of linen to keep up the character of high pretensions which I am expected to maintain. Well, that completes the necessary outfit and we can begin with the comedy, for such, I trust it will turn out to be. Besides, it might not be wise to tarry here too long, for though I laugh at the Mexican police, I do not wish to encounter any risks just now which might retard the raising of the curtain."

With this he put spurs to the mule and soon vanishes in the cloud of cust which his speedy departure created.

CHAPTER II.

PERPLEXITIES.

It is a week later. Benefiting by our superior knowledge, we have betaken ourselves by private conveyance to the hamlet of Villa, to await the arrival of our friend the highwayman. Such [redacted]tle places are very dull, without regard to the fact that the curi-

osity of the natives is apt to worry one to death. We are therefore very glad to see our acquaintance soon after make his appearance. He has no mule now, but disembarks from a coasting vessel, carrying his possessions in a small bundle. He puts up at the only tavern of the place and orders a meal, which he washes down with copious draughts of rum. While he eats and drinks he asks the landlord numerous questions, which that worthy is only too glad to answer to the best of his ability.

"Do you happen to know a Sennor Grau, in these parts?" the stranger at length inquired, carelessly.

"A Sennor who?"

The stranger repeated the name.

"Perhaps you mean Sennor Grayo?" the host inquired, lowering his voice almost to a whisper. The Holy Virgin protect us, I'd like to know who don't know him?"

"Well, tell me all about him then; where does he live?"

"Live? Why, that is hard to say. In truth, nobody has ever been at his house."

"Well, what does he do then?"

"Do? I would be very happy to know myself. Nobody has ever seen Sennor Grayo."

"Not seen him? How the duce do they know then there is such a person?"

Oh! for that matter, "don't we know that there is a devil? I have never seen him, but father Antonio swears that he exists nevertheless."

"Well parried," replied the stranger with a laugh. "But Sennor Grayo is not the devil, you know."

"Well if he is not the devil himself, he surely is in league with him," whispered the landlord, looking shyly around as if afraid of of being overheard.

"But what makes you think so?" inquired the stranger, who was evidenty amused at the other's curious notions.

Again the host looked around with a troubled contenance.

"It is not safe to talk about these matters," he wispered. "Persons who talked ill of him have suddenly disappeared in a mysterious manner. Queer noises have been heard about the Rio Frio, which seems to be one of his favorite haunts. In the mountains

near by one can hear the thunder rolling while there is not a cloud in the sky. In the night lurid flames are often seen to shoot from the mountain tops, and many other wonderful signs and manifestations. Now, if that is no proof that the devil has a hand in this game, I should like to know what is."

"I stand convinced," the stranger replied with a humerous grin on his handsome face; then paid his bill, took up his bundle and went to the little bay which served the people of the hamlet as a port. He found several fishermen lounging about near their boats, and the languid manner in which they replied to his greeting convinced him that the fish of the neighborhood were not in any very imminent danger of their lives.

"Can I hire a sail-boat here?" the stranger addressed them.

This question suddenly put life into the lazy group.

"Si, Sennor," a dozen voices responded eagerly, while their owners sprang to their feet with a rapidity which formed not only a striking contrast to their former indolence, but also proved plainly how slim the chance was to earn an extra penny in that vicinity.

"Very well; what will you charge me a day?"

"Two dollars."

"One dollar."

"Ah! Francisco has merely a tub, and a handkerchief for a sail; the Sennor would not be safe with him. I have a boat that is a boat. Just look at her; isn't she a beauty?"

"She will stand muster," said the stranger stepping into the craft without further parly. "Can you take me at once to the Rio Frio?"

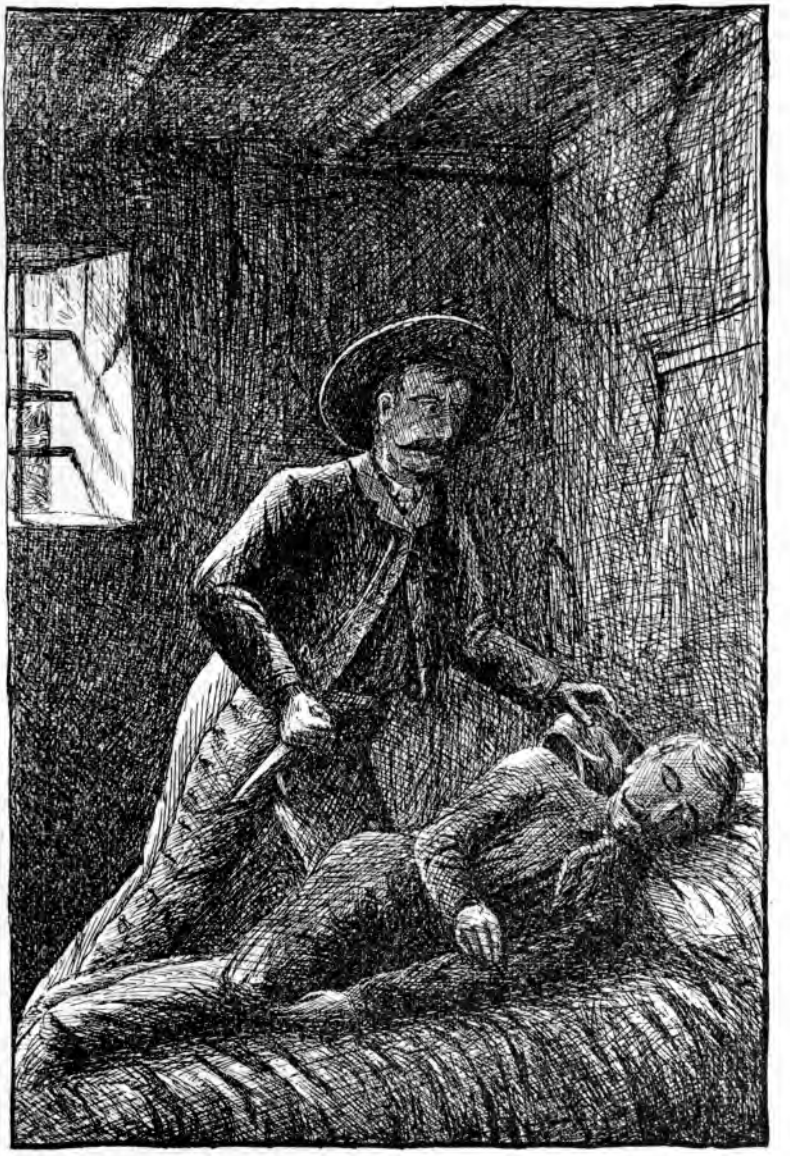
The effect of these few words was almost magical. The crowd started as if a scorpion had bit them, and the owner of the boat that was a boat, exclaimed, with an audible trepidation in his voice;

"The Rio Frio! Don't the Sennor know that the river is haunted."

"Your brain is haunted by tomfooleries, that is evident," the stranger retorted impatiently. "Will you take me or not?"

"I would like to accommodate the Sennor very much," the man replied humbly enough, "but the peril of my soul——"

"The duce take your soul," the stranger cried, in a passion.



Pedro declared that
some provi-ions. He
expiration of the
boat, announced his
be a man of few words.
sail was hoisted, and
the bay. The wind was
sailor, the distance to the
had reached his meridian.
came more and more engage
with an earnest ferver and
"Does the Sennor wish
anxiety.

"If you fellows are too stupid to take my good money, that is no reason why I should waste my breath on you."

With a curse on his lips he turned, and was on the point of leaving, when a youthful voice stopped him;

"Sennor, if you will pay me five dollars, I will take you to the Rio Frio."

The stranger turned rapidly, and saw a lad of about sixteen standing before him.

"What is your name?" he asked abruptly.

"Pedro, Sennor."

"Can you manage a boat?"

"Pedro is one of the best among us," an old man answered instead. "The Sennor may trust him without fear."

"He is certainly the bravest among you," the stranger replied with a sneer; "which is, after all, not paying him a great compliment. But tell me, Pedro, how does it come that you dare to venture a thing of which your comrades seem to be so much afraid?"

The youth smiled cunningly. "You see, Sennor," he replied, I have an amulet which makes me safe against the wiles of the evil one."

"Aha!" the robber replied with a boisterous laugh; "that is the basis on which your courage rests? Well, I reckon, your amulet will serve me too, and your demand can therefore not be considered extravagant. I accede to it on condition that we start without delay."

Pedro declared that he would need only fifteen minutes to lay in some provisions. He ran to the hamlet and returned before the expiration of the stipulated respite. Throwing a bundle into the boat, announced his readiness to embark. We know the robber to be a man of few words. He followed the example of Pedro. The sail was hoisted, and quickly and gracefully the boat glided from the bay. The wind was favorable and, Pedro proving to be an apt sailor, the distance to the Rio Frio was traversed before the sun had reached his meridian. As they neared the mouth, Pedro became more and more engaged with his amulet, which he clasped with an earnest ferver and eyed with unbounded faith.

"Does the Sennor wish to land here?" he asked with evident anxiety.

"No, my lad, I want you to take me up the river to the first spurs of the Cordilleras."

"But Sennor——"

"None of your buts' master Pedro. I want to go to the spurs of the Cordilleras, and if you know what is to your interest you will take me there in the shortest time. Do you understand me, Sennor?"

The look which accompanied these words was so significant that the dullest could not have failed to comprehend it. Pedro, however, was a clever lad and much more inclined to face the malice of evil spirits than the anger of the reckless man in whose power he had placed himself. So he obeyed without further remonstrance, but the pallor of his face increased with every mile, and when the cliffs alluded to came in sight he had become so deadly pale that even the calloused heart of the adventurer was touched.

"That will do Pedro," he said "you may land me at yonder ledge. Here is your money. And now be off or the devil will swallow you alive." Pedro did not fail to benefit by this hint. With a respectful adieu he pushed off and, aided by the receding tide, soon managed to get out of sight of the cliffs and their dreaded occupants. The bandit on the other hand looked around, and perceiving that several hours must expire before the ebb was at its lowest, calmly lit a cigar, and, throwing himself on the ground, stoically waited the moment which would allow further actions.

It was nearly four o'clock when the water had sufficiently receded to lay bare the ledge mentioned in the letter. No sooner had this happened when he arose and entered the ravine, walking with a careless indifference truly remarkable under the circumstances. He was totally ignorant of what the next hour would bring. The gossip of the villagers might well have staggered a man of nerve, without regard to the fact that a discovery of his fraud must expose him to the wrath of the man or men he was to meet. In spite of all this the bandit merely felt for his revolver, and then overcame the difficulties of his way with so much ease and vigor that he reached the water-fall before the expiration of another hour. He walked to its near edge and discovered without difficulty an iron bar an inch in thickness which projected about two feet from

the rock. Thus far everything had tallied with the letter, and now nothing remained but to obey its last injunction, and turn the lever, What was to come of it? Was the letter the fabrication of a diseased mind? Was it the invention of a practical joke? Was it the trap of a malignant designer? Who could tell? Dare-devil as this bandit was, his hand shook a little as he stretched it forth to seize the bar. Now he held it; but his hesitancy, if such he felt, lasted but a second and, with a sudden jerk, he bent the lever as directed.

Hark! What can this sudden rumbling in the bowels of the mountains signify? It sounds as if mighty torrents had burst their fetters and were now rushing forth on a mad career of destruction. They seemed to seeth and roll on all sides of the adventurer, and soon the angry waters began to rush from cracks and crevices. Could the gossip of the villagers after all be true? Had mighty spirits combined here to work the ruin of the bold mortal who had dared to invade their dominion? If these floods increased his death would be inevitable, for they would overtake the fleetest runner long before he could reach the mouth of the ravine. The bandit stood aghast, and for a moment something like repentence for his rashness filled his soul. He looked around for some avenue of retreat, when suddenly the freaks of the cataract before him engaged his whole attention. The mighty masses, which a moment ago had thundered into the abyss below, ceased to fall, the rocks below the projecting upper ledge split as if by magic, and in the dark recesses thus formed several figures came into view which caused the bandit to grasp his revolver and prepare it for immediate use. He saw indian warriors clad in all the finery of their race. A leather hunting frock fell to their knees; leggins of the same material covered their lower limbs, and moccasins encased their feet. Their heads were bare, but an eagle feather, stuck in their scalp locks, gave them a martial appearance. Their intentions, however, seemed very peaceful, for the foremost one, who appeared to be the leader, smiled, waved his hand in salutation, and then beckoned the newcomer to come nearer. The latter saw that a retreat was now too late, so, putting on a bold face, he climbed up the slippery rock before him and stood beside the indian, who extended his hand and said in Spanish:

"My brother is welcome; has he the paper of the white father, which speaks?"

"The letter, you mean, Redskin?"

"My name, Montezuma," the indian responded gravely.

"Montezuma or Mountebank, for all I care. If you mean the letter, here it is."

The indian received the document with his customary gravity, looked at the signature, and said:

"It is well; I shall take my brother to the white father; but first he must let me bandage his eyes."

"Bandage my eyes? What is that for?"

"It is the order of the white father."

"You seem to be a funny set of cronies. Why in the name of common sense am I to be blindfolded? I hate such mummeries."

"It is the order of the white father," the indian replied with his unruffled equanimity.

"Hang the white father!" muttered the bandit quite audibly. Then as if suddenly recollecting that further remonstrances would be as useless as they were imprudent, he said aloud:

"Well, have it your own way: When one is among the wolves, he must howl."

Without wasting another word the indian drew forth a bandage and fastened it over the stranger's eyes so securely that not a ray of light could find its way into them. Then, the guide took his hand and said laconically: "Come."

The bandit obeyed. As they started, he heard once more the rushing of the mighty waters, and judged that the river had been led back into its old channel and that he was thus completely in the power of the man he meant to deceive in so outrageous a manner. But if he quailed within, he gave no outward sign of fear and allowed himself to be led with the docility of a child. He could, of course, form no idea of the way they were pursuing, but he felt that the path was undulating and from the hollow echo of their steps he formed the conclusion that they were traversing some subterranean passage. How long they marched he had no idea. The time consumed on such occassions seemes generaly endless, and almost always exceeds the real distance. At all events the bandit was by no means sorry when the guide finally stopped and, taking off his bandage, exclaimed:

"We have arrived: once more my brother is welcome!"

The bandit might have replied in his usual cynical style, if the strange contrast between his present surroundings and those of the earlier hours of the afternoon had not so completely overwhelmed as to deprive him, for a few moments of the power of utterance. He gazed around as one bewildered. To his right he saw a long but narrow lake, fill a natural depression, closed at its near end by a short but massive wall, which showed beyond doubt that the lake was the work of man and not of nature. In front and to the left a region of most idyllic beauty came to view. Here and there a farm house or barn arose from clusters of trees, while cultivated fields, meadows of the freshest green and orchards of a tropical luxuriance spoke of the industry of man. The place where the bandit stood seemed to be the terminus of a large valley, bounded on both sides with steep mountains, which united behind his back but diverged on the right and left, extending to the north-east as far as the eye could reach, and embracing with rough but sheltering arms a valley of indescribable beauty and lovliness. At the distance of about a mile, and touching the lake, the bewildered bandit perceived a cluster of houses, interspersed with the same rich foliage he had noticed elsewhere, which seemed to be a village of considerable size. On the lake several sail boats could be seen plowing the crystal flood, while numerous fishermen plyed their handicraft. In the fields laborers moved about, variously engaged in the pursuit of agriculture. So startling was this scene in its overwhelming lovliness that the bandit rubbed his eyes repeatedly and finally stammered in confusion:

"What is this? Where am I?"

"In Friedensthal," the indian replied with undisturbed gravity. "Is my brother ready to meet the white father?"

The solemn manner of the indian had the effect of calling the bandit to his senses. He felt piqued at having suffered himself to be thus upset by this novel and unexpected sight. He also felt that a crisis was rapidly approaching which would tax his ingenuity to the utmost, and surely work his ruin unless he regained his usual composure. Thus, with an effort, he shook off the spell under which he had labored and, resuming his usual careless manner, said indifferently: "Go ahead, I shall follow."

CHAPTER III.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

We must now leave the bandit for a little while and beg the reader to accompany us to Montezuma, the capital of this community, with which he has become acquainted under the name of Friedensthal. Reserving its description for another occasion, we enter one of its dwellings, situated at its western extremity. It is a two-story brick building of considerable dimensions and very tasteful outlines. Airy porches, from which steps lead to the ground on all sides, large open windows admit the air to the inside. The furniture, though not costly, is of solid elegance, betraying the refinement of the inmates. In one room we see a handsome upright piano, while another contains book-cases well stocked with the choicest literary productions of various nations and ages in the original text. A third room bears the character of an office. There is a writing desk, with an easy chair before it; the walls are lined with shelves, holding labled bottles of every shape and size. On opening the drawers below we notice numerous instruments of a surgical character, which lead us to the belief that the owner must be an adept in the art of healing. This owner just then enters the room and so striking is his appearance that, at his sight, all the details mentioned sink into utter insignificance. We judge him to be about fifty, but, from some cause or other, his brown hair is slightly streaked with silver. Nothing, however, indicates the decay of age. The man is of medium height; his frame is well knit, without being burly. His head is one of those which impresses us deeply and is not easily forgotten. Under a massive brow a pair of dark blue eyes look at us with a glance so piercing that it seems to penetrate our very soul. But there is nothing stern about them; on the contrary, the light emanating from them warms our heart as as the genial fire of the grate warms our limbs on a chill day. His lips are firm without being hard; indeed, the main feature of his contenance has an indescribable touch of benevolence stamped upon it In general outline it resembles Washington and, having seen it once, we do no longer wonder at the

marvelous influence which this singular man has gained over his surroundings.

It is now about five o'clock on the same afternoon which witnessed the events above narrated. The person just described is on the point of sitting down at the table when, suddenly, a little bell rings, resembling that of a telephone. The man starts. On the repetition of the signal he rises with youthful energy, walks to an apparatus in a corner and begins to read a telegram just then arriving. In a minute he has caught its import; a happy smile lights up his features, and with rapid steps he leaves the room. They are directed towards the garden; a garden well worthy of a moment's pause.

On descending the steps of the porch we first reach a sward which the Emerald Isle could not have shown fresher and greener. No wonder! Crystal fountains of the most phantastic form, in which the setting sun created all the colors of the rainbow, played in every direction. Besides these, numerous brooks are running everywhere, as if to mock the very idea of scarcity of water for which Mexico is so badly reputed. Here and there flowers are interspersed, on which the flora of the tropics and the temperate zone vie to display their charms. Here and there a magnificent magnolia, catalpa or other tree of southern climes raises its stately head over the lower shrubs, among which jassamine, sweet-scented shrub and lilacs shed their delicious perfumes. Vines of every kind clambered along trellises and over arbors; among them the grape-vine, just then richly laden with luscious ripe bunches of every color, from the delicate pale green to the deepest purple. To one of these abors our new acquaintance wends his way, and on arriving there discovers a young girl, engaged in eating grapes. She does not seem to hear him, and he has therefore time to cast a glance of indescribable tenderness upon her. Let us pause a moment to look at her, for of all the fair flowers of this garden she is the fairest. The girl reclines in a rustic arm chair; her head resting against its back. With her left hand she holds a magnificent purple grape and with her right hand lazily picks the berries and lets them disappear, one by one, between her coral lips. Mind, we say lazily, not languidly, for this girl in the arbor is by no means one of those fragile creatures so popular in novels, who are

apt to break asunder if we look at them sharply. She may be about eighteen; her figure is lithe but strong and vigorous. She is rather tall, fully five feet five, but so symmetrical are her limbs that our eye is pleased rather than offended at her stately form. She is decidedly brunette; but although her skin cannot boast of the whiteness of snow which we, by the way, have only seen in novels, it has the delicate transparency which permits us to see the red blood coursing beneath. Her hair is black as jet; its wavy masses are tied in an artless knot on the top of her head, allowing little curls to escape and play on brow and neck. Her features are finely chiselled and form an exquisite oval, apt to fill a sculptor with rapture. It is the eyes, however, which form the crowning glory of the face. They are dark blue, and so like the ones so lovingly beaming upon her that we are justified in assuming the relationship of parent and child to exist between the man and the girl. It is, after all, the eyes, or rather the soul shining through them, which stamp the beauty of the face. Take them away and nothing is left but the marble bust which leaves us cold like the marble of the statue. The reader has, no doubt, often seen those porcelain pictures hung in the window. Lay these pictures flat upon the table and what are they? Nothing but alternate elevations and depressions. Now, however, hold them against the light and all at once they run into things of great beauty. So the light of the soul, beams forth from the eyes. And what do we read in those of this girl? An unpolluted soul, a vigorous intellect, great kindness of heart and a good deal of harmless mischief. They are beamingly turned upon the unlucky grapes which are fast disappearing under the vigorous onslaught.

"Inez, I have good news. He has arrived."

The words came so sudden and unexpected that the girl was startled and betrayed into asking:

"Who has come, father?" Then, suddenly recovering herself, she jumped up, clasped her hands and said joyfully:

"O! papa, you need not tell; I know, Cousin Arthur has arrived. I read it in your eyes."

"You guessed correctly, child. He has just arrived at Lakeview. If we hurry we can make the five o'clock train and welcome him in person."

"Then let us hurry, by all means. I fear the poor boy is half dead with fatigue. I am ready, Papa."

"Very well; here comes a street car; by taking it we will surely reach the station in season."

They hurry into the street, and, while they are waiting for the approaching car, we shall peep around a moment; for, what we see is well worth our attention.

The street is very wide; the sidewalks are laid with fine flags which, in turn, are lined with sod. The pavement consists of a composition which we have no time to investigate at present. In the center we notice the street-car track, and as the car approaches we wonder at the absence of horses. Nor is the road a cable-road, for we can see no trace of any cable. As the car approaches the man hails it, the driver turns a lever and the car stops. When the passengers have taken their seats, the driver reverses the lever and they proceed on their way. We ride as dead heads, and as we pass block after block we notice everywhere the signs of the most advanced civilization and unmistakable prosperity. We marvel and ask ourselves; "are we dreaming or is this reality? Are we in a valley of the Mexican Cordilleras or on the boulevards of Paridise?" Dear reader, if we have to answer all the questions you will be tempted to ask in the course of this narrative we may as well stop spinning our yarn. We must really leave the solution of any puzzle which may arise to your own ingenuity. But where did we stop? Ah, yes, we were admiring the beauties of the streets of Montezuma. As we proceed, our wonderment increases instead of abating. We pass beautiful villas, surpassing the one described both in size and splendor. The almost reckless use of water is probably the most striking feature for anybody who is condemned to sigh under the burden of a heavy water tax. There is at least one public fountain to every block, to say nothing of the countless private ones, adorning the gardens on both sides. Now and then the street widens into a park, swarming with children of both sexes and all ages. The costumes of the girls strike us as novel, or rather peculiar, for if we are not mistaken they were once advocated in the United States by Mrs. Bloomer, who was foolish enough to imagine that common sense alone could war successfully against the tyranny of fashion. But how then, you ask, could it prevail in

Friedensthal? Was the government an absolute despotism? Could——?

Ah, more questions which we answer with the stereotyped *quein sabe?* of the Spaniard. This much we know: the man from whom this cruel mandate emanates rides in our car; the people know him, and yet, oh wonder of wonders, they do not stone him! Are you not strongly tempted to ask another question? If ever you were justified in doing so you are now. But let me ask in return: Do you begin to see what kind of a man we have introduced to you? To increase your wonderment let me add that his ride to the station is nothing but one continued ovation. The children cry: good evening, papa Herbert! The women smile and wave their handkerchiefs, and the men raise their hats and send a blessing after him. The distance to the depot is about two miles. A few minutes before reaching it we enter a park which surpasses all the previous ones in size and beauty. It is covered with magnificent trees, under which fountains play in the slanting sun rays. The four sides are lined with stately stores, in which all kinds of goods are invitingly displayed. The park is divided by a river of moderate size, banked on both sides with massive quays. A handsome iron bridge spans it and allows our car to proceed on its course on the other side. New beauties come to view, but our passengers have alighted and proceed to the depot, which lies on the right bank of the river, leaving just room for a double track. The depot is furnished with all the modern improvements of which our large cities can boast. But by this time we have ceased to marvel and rather expect to find every new feature in conformity with our past experience. The two sat on a bench.

"Five minutes to five," said the gentleman, looking at the clock hanging on the wall above the ticket office. "Just in time, unless the train is late."

"Which is never the case in this wonderful land," the girl said, with an arched smile. "Or hardly ever."

"It isn't the case this time, Miss Wiseacre," he replied with a humerous smile, "for here she blows. I am glad, for I must confess that this arrival has quite upset me, and the sooner this meeting is over the better."

"I hope you will realize your fondest anticipations, dear Papa"

she said, clinging fondly to his arm as they walked to the platform and boarded the train.

"It would be a sad disappointment were it otherwise," he replied.

"But Uncle Anthon's eulogies surely justify the greatest expectations."

"Love blinds, child," he said half jestingly; "haven't we a striking example of this truth in this little mischief of mine?"

"A chip of the old block, I fear," she replied laughingly. And thus they went on, trying to hide, under playful bandiage, the emotions which the telegram had arroused in their bosoms. We will let them chat and cast a glance at the scenery, as the train pulls from the station. For a mile or more we are in the city yet with its unmistakable air of prosperity, its well-kept streets, stately buildings, splashing fountains, magnificent shade trees and cosy parks, which teem with jubilant children, interspersed with adults hardly less gay and merry. Gradually it assumes a suburban aspect, and the modest villa takes the place of the more pretentious store or office. Just at the limit the river widens and expands into a good sized lake, around which the railway winds in a graceful curve. It lies somewhat below the level of the river which plunges into it with a fall of considerable magnitude and power, which is utilized by a number of factories on both sides. A floating boat house affords ample opportunities for healthful sport, in which both sexes seem to participate, if we are to judge by the handsome caps worn by the girls, probably to protect their flowing tresses. At the southern end of the lake the river repeats its tumble, and here the industrial scene of the upper end is renewed on a larger scale. We have no time to examine these industries, for now the train rushes into the open country and traverses a landscape to describe which we would wish ourselves possessed of the pen of a Cooper or the brush of a Claude Lorraine. The river continues its southern course, forming cataracts every few miles and offering power enough for a new Pittsburgh. The railway closely hugs its right bank, doing a traffic that might justly excite our wonderment, if we had not long ago decided to cease wondering. Every two or three miles we notice a little station, with people either wishing to board the train or to receive friends. The country rises gently but

steadily on both sides of the river until, at the distance of three or four miles, it merges into the mountain chain bounding the valley. Numerous farm-houses dot the plain which is covered with crops and trees of wonderful variety, changing from the cotton the olive and the date of the tropics, to the wheat and fruit trees of the temperate zone. The former fill the lower regions along the river, where a truly tropical heat favors their growth, while the latter have sought the more elevated regions suited to their nature. Even here we notice the abundance of water. Numerous brooks come prattling down the hillside, irrigating the fields and orchards on their way and finally joining the river, after bestowing a refreshing verdure to the meadows through which they meander. At the distance of three miles we notice one vineyard above another, while the far back-grounds are formed by somber pine woods, over which here and there a solitary peak raises its bald head. After a run of about ten miles we arrive at a pretty little village bearing the significant name of Eden, while ten miles further south we reach Enterprise, a place which, though not aspiring to the size and stir of the capital, is still a place of considerable dimensions, and counts its inhabitants by the thousands. Right here we notice a series of rapids, lined with numerous works of industry which seem to swarm with laborers of every kind. The most remarkable feature of these establishments is the cheerfulness with which every one seems to perform his task. We catch snatches of songs amid the din of the hammer and the saw, and as the train once more begins to move, can hardly force back the question: Why, oh why, are these factories so different from those we have seen in other parts, where songs and laughter form the exception, and surely discontented faces the rule? Five miles further and we come to another place, the village of Lakeview, where we left our bandit about two hours ago. His indian guide had taken him to the tavern of the place, and placed the resources of the house at his disposal. The supper they had placed before him had found favor in his eyes; but when he had asked for rum and cigars, and heard from the wondering landlord that neither of these articles could be obtained, he received this news with an imprecation which, though merely muttered, had not escaped the notice of the people of the inn. Nor had his subsequent conduct bettered the opinion which

they had begun to entertain of him. On learning that the next train for Montezuma would not start before seven, he had left the tavern and, loitering about the village, eyed the women of the place with a boldness which the approaching darkness had failed to conceal. He had imbibed much of the strongest wine the valley produced, but was it the conciousness of the impending danger of meeting his relative with a muddled brain or the inability of procuring more ardent spirits? When the train rolled into the station he approached it in full possession of his faculties. The number of passengers was rather small; but, as he had not the slightest clue to his uncle's identity, he tarried in the hope of being addressed by him. Nor was he dissapointed. An electric light illuminated the platform to the brightness of day, bringing the bandit form into full view. Suddenly one of the passengers uttered an exclamation of joyous surprise and then, hastening to him clasped him warmly in his arms.

"Arthur, my boy!" he exclaimed, holding the youth at arm's length, and gazing fondly into his face; "I cannot be mistaken; it must be you, for do I not see the very image of my grandfather before me? Shake hands, my boy, and welcome, a thousand times welcome in Friedensthal!"

"Such a meeting, coupled with such an ardent reception, might have embarrassed anybody; but it was not merely embarrassment which sent such a tremor through Arthur's frame One look at the man before him sufficed to take his measure and to convince him that he had undertaken no child's play. and that this man could not be trifled with. He quailed under his glance and for a moment entertained the wish of being far away. Ready-witted man of the world though he was, he could not find words to reply to the others warm welcome. Fortunately none seemed to be expected, for Herbert, as we may as well call him, appeared fully satisfied with shaking hands and devouring him with his eyes. However, he suddenly recollected that he had not come alone; so turning around to see what had become of his companion, he said apologetically:

"Pardon me, child, for being such an egotist. Arthur, here is my daughter Inez, anxious to shake hands."

At this the girl came forward and holding out her hand, with a shy grace, charming to behold, said:

"Good evening, Cousin Arthur. I join papa in wishing you a hearty welcome. I trust you will like Friedensthal, and not get homesick for the splendor of the old world you left behind."

As the fellow gazed upon the beautiful girl, who laid her hand so trustingly in his, he was suddenly overcome with a deep sense of shame at the unworthy role he was playing, and for a moment felt like confessing his treachery; but the emotion was only transitory, and a moment later his dare-devil spirit had regained the mastery. Feeling that he must say something in return, he replied with a forced smile:

"No danger, Cousin; such hearty welcome is apt to cure the worst cases of the malady you mention."

Both father and daughter listened attentively to a voice, which they would hear so often hereafter, making it very desirable that it should be sympathetic. And was it sympathetic? There is a certain something in the voice of an educated person which no mere natural perfection of the organs of speech can replace. Did Herbert and his daughter miss this something? We hardly know; perhaps they did not know themselves. They were charitable, and attributed to fatigue and weariness what jarred upon their sensitive ears.

"You may be sure, at least, that our remedy, if such it be, shall be steadily applied, Arthur" said Herbert. "But now come, children, the tide and train wait for no man, you know, and the whistle of ours is blowing."

They boarded a car as elegantly furnished as can be found anywhere, and seated themselves in seats facing each other.

"And now tell me, my boy, had you a pleasant journey?" Herbert opened the conversation in German, which language had also been used for the interchange of their first greetings.

"Yes, uncle; we had, of course, our little incidents from which no voyage is ever free; but, on the whole, I have no reason to complain."

"And do you bring no greetings, no letters from friend Stamm?"

"Why, did you not get my letter, containing the sad news?" the young man asked with well feigned surprise.

"What news? What letter?" Herbert asked eagerly.

"The news of Uncle Anton's sudden death."

"Anton Stamm dead!" Herbert exclaimed in a voice in which consternation and grief struggled for the mastery. "We know of nothing. How did this happen? When did he die?"

"A few days after he handed me your letter. It was a stroke of apoplexy. We found him dead one morning, seated in an arm-chair before his desk. I thought you were informed of the sad event, as I wrote to you the very day."

"I did not get your letter. Anton dead! What a blank this will make for me! I had hoped that he would allow himself to be persuaded to join us here, but now this hope is blasted. Excuse me, children, if I thus trouble you with my grief; but in Anton Stamm I lost not only a dear friend, but also a noble coadjutor in the plans for which I live."

For a moment he hid his face in his right hand while Inez took the other and, by a mute but eloquent pressure, endeavored to express her sympathy.

"Thank you my child," he said, resuming his former posture. "Arthur here knows what I lost in Anton Stamm, although youth and time have, no doubt, combined in his case to soothe the first grief. But I shall no longer trouble you with mine, so let us speak of something else. I am sorry that the darkness hinders Arthur from getting a peep at Friedensthal. I have no doubt that he would now and then open his eyes in amazement at what he would see."

"Nor I, sir, if, what I am to see is at all in accordance with what I have seen all ready. This is so unlike the Mexico I passed through that I almost fancy I am in another world."

"May-be you are, Consin Arthur," Inez replied with a smile.

"A world full of hobgoblins and demons, if our worthy neighbors the fishermen can be believed."

"Thus far I have only found a fairy," the young man replied with an attempt at gallantry at which he himself was surprised, while the girl slightly raised her eyebrows, thus wrinkling her brow. She said nothing, however, and as Herbert took pains to enlighten their companion regarding the places through which they passed she naturally fell out of the conversation.

A little after nine o'clock they reached Montezuma. Arthur had resolved not to show too much suprise at any new development, but what he saw was well calculated to puzzle stronger minds than his. The depot with its busy crowd at such a late hour; the street car without horses, which they now boarded; the beautiful parks through which they now passed, lit up with numerous electric lights and thronged with people, listening to strains of excellent music; the handsome villas lining both sides of the street all the way out. All this was surely calculated to bewilder, and did bewilder, the young man who answered the remarks of his companions in mere monosyllables. He breathed a sigh of relief when they alighted at Herbert's villa. Pleading extreme fatigue as an excuse for retiring early, he accepted the offer of his host to lead him to his room, an elegantly furnished chamber on the second story. Herbert pointed out the adjoining bath room, and then left him, after expressing his wishes for a good night's rest.

The bandit, on his part, did not stir; he stood like one riveted to the spot and stared vacantly at the door through which his host had disappeared. He was evidently the prey of strong emotions of rather a disturbing nature, to judge by the deep furrows they had drawn on his brow. Now he breaks into a soliloquy, richly spiced with imprecations:

"Curse it! This is a nice pickle into which my folly has drawn me. I expected some fun, and it looks very much as if I were going to have enough of it, only with the laugh on the wrong side. This uncle, with his penetrating eyes, will sooner or later find me out, and I fear that a hint from him would suffice for his indian minions to tear me to shreads. Arthur, if you know what is good for you, you will try to get out of this scrape about as quick as you got into it, though, how that is to be accomplished in a hurry is more than I can see just now. To make matters worse, this girl comes in with her bewitching eyes. Ain't they glorious though! Arthur, I fear, you have looked to deep into them already for your own good. If it were not for these eyes I really think I would show the white feather and take french leave; but they bind me as with chains of steel, and compel me to meet my fate. And yet, how can I, polluted by vice and besmeared with blood, as I am, dare to raise my eyes to this pure and innocent child? Arthur, if

you harm her you deserve to be torn inch by inch, by savage beasts. But then, curse her! why has she such bewitching eyes? In olden times they would have burnt her as a witch, and if my wooing kill her, well, she will die a sweet death, that's all. At all events the die is cast. I will not, I cannot back out."

He then retired, but for a long time sleep refused to sink upon his eye-lids, and when, at length, he fell into a fitful slumber, he became the prey of frightful dreams, in which indians, wild beasts and malignant demons attacked him in turn.

CHAPTER IV.

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

It was hardly six o'clock the next morning when Inez made her appearance on the porch. She was attired in a loose morning wrapper of lawn, and looked, if possible, more bewitching than the evening before. She sat down in a rocking chair and gazed at the sky with such an abstract air that she must surely be the prey of disturbing thoughts. This was indeed the case. She thinks of her cousin, and earnestly reproaches herself for a vague dislike, which is as distinct as it is unacountable. "Is he not handsome as Adonis; has he not a stature like Apollo; is he not civil spoken, and had not Uncle Anton sung his praises in countless letters? And yet this repugnance is there and cannot be argued away." Can the reader account for it? Was it a subtle weapon with which nature has provided the weak and defenceless? The swamp sends forth a pestilential stench; may it not then be possible that a moral stench arises from immoral characters, perceptible only to pure and sensative natures, and even in them only as an unaccountable repugnance? Inez was evidently sorely puzzed, if not troubled, about this feeling, which she resolved to combat as both absurd and unjust. She would have invoked the counsel and aid of her father, if she had not known how fondly he had anticipated this arrival, and disliked to mar his happiness. No, she would fight the battle

with her foolish self alone, and thus punish herself for this unaccountable whim. So, when, a moment later, she heard her cousin's step in the hall, she resolved to indemnify him by redoubled kindness for the involuntary wrong she had done him. As he made his appearance on the porch she arose with alacrity, extended her hand and said, with a winning smile:

"Good morning, Cousin Arthur. How did you rest? Did the spirits of the place soothe your slumber?"

The young man could not refrain from casting an admiring glance at the lovely appirition before him as he replied:

"No, Cousin, they did not fare so gently with me; on the contrary they worried me the whole night in a most ungracious manner, and I shall have to beg you, as the good spirit of this place, to banish them."

Inez had addressed him in Spanish, knowing from Stamm's letters to her father that his ward had mastered that language. The young man had, indeed, replied in that tongue, which he seemed to speak with readiness; but Inez listened with a surprise she could hardly conceal, for her relative had not spoken the pure Castilian, which is universally studied by strangers wishing to learn Spanish, but a corrupt patois, such as is used by the lowest classes in Mexico. Her breeding, however, was too good to allow her to make remarks or to correct him. Ignoring his faulty dialect, she said as sympathetically as she could:

"I infer from your remarks that you passed a restless night, for which I am very sorry, since the fatigue of your journey must have made slumber doubly necessary."

"Don't mention it, Inez," he cried eagerly, evidently delighted at the sympathetic tone of her voice. Probably encouraged by it, he continued:

"Even if I had really suffered, which is not the case, I would consider myself richly indemnified by these sweet words of compassion."

The touch of displeasure passing over her contenance might have warned him that he was treading on dangerous ground, if the feeling which was fast gaining the mastery of him had not, as usually, blinded its victim. Inez was seriously displeased, although she would have found difficulty in stating why. She would have

resented what she considered an unwarranted liberty more sharply, if she had not remembered her intentions of being kind to him. As it was she contented herself with saying, somewat sarcastically:

"It seems, Cousin Arthur, that the language of the Hidalgos had the tendency of filling you with their gallantry, and such efforts seriously affect the constitution in these tropical latitudes. We had better return to the sober language of our ancestors. But say," she continued, before he could reply, "have you no desire to see the premises? Papa is out to see a patient and breakfast won't be ready for an hour; so, if you wish, I will show you the sights."

He declared his readiness; so, putting on a wide rimmed straw hat, she led the way to the gardens, pointing out what she considered beautiful and attractive. While thus engaged she made the following observations: he had no comprehension of poetry, understanding neither the nature nor influence of flowers. He switched them off carelessly, as they proceeded and did not even bestow a glance upon his victims. He was also cruel, for he struck at every butterfly or humming bird flitting by. The beauties of nature left him cold, for he noticed neither the grandeur of the trees nor the fragrance of the flowers. Only when they reached the stables, and saw the magnificent horses, Inez's companion waxed warm and praised their noble qualities. But even here his praise was based on selfishness, for he measured their merits only by the standard of their usefulness to man. If Inez had undertaken her work of kindness with the hope of gaining a better opinion of her relative, she had signally failed, for, what had at first been merely a groundless and therefore a shapeless antipathy, now assumed the character of disapproval, for valid reasons. Herbert, who had just returned from his errand of love, for he had ceased to practice medicine as a profession many years ago, now greeted Arthur cordially, and inquired how he had rested. On being informed by Inez that the young man had slept poorly; he cast a searching glance at his face, and his practiced eye now for the first time discovered the traces of dissipation indelibly printed thereon. He said nothing, of course, but a pang of pain shot through his body. This youth, whom he had been led to believe to be a model of purity and sobriety, appeared to be given to inebriety or lewdness, or perhaps both vices. How far had he strayed from the path of virtue? Might he still

be reclaimed. O, bitter disappointment! How he cursed the blindness of love which had failed to notice and correct the first deviations of the young man from the path of virtue. The blow was so unexpected and crushing that Herbert could not entirely conceal its effects from Inez's sharp eyes.

"What ails you, Papa?" she inquired affectionately; "perhaps these early calls do not agree with you."

"Nonsense, child," he replied with rather a forced laugh; "I never felt better in my life; so do not worry about nothing." After breakfast he said; "I think Arthur would like to see a little more of his new home; so, if you will have two horses saddled and take your cousin over the neighborhood, you will add courtesy to pleasure and give me time to attend to some business which cannot well be postponed. "Arthur, how would you like to ride over this fair valley on the back of a fleet courser?"

"Nothing would suit me better, Uncle, and if Miss Inez agrees, I shall go and see to the saddling of the horses."

The girl consented graciously enough, so the young man took his hat and hastened out to order the horses. Scarcely had he vanished, and the cloud of concern returned to Herbert's brow. Nor did he seem anxious to conceal his trouble from his daughter, for he took her hand, looked lovingly and trustingly into her face, and said earnestly:

"Inez, I need not tell my wise little daughter, that it would be unsafe to trust appearances, and to be captivated by a handsome face before being certain that the interior corresponds with the flattering outside."

She nestled lovingly to his side, looked up to him and said anxiously:

"So you share my doubts, Papa? I have chided myself severely for the dislike with which our relative has filled me from the beginning, and now I see you share my feelings."

"No, child, what I feel is not dislike, but sorrow and compassion. Nor must we be too hasty in our judgment, and rather try to correct than to condemn his errors. I am glad, however, that you feel this way. Sadly as the abandonment of my hopes and expectations regarding this youth would disappoint me, it would be

nothing in comparison to the horrible thought that your future happiness would be wrecked upon his presence here."

"Have no fear, father, unless my feelings undergo a wonderful change. The danger lies the other way. I confess it causes me an effort to observe to him the common civilities of life."

"Well, do the best you can, child. While I am glad to see you thus protected against any wiles he might practice upon your inexperience, I would not have you treat him rudely either; for he may be better than we think, and there may be extenuating circumstances of which we have no knowledge."

"I understand you, papa. I think you will be satisfied with me."

"I have no doubt of it, dearest. Excuse me for putting this irksome task upon you, but this discovery has unnerved me, and made it necessary to seek solitude and take counsel with my thoughts to decide upon the course to pursue. Good bye, child; here comes Arthur with the horses."

Inez rapidly donned her riding suit and then suffered her cousin to lift her into the saddle, more from a feeling of compassion than the necessity of assistance, for she had received a physical training calculated to make her body both strong and pliant. She could swim, ride, run and climb like the best, and, if this statement is calculated to injure her in the eyes of some of our readers, all we have to say is that we pity them.

"Well," said Herbert, when they were both seated; "have you all you need, Arthur?"

"For all I know, yes, uncle; unless you can accommodate me with a good cigar."

"That is a weed we do not tolerate on the fields of Friedensthal. We have to much regard for our own health to poison ourselves every hour of our lives; so I would advise you to pull your tabacco tooth at your earliest leisure, Arthur. But, how is this? Did not Stamm write me repeatedly that you abhored the use of tobacco in any form?"

"Very likely, uncle," the young man replied, somewhat nettled at the other's remarks, which assumed too much the character of a lecture to suit his taste; "it is hardly fair to make me accountable for that gentleman's mistakes."

"But did you not lead him to form such an opinion?"

The bandit chafed visibly under the question. In fact, it is not strange that he did. A person who, like him, had enjoyed the boundless freedom of the road, and acknowledged no master whatever, would surely find it difficult, if not impossible, to brook even the slightest and most benevolent restraint. While his prudence told him plainly that the success of his plans imperatively demanded his subjection to the will of this man, his careless indifference constantly urged him to rebel. So he replied laughingly:

"Well, may be, I did; but a fellow wants his fun, you know, and if he cannot enjoy it openly he will secure it by stealth."

With a final adieu they went off. Herbert's glance followed the handsome youth with a sadness painful to behold. If the reader recalls the letter which had fallen into the bandit's hands, he will understand the ardent grief now filling this man's breast. From this letter we know how carefully he had caused this young man to be educated, to become his successor in the grand labor of his life. The letters of his friend Stamm had nurtured his hopes of a successful issue of his plans, and justified his expectations of finding in his ward qualities far above the common level. And now to see these hopes, these expectations, crushed, as it were, by a single blow, was surely enough to cause the heart of the strongest to flow over with bitterness. "By stealth!" Yes, there was the trouble; that was the poison undermining the health and strength of our youth. That was the worm eating its way to the core and causing that premature ripeness which leads to rottenness and early death. "By stealth." What is this stealth but moral weakness, untruthfulness and cowardice, and what could be expected of a youth infested with such vices? A heavy sigh wrang itself from his oppressed heart; a symbol of the hope expiring within it. But, if he thus buried the expectation he had coupled with the arrival of this young man, did his disappointment free him from providing for his future? Was he not morally bound to attempt the correction of errors which the weakness or blindness of his friend had probably caused? He thought he was. After the recent interview with Inez, he entertained no fear of any injury the young man's presence in the house might work her, and he saw therefore nothing to hinder him from the work of reformation he contemplated. He

aimed at the material amelioration of his race; but was the recalling of an erring youth a less worthy undertaking? Certainly not, and he would attempt it with all the patience and forbearance it required. This resolution seemed to relieve and comfort him, and when visitor after visitor appeared in the office to bring information, request instruction or ask for counsel, he received them with his usual cordiality and endeavored to satisfy them all to the best of his ability.

In the meantime our young couple canter off in a north-western direction, facing the mountains which bound the valley on that side. Inez soon perceived that her companion was an excellent rider. He and his firey steed appeared as cast in one mold, and his stately, well proportioned figure could not help arousing the admiration of the girl, prejudiced though she was towards the owner. He was, indeed, more than an ordinary rider, resembling in his dexterity the wild comanche, who clings to his horse without any visible means of support, and excites the admiration of even the circus rider. Perhaps it was well that the girl had seen him in the circumstances less favorable to him. Her well trained mind felt more and more keenly the evident lack of refinement so plainly visible in his remarks and manner. To an uneducated country girl he would probably have been irresistible; but the admiration with which she regarded him was merely that cold and passive one with which we contemplate a finely executed statue.

The road they pursued ran through a region characterized by the exceeding lovliness typical of the entire valley, but, though Inez took the pains to point out the most striking features of beauty to her companion, he gazed at them with the same lack of appreciation he had betrayed earlier in the morning. However, if he failed to appreciate the beauty of his surroundings, he was at least keenly alive to that of his companion; in fact he was so untiring in the looks of admiration he cast upon her that she became seriously annoyed, and tried her best to arouse in him an interest in the charms of nature. She called his attention to the splendid condition of the road, which was constructed of the same material as the streets of the city. She explained that it consisted of a mixture of rock-sand and an earthy pitch, resembling asphaltum, which her father had discovered in immense quantities in the

neighboring mountain and utilized it, because it furnished a road material at once cheap and excellent. Once applied in a proper manner, she said, it was almost indestructible and required no repairs for years.

"But, to do these things," he interposed, "one must have money. I suppose uncle Herbert is very wealthy."

"Perhaps he is," she replied, with a careless indifference, showing that she had given the subject little thought and placed even less importance upon it.

"Well, but if he has, why does he hide himself in this obscure corner of the world? Just think of the splendid life you could lead in Paris, London or Vienna."

This question had a strange effect upon the girl. She checked her horse so suddenly that it reared on its hind legs without, however, in the least disturbing the equilibrium of the rider.

"I though you had received my father's letter?" she exclaimed sharply.

"Why, so I did," he replied, somewhat abashed by her vehemence.

"And yet you ask that question?" she went on, with an almost contemptuous smile? "You are either making fun of me or are incapable of grasping grand ideas. Both these constructions are so unpleasant that they had better be dropped. What do you think of these glorious orange trees, lining the road? They are common property. Would you have the goodness to pick some of the fruit for our joint benefit?"

He obeyed, chafing inwardly at the correction he had received, but at the same time was awed by her display of spirit. When he had plucked some of the choicest ripe oranges and handed them to her, she set her horse once more in motion and continued to explain what might be novel to him in the neighborhood, as if nothing on his part had ever stirred her indignation. "You see," she said, "these farms consist of square lots, of fifty acres each. Every four of them are surrounded by roads, running at right angles to each other. There are no fences, you perceive, and that is well; for their absence does not only add to the beauty of the landscape, but also saves the farmer much labor and expense."

"But I notice some fences."

"Yes, every farmer must needs have a small enclosure to air and exercise his cattle in, but even these indispensible enclosures are reduced to a minimum by placing the buildings of the four farms near the common center."

While thus conversing they had neared the mountains, rising steadily though imperceptibly to a higher level. She pointed out to him the gradual but nevertheless marked change of the vegetation, wondering at the same time at and lamenting the necessity of such a task. Was this cousin of her's stupid? She thought not, for he had repeatedly made remarks on things interesting him which betrayed both shrewdness and penetration. The trouble was that the compass of things interesting him was so remarkably narrow. It puzzled her exceedingly that a person of such a splendid education as this young man was reputed to have received should be so callous to everything grand and beautiful.

She had no time, however, to abandon herself just then to the study of such metaphysical questions. They had ridden about two miles and were approaching the last tier of farms, nestling under the somber pine trees covering the steeper slopes. Inez turned into the private road leading to the nearest farm on the left and, on arriving there, was received by vociferous manifestations of delight on the part of man and beast. Amongst the latter Arthur noticed a magnificient bloodhound of almost gigantic size, which jumped incessantly around the girl's horse and by his joyous barking gave the people the first intimation of the arrival of the guests. It attracted the attention of a young and handsome woman, who put her head from the open kitchen and had no sooner seen and recognized the young lady than she ran towards her and, clasping her hands in surprise and delight, exclaimed joyfully:

"Miss Inez, can it be possible! What a pleasure and honor for us! But won't you alight, Sennora, and take some refreshments? Your ride must have given you an appetite."

"Not this time, Marguerita," said the girl, shaking hands without dismounting. "I am somewhat in a hurry, and simply stopped to deliver a message from your sister. She wants you to be sure and not forget the white kitten you promised her."

The woman laughed merrily. "Tell Clara I'll be sure to bring it as soon as it can eat alone. But won't you take a glass of milk at

least? And perhaps this Sennor would do us the honor to accept a glass of our own vintage? My husband has the reputation of making the best wine in the valley."

"Ah, excuse me, I forget Marguerita, this is my cousin Arthur, who has come to stay with us. Arthur, this is Marguerita my former faithful help mate, and now the wife of the young farmer living here. Will you accept a glass of wine of their own make?"

"Yes, Inez, if it is not too much trouble."

"No trouble at all, Sennor." Then, turning to a little girl of three or four years, that clung timidly to her apron, she continued eagerly:

"Annetta, run to papa in the barn, and tell him to bring a bottle of our best wine and a glass for a Sennor from the city." Then turning to Inez: "And now I will go and get your milk."

"Wait, Marguerita, I'll ride to the cellar door with you, to save you the walk."

So the two went off, and a minute or two later the young farmer made his appearance; a stately fellow, wearing a straw hat and clad in a coarse suit of scrupulous cleanness, suitable to his calling. A pleasant smile lit up his face, and the eager step with which he advanced bore evidence of the pleasure it gave him to exercise the duties of hospitality.

He was on the point of greeting the stranger, who looked up at his approach, when suddenly he stopped, a look of consternation clouding his eyes and a pallor spreading over his face. This strange hesitancy attracted Arthur's attention. He eyed the farmer sharply, and was on the point of uttering a cry of surprise, when the return of Inez and her companion counseled the necessity of caution. The farmer, on his part, also tried hard to regain his self-control, but the hand which held the glass trembled so visibly that he spilled part of its contents, and thus attracted the attention of Marguerita.

"Carlos," she cried, "what are you about? Don't you see, you are spilling the wine? What awkward fellows these men are," she continued, turning laughingly to Inez; "give me the glass, man."

Then to Arthur: "I hope you will like it, Sennor; it is the best we can give."

The young man was gracious enough to praise it; then, the two said farewell, turned their horses, and rode back to the city more rapidly than they had left it.

CHAPTER V.

JARRINGS.

Arthur did not see very much of either father or daughter during the rest of the morning.

"Arthur," Herbert had said to him, "you must excuse me if I leave you a good deal to your own resources for entertainment. My duties are numerous and engrossing, and, as to Inez, she has to superintend the household in place of her mother, whom we lost a number of years ago. What the house and premises contain is, of course, at your disposal. In the parlor you will find a piano and other musical instruments. The book cases contain choice jems, both modern and ancient. In my office you will find all implements for fishing and hunting, and in our woods much game worthy of your mark. The horse you rode this morning you may consider your own and, if these things do not suffice to fill your leisure time, please let me know and we shall look for something else. After a while I shall call upon you for assistance and benefit by your knowledge of modern chemistry and engineering, but for the present you will need a vacation, a recreation from your long and ardent studies. When ever you get tired of idling, tell me and I shall try to find you plenty of work."

The young man thought this a very sensible speech, although he could not help shuddering at the thought that this respite must come to an end, and the moment surely arrive when his host would discover the gross ignorence filling his mind. Would he wait for that moment, that shameful exposure? How could he endure the scornful look his cousin would then be sure to cast upon him?

And yet, on the other hand, how could he endure the thought of leaving her? Short as the time of their acquaintance had been, he felt that he would give years of his life for the bliss of spending

the remainer with her. His passion was perhaps of a low and purely sensual order, but probably the highest of which he was capable. The mere thought of the necessity of leaving her drove him to distraction, and we need, therefore, not wonder that he caught at straws and trusted to the future for improbabilities, if not impossibilities, in accordance with his wishes. He did not think, perhaps, this in the same or as many words, but his thoughts were certainly of that drift, as he replied:

"You are very kind, uncle. I feel indeed pretty well shaken up, though more with the journey and the novelty of everything I see and hear than overstudy. A few months of rest will, no doubt, make me myself again and enable me to enter into our views with double alacrity."

Then he obtained the wished for respite. As to the duplicity of his words and the depravity of his actions, he felt no scruples whatever. If love elevates and purifies, it surely had not yet made its influence felt in his case. Perhaps it was too new or of too coarse a nature; perhaps he had been wading too long in the slough of depravity; at all events, he did not feel the slightest compunction at the deception he practiced upon these people, so far above him in moral and intellectual worth. After dinner, Herbert announced his intention of visiting Minersville, a town situated at the upper end of the valley, and invited Arthur to accompany him. The young man would gladly have excused himself, as he feared the scrutinizing glance of his relative, and labored under the constant apprehension of having his gross ignorance laid bare by some searching question, but as he could not easily and readily invent some plausible pretext, he was compelled to accept the invitation with the semblence of great satisfaction. This is, in our estimation, one of the worst features of evil doing. The deceiver is, as it were, compelled to live in and constantly breathe the foul atmosphere which his vile thoughts create, a necessity implying a fearful torture. Herbert took the street cars to reach the depot, where they arrived in good season for the northern train. The landscape through which they traveled vied in loveliness with the southern half; only it assumed more the character of the temperate zone *as they* sped on. It must be remembered that they did not only *proceed northward, but also* rose vertically with every mile. Indeed,

Minersville lies fully two thousand feet higher than Montezuma, a difference sufficiently great to account for the change mentioned.

The country was as densely settled as that farther south, the stations and places occurring at nearly the same distances. First they passed through Industry, a beautiful village of respectable size, which seemed devoted to industrial pursuits of various kinds. Arthur noticed a large number of agricultural implements, from the plow to the threshing machine, evidently awaiting transportation, and the bustle at the depot caused by the loading and unloading of merchandise of every description indicated a fair state of prosperity. Here also the forces of nature had been made subservient to the purposes of man, the rapids of the river turning ponderous wheels which, in turn, set countless tools in motion.

"I see, you manufacture on a large scale. Where do you find a market for all these implements?"

"Why, this year's census gives Friedensthal 100,000 inhabitants. Don't you think they offer a pretty good market? We have 12,000 farmers, half of whom want a threshing machine. It will take years to supply them all, and when they are provided, Mexico will furnish an inexhaustible field for our industries."

"But you are shut off from all the world, and Mexico is poor."

"It will not always be poor, and as to our barriers, they will fall some day."

Onward they rolled, until after a run of 30 miles they reached Ironton, a town not much smaller than Montezuma. It was unmistakably an iron city, as the manufacture of that most useful of all metals was carried on extensively, and almost exclusively, in its precincts.

Arthur perceived numerous jets of flame shooting from iron pipes into the air, and asked for an explanation of this strange phenomenon.

"What you see is the surplus of natural gas escaping from the ground. On boring for salt water, we discovered this gas and have utilized it ever since for smelting our ores and making steel and iron, although we prefer our boundless water power to roll and hammer it into any shape we want."

"This is truly wonderful," said Arthur, for once roused from his cynical indifference by the strange scenes around him. It look-

ed indeed like magic, and, poor observer though he was, he could not help obtaining a faint perception of the greatness of this man, so plain and unassuming, and yet so full of creative power. In taking thus his measure, he could not help drawing a comparison between Herbert and himself, and, oh, how deep did his own miserable self sink in the scale. This recognition of himself, however, did not create remorse at his own depravity, but rage and indignation at the other's superiority, and rather steeled than weakened his determination to deceive him.

Herbert was detained at Minersville only a few hours, so they boarded the evening train, and reached Montezuma in time for a late supper. When it was over they went into the parlor, where Herbert requested his daughter to give them some music. Inez was free from that silly affectation which so many young ladies deem it proper to show on such occasions. She simply obeyed and, sitting down at the piano, began to play with a mastery and, what was more, an expression as exquisite as rare.

It is not likely that the bandit was a very good judge of such matters, but even his coarse and superficial nature could not wholly withstand the charm of such playing. After awhile Inez began to sing. She possessed a rich and cultivated voice, and sang several German and Spanish airs with so much fervor and pathos that the young man was literally fascinated. So deeply was he absorbed in listening to her strains that he started on hearing Herbert say:

"According to Mr. Stamm's letters, you must be quite an adept on the piano yourself. Can you not relieve Inez and play a piece for us?"

A burning blush suffused the young man's face. Callous though he was, he could not help feeling a deep sense of shame at the want of skill and knowledge thus leeking out constantly.

"Well, uncle," he stammered in confusion; "the truth is, I have not played for two or three years, and am so much out of practice that I could not think of boring you with my miserable thumping'.

"That is a pity," said Herbert with a slight touch of disapointment. "I had anticipated much pleasure from hearing you and *Inez play* and sing duets together. Well, if we cannot hear you *play, we must be satisfied* with hearing you talk. Come, tell us

something of your life in Germany; how did you and uncle Anton get along together?"

This was dangerous ground. The young man felt a cold perspiration breaking from his pores, but seeing that the slightest hesitation would imperil all, he affected a readiness he was far from feeling and answered gaily:

"Oh, we got along splendidly."

"That is, he humored you in everything, I fear. Poor Anton, how I miss his letters. I wondered why they stopped so suddenly, but did not anticipate the dreadful cause until you told us. Do you think that he had any idea of the nearness of his death?"

"I think not, uncle; at least he did not show it in his conduct."

"But cousin Bertha; how did you leave her? What is she going to do now?"

The young man sat as if on nettles, moving uneasily about, but managed to reply:

"She was comparatively well. She is still in the house and means to stay there, until uncle's affairs are settled."

"She will not suffer, I trust," Inez continued. "Has not her uncle made a will in her favor?"

"Not to my knowledge," the young man replied with desperate readiness; "at least we were unable to discover one."

"That is strange," Herbert now broke in. "Anton wrote to me about a year ago that he had made a will, and I dont think he would deceive me in this matter. I must see to this, and write to-morrow. However, whatever may be the result of my inquiries, under no circumstances shall my friend's daughter suffer want."

Inez pressed her father's hand, as if she meant to thank him in behalf of the absent orphan. Then she inquired:

"What has become of all your teachers, Arthur? Uncle Anton was so untiring in the praise of some of them that papa has been seriously thinking of calling them to teach in our schools."

The young man felt that he was getting every moment into deeper waters, and that, if this cross questioning continued much longer, nothing on earth could save him from immediate exposure.

"I had so many," he said almost frantically; "I have no idea which ones you mean."

"The ones with the funny names. Spe—, Spo—, Spu. Can't you help me a little?"

"I haven't the slightest idea what you are driving at," moaned the unlucky fellow in agonies. At this moment the door opened and a servant annouced:

"Mr. Vorlaut."

"Show the gentleman in, Clara."

A moment after a middle aged gentleman of small stature stepped into the room, bowing with the rapidity which suggested the presence of a powerful spring in his back. He wore gold spectacles, but his small piercing eyes shone through them with a sharpness that seemed to defy the most minute article to escape them. Herbert shook hands with him and introduced Arthur, who shook his hand with a fervor impressing the newcomer very favorably, as he ascribed it to the delight of the young man to make his acquaintance, while it really originated from the feeling of gratitude for having been released from the rack of torture.

"Ah, your nephew?" said Mr. Vorlaut, after seating himself; "I am happy, indeed, to make his acquaintance."

"Well, nephew, as the word goes; Arthur is the son of a first cousin, and consequently not my nephew."

"I am grateful for these details, Mr. Grau, as I wish to make a correct statement in to-morrow's *Stimme der Wahrheit.* I shall be very thankful for any other details you may choose to give me."

"There is nothing else I can think of, "replied Mr. Grau rather coldly. "You know, I dislike these sensational items, and you would oblige me by confining yourself to the simple statement that Arthur Grau, my nephew, has arrived from K———, Germany, and expects to remain here as a permanent member of my family."

"Very well," sighed Mr. Vorlaut, with the resignation of a martyr who has been deprived of the pleasure of an *auto da fe* for the public good. "Have you no other items for to-morrow's issue?"

"I cannot think of anything just now; but you, as a man of news, ought to be able to entertain us with some spicy tid-bits, Mr. Vorlaut."

"Alas! Mr. Grau, you have no conception of the dearth now *prevailing on the social* and political horizon. But wait, I recollect

one little item that may interest or, at least, amuse you, as it throws some light upon the crude and almost chaotic condition of our new fatherland. A little more than a week ago a daring robbery was practiced upon a high German official, traveling in the interior of Mexico. While he was sleeping soundly the robber forced an entrance, coolly appropriates his purse, papers and traveling outfit and absconds. What do you think of such outrages, Mr. Grau?"

This question was addressed to Arthur, who started violently, as if he had been caught napping.

"I think, why—, why—"

"It seems to stagger you," Mr. Vorlaut said, who put a wrong construction on the other's confusion; and no wonder. Such outrages are impossible in the old world. I only hope they will catch the rascal. Wouldn't I take delight in helping to string him up!"

"Why, I had no idea you were so bloodthirsty," said Herbert, smiling; "but what was the official's name, and for what purpose did he travel in the interior of Mexico? He might have known that part of the world is not the very safest to journey in."

Again a cold shudder ran through the frame of the young man. The next moment would probably bring out some awful revelation, and he nerved himself to meet the emergency.

"The account does not give the name," Mr. Vorlaut replied, thus freeing him a second time from a very embarrassing predicament. "It merely states that he meditated a visit to some relative."

"And the name of this relative,?" Mr. Grau inquired.

Another moment of breathless suspense.

"The account does not give that either. The fact is, they do these and many other things down here in a truly bungling and shocking manner."

Arthur differed with the man of news, although he took good care to keep his thoughts to himself. He benefited by the first opportunity which offered to retire to his room, where he walked the floor a long time like a caged tiger, muttering to himself:

"Curses upon these constant risks! The devil may stand them, I cannot. Give me a good hand-to-hand fight and I will face it as well as *the best;* but these constant douche-baths are apt to take

the starch out of a fellow. I must hurry matters, or there will be an explosion, in which I may get hurt. Inez, Inez, why did I ever look into your eyes?"

These reflections kept him awake until nearly midnight, and even when he fell asleep his slumber was fitful and harrassed by ugly dreams. So it was late when he awoke. On descending to the dining room he found a solitary plate set for him. Inez was engaged with some household duties. On seeing him, she said:

"Good morning, Arthur; you must excuse us for not waiting with breakfast; but papa had to leave on business which brooked no delay. Clara, bring Mr. Grau's breakfast."

The person addressed was a young girl of Inez's age. She seemed to be of Spanish origin, for her hair and eyes were of the deepest black. Her face was rather handsome, especially when a smile disclosed her teeth, and it is perhaps for that reason she smiled almost constantly. As she brought in the dishes her large black eyes dwelled with undisguised admiration on the handsome youth.

"I hope the Sennor will like the coffee," she said with a smile, as she poured out the aromatic beverage. "He must know that it is of our own raising."

"In that case I shall like it as a matter of course; I'm sorry I have caused you so much extra trouble."

With these words he attacked his breakfast with a vigor showing plainly that his troubles, if they disturbed his mind had thus far failed to affect his appetite. Clara waited on him with a zeal which did not escape the notice of Inez. Could the girl, who was as much her companion as servant, but had received little or no education, have taken a fancy to this handsome young man? She hoped not, but also knew the ardent nature of the Mexican girl. She must use the first opportunity to investigate the matter, and warn her of the folly of such a passion. After breakfast she continued with her work, and, when she saw that Arthur also remained in the room, she said pleasantly, pointing to a magazine lying on the table, using this time the English idiom; "cousin, there is the last number of Harper's; would you be kind enough to *read* the first article to me? It treats on woman's rights, and besides wishing to know its contents, I should like very much to

learn your opinion concerning this puzzling question."

Here was a new dilemma for the unfortunate fellow. Another confession of his ignorance had to be made. With a blush and visible embarrassment in both voice and manner, he managed to stammer in very poor English:

"Why, Inez, I can't read no English."

"Cannot read English, and studied it for I don't know how many years? That really surpasses my comprehension."

"Well, my teacher and I didn't gee wery well; so I loafed a good deal with the English swells as lived in K———. I can go the lingo and that is all a fellow needs."

Inez would hardly trust her ears. She didn't know which shocked her more; the bad grammar or the ignorance causing it. This cousin became more of a puzzle to her every moment, and she felt quite relieved when he arose and announced his intention of exploring the neighboring mountains for some game. When he left the room, Clara ran to her mistress and whispered with a blush:

"Miss Inez, isn't he the handsomest man you ever saw?"

"He is very handsome indeed, Clara, but I fear that is all that can be said in his favor."

"Then you are not going to marry him, Inez?"

"Marry him?" she said, half indignant, half amused. "I would not marry him if he were the last man on earth."

"That is strange," the girl said pensively. "He is so handsome; oh! so handsome."

"So you would not say *no*, my dear, if he asked you to be his wife?"

Clara blushed and hid her face in her hands, but remained silent.

"I see how it is," said Inez, thoughtfully, almost sadly, "loved at first sight. But if I were you, Clara, I would war against this feeling, for it will probably make you wretched, with little or no possibility of having your hopes realized."

"Ah, the Sennorita said an untruth," said the girl with flashing eyes, rising impetuously to her feet, "she wants him for herself, and therefore bids poor Clara stand aloof."

For a moment Inez felt like resenting this imputation, but re-

membering the girl's untutored mind and passionate nature, she relented and said reprovingly:

"You foolish girl, have I ever deceived you? Arthur is nothing to me, and I wish sincerely I could say the same of you. Once more I say to you, try to master this fancy while you can, else it may wreck your future happiness. But enough of this. We gossip here like two cronies at the wash tub, quite unmindful of the work to be done."

CHAPTER VI.

RETRIBUTION.

Arthur had meanwhile saddled his horse, secured all the implements necessary for a hunt, and then started in the same direction which he and Inez had pursued the day before. At the distance of about a mile from the city he noticed a light vehicle rolling towards him, occupied by the woman he had met at the farm. At her side sat little Annetta, holding in her arms the white kitten intended for her aunt Clara. Margurita recognized the rider, for she drew in the reins at his approach and greeted him with a nod of her head, and said:

"Ah, I see the Sennor is out for a hunt; when he returns he must not forget to call at the farm and take some refreshment. I may be back then; but if not, Carlos will be proud to serve you."

Arthur assured her that he would be glad to accept her invitation, and then both proceeded on their way. It was well for the poor woman that she did not see the sinister smile which darkened his face, after he had turned his back to her. Little did she dream what dark clouds were rising over her home, threatening to destroy its happiness. They accompanied the horseman so kindly invited by her, and settled on the place as he arrived there. Arthur dismounted, tied his horse to a post and then looked arouned in quest of the owner of the farm. Presently this person emerged from the house. On observing the visitor, a ghastly pallor once more over-

spread his face; but he seemed to battle with his consternation with the energy of despair, and finally succeeded so far as to advance towards the other with a faltering step and to say:

"*Buenas dias,* Capitain: what brings you and what can poor Carlos do for you?"

The bandit eyed him for a moment with a glance such as the rattlesnake is said to shoot forth when it is ready to slay its victim.

"What brings me here, Carlos?" he at length asked with an icy tone. "Surely you must have forgotten your duties and mine. Tell me what did you swear when I received you a member of my band?"

"To adhere to you in good and evil fortune," the farmer said with an utter hopelessness painful to behold.

"And what did I swear?"

"To do the same, and punish me with instant death if you found me treacherous to you and to my oath."

"Well, I find your memory better than I thought," the robber said with mocking emphasis, folding his hands deliberately on his breast. "And now tell me: What have you to say in your defence, that might extenuate your treachery, stay my arm and justify me in violating my oath?"

The poor farmer quailed under the stern glance of the other. His reasoning powers seemed to leave him completely; and he felt himself entirely at the mercy of his cruel persecutor. Undoubtedly he was so, at least at this moment, unless he meant to risk a deadly encounter with a man whose strength and prowess he had probably witnessed more than once.

"Capitain," he finally gasped, "I have to say but little, and what I have to say will have little or no weight with you. I learned to love a woman, her whom you saw here yesterday. It is her happiness and that of little Annetta which your appearance places in jeopardy, and if there is a spark of humanity burning in your bosom, oh! do not destroy the peace of those a thousand times dearer to me than life."

No mein in the bandit's face showed whether this passionate appeal had touched his heart or not. It was his interest to preserve an austere contenance, for as the reader may well imagine, it was *not the poor fellow's* life he sought but the use he could draw from

his fear. It must be confessed that Carlo's appeal had stirred him. A few days ago he would probably have sneered at it; but recently he had learned to love and was therefore in sympathy with a lover's woe. Pretending to relent, he said at last:

"Well, Carlos, I am not a tiger that I should thirst for blood, and if you prove by your actions that you still adhere to me, I shall do nothing to destroy your domestic happiness."

"And what must I do to prove my fidelity to you? If it is in my power I shall obey you, for I would sacrifice much to save my loved ones from harm. But this I tell you: you must not ask me to do anything against Father Herbert, for it would be useless. I would rather suffer a thousand deaths; yea, I would rather see my darlings come to grief, than touch a hair of his head, or suffer others to harm him."

The bandit looked with astonishment upon the man whose face had become radiant under the influence of a noble sentiment. Arthur had seen this unbounded devotion to his relative before, but never had it assumed so striking an aspect. He, himself, had not been able to keep wholly free from the influence of this remarkable man, but his sordid nature was unable to grasp the full grandeur of his character; so he asked wonderingly:

"Why, my uncle seems to have bewitched you. What has he done to deserve such boundless devotion?"

"What has he *not* done?" To tell you all that he has done for the people of this valley, and many thousands outside of it, would take whole days, but this I will say, he has elevated hundreds of thousands from the slavery of cruel masters and the more cruel despotism of evil passions to the dignity of human beings. He has changed care and misery into a happiness, unmarred by want; yea, almost by sickness, for, by his judicious sanitary regulations, he has succeeded in banishing disease from this happy valley. He is totally free from the love of self, but to indemnify him, an ardent love for him, our common father, burns in the breast of every one of us. Indeed (here his voice sank to a wisper, half conjuring, half threatening) if you love your life, do not breathe to any living soul your *designs* of harming Father Herbert, if such, perchance, you entertain.

The bandit felt like getting angry at what he considered an

unwarranted liberty on the part of a man who, under ordinary circumstances, would not have dared to use such language to him, but hard as he tried, he could not help being impressed by a greatness capable of producing such striking results. So he contented himself by replying:

"You are a good fellow, Carlos, and my uncle ought to feel very grateful for such friendly feelings; indeed, I shall not fail to tell him at the first opportunity which offers."

"Nay, Capitain, you may as well save yourself the trouble, for such sentiments as I have expressed are so common here that you would only be laughed at for your trouble."

Arthur bit his lips. This fellow, formerly so willing a tool now dared to have an opinion of his own, and, what was worse, to express it. Yet it would not answer to raise a fuss or harm him, so he hastened to change the subject and said:

"Well, let that rest, Carlos. Nothing is further from my mind than the wish of harming my uncle, nor anybody else, for that matter. You see, I am used to a different style of living from what they follow here. Most of all, I miss my cigars; in fact, some times my desire for one is so strong that I can hardly bear it. Besides this, I miss my glass of rum. You know we fellows are used to something stronger than this sickening sour wine of which one can swallow a gallon without feeling the effect in either head or stomach. Now I want your assistance in procuring these things for me; also a place where to enjoy them. That is, in truth, about all I expect of you."

Carlos seemed somewhat relieved at these words, although it would not have required much discernment to discover that he would rather have seen his captain any other place than the one at which he was.

"I understand your feelings," he said, scratching his head, "and shall be very glad to help you all I can, but that won't amount to much, I fear. You could ransack the whole settlement, I wager, and not find a hundred weight of tobacco, and those who possess a little, hold on like grim death. You must know, they do not raise any here; in fact, it is only the older folks that use it at all, and they only secretly, since Father Herbert does not approve of it, saying that it hurts the constitution. Nevertheless, I shall

endeavor to get you a few cigars, though, if you mean to remain in Friedensthal, you had better try to learn to do without them."

"But what about rum?"

"Well, it is neither made nor sold here, but the druggists keep it for medical purposes, and if you are willing to pay a good round price for it, you can procure it, as it is not so much the law as the custom which forbids its usage as a beverage."

"Ah, I am glad to hear it; here is money to make your purchases. But where can I find a place to indulge in this forbidden fruit?"

"You do not want your uncle's folks to know anything about it?"

"Of course not; why else should I take such measures of secrecy."

"In that case, it would not do to drink and smoke here, for Miss Inez is an almost daily visitor, and would be apt to find you out sooner or later. Let me see, well, yes, I think that might do. At the north-western corner of the farm there is a dense cluster of bushes, which is rarely visited by my wife or daughter. There you could hide the rum and tobacco, and indulge whenever you felt like it. Come, I may as well show you the place now."

He led the bandit to the place indicated; the bushes were indeed very dense and their pricky nature made an entrance rather difficult, except at one side, where a narrow passage led to the center.

There they found a table and a bench, both in a rather dilapidated condition, but still fit for use.

"Why, that answers splendidly," said Arthur, "and when can you get these things for me?"

"Well, that is hard to say, I shall try this very day, but it may take a week, for all I know. I'll tell you what I shall do. I see there is a drawer in the table, an excellent place to hide the contraband. You may examine it every time you pass here and may rest assured that I shall try my very best to put you in possession as soon as possible."

With this they parted. The farmer looked after the receding *figure,* and said, shaking his head dubiously:

"*I would give a* great deal if this had not happened, but I am

only paying the penalty for my past sins, and have therefore no reason to complain. But that this capitain should turn out to be the nephew of Father Herbert. If he should find it out, what would he say; how would he feel? it would make him wretched indeed. No, no, he must never know, if I can help it. I'll try to keep this capitain of mine out of mischief, but if he tries to do harm to him or his, then—."

He mutterd the last words through his teeth, and his hand clenched involuntarily, while his eyes shot forth glances portending little good to the bandit, in case he ventured to disregard his warning.

When Marguerita returned, half an hour later, her first inquiry was after the handsome young nephew of Mr. Grau. When she learned that he had been there but rejected all offers of hospitality, she expressed her regret in the liveliest terms and could not tire in singing his praise.

"Clara says," she went on, "he is the very pattern of a gentleman, and pays her the most marked attention. I told her that she must not think of him in that light, as he was probably intended for Miss Inez, but she declares up and down that Miss Inez does not like him a bit and would not marry him if he were the last man in the world."

"Which shows that she has more sense than both of you," her husband threw in almost sternly. She looked at him surprised at both his words and the manner of uttering them.

"Thank you for the compliment," she replied and dropped a little mock courtesy. "Not that I want to dispute Inez's good sense, but I think she does not show brilliant proofs of it in this matter. Now confess: is not Sennor Arturo very handsome?"

"Agreed," but remember, the old adage: "Handsome is what handsome does."

"Well, what of it, do you mean to insinute that Sennor Arturo does not handsome? Do you perchance know anything bad about him?"

"No, no, Marguerita,—that is—. Of course, I don't," he interupted himself, as if startled at his own temerity.

"Well, then, why do you talk as if you did? I am sure, as far as Clara is concerned, she is good enough for a prince."

"Granting that she is, that does not make this sudden freak of yours and hers any less preposterous. He hasn't been here two days when, presto, she falls in love with him, and my sensible Margarita abets and upholds her in a very foolish notion, which may not merely interfere with the plans of our benefactor, but also wreck her happiness."

"There it is again! As if it was a great misfortune to marry a handsome young man with excellent prospects. As to interfering with father Herbert's plans, who thinks of it? His own daughter does not want him, so what difference can it make to him, if he marry Clara? I am sure our family can hold up their heads with the best of them."

"Clearly infatuated," he muttered between his teeth; "curse the fellow!" Then aloud: "Marguerita, listen to reason. It is unbecoming in your sister to throw herself on the neck of a stranger whom she has only known a day or two. She will rue this haste, and, mark me, so will you, if you aid her in an undertaking which is well nigh madness. At all events, I shall have nothing to do with the scheme. I have done my duty in warning you, and if you, do not heed my words, remember, on your head will fall the responsibility."

With these words he left her, fearing perhaps to be led into saying more than was compatible with his safety. His words staggered her a little, for he had rarely spoken so earnestly and impressively before; but what weight could the most serious words possibly have upon a woman, bent upon match-making, especially when, as in this case, her own aggrandizement was involved in the scheme? She poohed her conscience into silence by persuading herself that she understood these matters better than her husband, and entered the house with the determination that Clara should have this handsome youth, if any engineering of hers could possibly bring about the match.

The object of all these schemes had meanwhile sped on his way, and soon reached the woods whose trees loomed in solemn grandeur and majesty into the air. They were not all pines, although that species predominated to such an exten as to impress its character upon the forrest. The trees were mostly of gigantic size creating in many places a semi-obscurity resembling twilight. We know

that our bandit was not very sensitive to the charms of nature; but no human being, however callous, could ride through these magnificent woods without being in a measure impressed by their beauty and grandeur. Nor did Arthur wholly withstand their ennobling influence, although he was probably unconscious of the fact. Nor was this influence a positive one, as it only reached sufficiently far to keep him from evil thoughts and scheming whilst in their midst. His thoughts dwelled almost constantly upon the young girl he had only seen to love her. At that moment he felt only the ardent desire to see her happy, although it was doubtful whether he could have risen to the height of self-deinal to bring about that purpose. He felt, however, something like regret at the career of wickedness he had run, less on account of its intrinsic sinfulness than on that of the deep gulf it had created between the charming and innocent girl and himself. He felt instinctively that she divined his gross and sullied nature and shrank from him without knowing why.

He had thus ridden about a mile, so deeply engrossed in his thoughts, that he hardly heeded where he was or what he did, when suddenly a savage growl in his immediate neighborhood aroused and caused him to look up in surprise. At this place the woods were more than usually dense and, consequently dark, and for a moment he failed to discover the cause of the noise, which increased constantly in volume and fierceness. It seemed to come from on high, and he therefore turned his eyes to the branches of the neighboring trees, They were so dense that even then he would probably have failed to discover the cause of these terrific sounds if the branches had not suddenly begun to shake and bend, thus displaying the body of a powerful puma, which was on the point of making a spring at him. Indeed at this very moment the gigantic cat bounded forth, uttering a cry so savage that even the bravest might well have quailed under it. Arthur's cheek blanched a little, probably more from the suddenness than the ferocity of the onset. Whatever we may think of his moral qualities, it must be confessed that he was a man of great physical courage, and fully up to the emergency. He had no time to think, hardly to act, but what little respite was left him he put to use with a rapidity and presence of *mind* to which we cannot deny our recognition.

Never in all his life had his wonderful horsemanship done him such excellent service. Taking his steed well between the knees, he caused it to execute a spring which landed it at least ten feet from the spot where it had stood before, while in the air he felt the body of the puma grazing his sholder, without, however, doing any harm. It was a narrow escape but the young man had no time to congratulate himself upon it, for he knew that the animal would renew the attact. Looking around to see where the puma had landed, he left his horse make another leap which brought the trunk of the tree between him and his adversary. This momentary advantage gave him time to draw his weapon and thus prepare for a second onset. He had taken a rifle with him, but it was not the weapon he could handle to the best advantage. It was the revolver, rather, with which he was an expert. So skilled, indeed, was he in its use that he might safely boast of never missing his mark. The one he had drawn was a forty-eight caliber, a fearful weapon in a practiced hand, and when Arthur's fingers clutched it a smile of assurance and triumph passed over his face. Looking past the tree, he saw the hugh cat crouching on the earth, lashing the ground with its tail and waiting for an opportunity of making a second spring. The young man was now ready to take the aggressive; so riding a step to the right, he once more exposed himself to the gaze of the puma, who was not slow to benefit by this chance and once more bounded into the air. Arthur retreated with a spring on his part, and as the animal passed in close proximity, sent a bullet crushing through its skull. The puma half bounded, half fell and struck the ground with great force. Arthur knew too well the tenacity of life possessed by the cat tribe to approach it and therefore sent another bullet into the head of the puma before venturing to handle it.

He could not help viewing the animal with exultation, for not only was this the largest puma he had ever slain, but he felt a pardonable pride at the thought that the circumstances connected with the encounter made his victory doubly a source of gratification. He studied a moment what he should do next, and then having formed his resolution, galloped rapidly to the farm, where he was *received with a* gracious smile by Marguerita, while her husband *felt a pardonable pang* over the sudden and unexpected return of

his dubious friend. He felt somewhat relieved, however, when he learned the reason of the second call. He readily entered upon the other's views, hitched up a horse and drove without delay to the spot where the dead puma lay.

"Whew! What an ugly customer;" he could not help exclaiming in admiration; as he perceived the huge carcass stretched on the ground. You are a tough adversary to meet, Capitan."

"A fact you will bear in mind, I trust," was the dry reply. "Now, lend a hand and help me skin the fellow; it would not do to delay the matter in this hot climate and I would hate to loose this superb skin. I shot him through the head, you see, so there isn't a single bullet hole to mar its beauty."

The two set to work and in fifteen minutes the brute had been flayed and the skin deposited in the wagon. As they reached the farm, they found Marguerita standing at the junction of the private road and the highway. She knew that Carlos had agreed to take the skin to the city, and had come thus far to see the trophy of the young man's prowess. She shuddered at the sight; but, if anything had been wanting to complete the infatuation with which she looked upon this young man, the glory of his bold achievement finished the nimbus she had already woven around his head.

The reader must not understand us. We do not mean to insinuate that her admiration of him interfered in the least with the vow of fidelity she had made in favor of her husband. She admired, yea loved this hero merely in the interest of her sister, to whom she was attached with a touching fervor. She loved him, as it were, simply by proxy, and was more than ever determined that so much loveliness and valor should fall to no one's share but her sister's, if she had anything to say in the matter.

When the hunter and his trophy arrived at the villa, the inmates were not stingy in their praise. It is in woman's nature to place the idol of her heart upon the pedestal of heroism, and we need, therefore, not wonder that the new-born fancy of poor Clara was fanned into a fiery flame by this incident. Even Inez felt somewhat softened towards her relative and, though she was far from liking him even then, she could not help giving him credit for the courage and presence of mind which his encounter with the puma had proved him to possess.

CHAPTER VII.

DEVELOPEMENTS.

We have not time to narrate the incidents of the next week in detail. They did not bring any striking events; it is rather the under currents which gave it interest, and these we shall endeavor to trace to the best of our ability, although by doing so, we may be obliged to notice traits not very flattering to human nature.

As the days passed, Herbert and Inez became gradually acquainted with Arthur's character, and what they saw, was not calculated to increase either their esteem or their affection. Of course, they were unable to fathom the full depth of his depravity, for he took good care to hide that as well as possible; but we discover a current by the smallest blade and can judge a character pretty accurately by little traits which, though seemingly unimportant in themselves form a striking chain when linked together. Herbert suffered under these discoveries like a patient undergoing an operation which, while painful in itself, becomes doubly so by the application of the surgeon's knife day after day and week after week. He was certainly a man of nerve and endurance; but to thus see the fondest expectation, based on the assertions of a reliable friend, wilting like a valued plant, was almost unindurable. He tried to forget his disappointment by redoubled devotion to the welfare of the colony and frequent journeys to its different parts, but these efforts were much like the taking of opiates for the purpose of stilling pain, the reaction following the narcotic being worse than the momentary relief. It was not so much the discovery of the traces of vice which he had found, as the utter absence of appreciation of the grand work for which Herbert had educated and destined the young man, that grieved him. The vices he might have corrected, but to instill noble sentiments into an ignoble heart was an almost hopeless task. The young man seemed to have no aim but the immediate gratification of his gross appetities, without a thought of consequence, and, what was worse, a total disregard for *the feelings, wishes* and rights of others. Not that he had any de-
[redacted]*sire to enslave them, but* his total disregard for their rights was

nearly as bad, for in his case his passions were apt to create havoc as the scheming villany of the despot. Herbert felt that it would never do to entrust the welfare of his people to the tender mercy of this youth ; yes, he would have even doubted his right of inflicting his presence upon them, if he had not calculated that they could not always expect to be free from such disturbing influences, and that virtue or innocence untried, is of a doubtful value. The reader will later have an opportunity to look more deeply into the plans of this reformer, and discover that one of his chief aims was to make his people self-reliant and strong, in withstanding the aggressions of both outward and inward foes, as our passions may well be termed.

Herbert had found no difficulty in discovering that the acquirements of youth were on a level with his morals. The former deficiency, however, he might have pardoned more readily, for it was of a nature more easily remedied. An ignorant man might enter into his plans with eagerness ; a depraved one, never. Still, this second disappointment was a sore one. He had been particular in requesting Anton Stamm to see to the careful and thorough instruction of his ward in chemistry and engineering, and discovered by a question put now and then, in an apparently causal manner, that the young man did not possess even an elementary knowledge of these branches of science. It was an absolutely insolvable riddle to Herbert, how his friend Stamm, whom he had always known as a man of discrimination, could have been so blind to such enormous short comings, but the possibility of a fraud practiced upon him by this young man never once entered his mind. The very enormity of the deception prevented such a discovery. He, himself, could not even have conceived a similar deception and, like all great minds, he was totally free from suspicion. It would, of course, have been beyond humane power to prevent these thoughts and feelings from slightly coloring his behaviour towards the young man. Besides, if Herbert was free from suspicion, he was even more so from hypocrisy, and nothing in the world could have induced him to show the youth an affection he did not feel. Arthur felt that his relative more than suspected both his character and his ignorance, and therefore always experienced a restraint in his presence which he could not entirely conceal. He made it, indeed,

a point to absent himself from the villa as much as possible, although, by doing so, he deprived himself of the company of the girl that he had learned to love with a passion so absorbing as to force all other feelings into the background. True, he still indulged his appetite for ardent spirits to a deplorable extent, and paid numerous visits to Carlos' farm for that purpose, but these potations served as much for the purpose of drowning unrequited, and therefore hopeless, as the the more direct gratification of a gross appetite. Unfortunately his disappointment led him to indulge in another pastime which, if less injurious to himself, was calculated to destroy the happiness of another person.

The love which artless Clara had conceived for him was so manifest and undisguised that it could not well escape the observation of the young man. Far though he was from returning it, he looked at and talked to the poor girl frequently in a manner well calculated to mislead and inspire her with a fallacious hope of an ultimate realization of her wishes. It evidently gave the unprincipled fellow a grim satisfaction to inflict upon another, though innocent party, the same torture he was enduring. But love is watchful, and the keen eyes of Clara were not slow to discover the ardent glances which Arthur could not forbear from casting upon the subject of his passion. Soon the dreadful fiend, jealousy, lodged in the bosom of the poor girl, inflicting tortures inexpressively painful.

This demon even affected her feelings towards Inez. Fervently, though, she had loved her mistress only a few days ago, there were moments now when she hated her. Nothing in Inez's conduct justified her in believing that she returned her cousin's affection; on the contrary, her behaviour towards him was cold and distant. But was it not enough that she possessed the love of the man to whom she had surrendered herself without reserve? The reader may wonder at this sudden infatuation, but if he does, he shows that he is unacquainted with the workings of the human heart, especially when this heart beats in the bosom of a Mexican girl, whose fiery nature has not been toned down by culture and education. And Inez herself? She was the prey of conflicting emotions, for while the prompting of a generous nature urged her to pity the *failings of an* erring soul, her high-strung mind refused to overlook *foible which, in her estimation*, were perfectly inexcusable. She

could not help seeing her father's sad disappointment, and it was this more than anything else which hardened her heart toward this wayward young man. She idolized her father, who, as she believed, towered far above all other men, and little chance, indeed, had he of winning her affection who ventured to grieve her father. Inez was a girl considerably above the level of her sex. She was gifted with a mind of wonderful discrimination, and her natural abilities had been heightened by a through and far-reaching education. She spoke German, Spanish, English and French with the fluency of a native, and her knowledge of natural science and other branches were by no means to be dispised. In addition to this her mind had preserved the entire buoyancy and simplicity of a child, and her body had, by the judicious training of a wise father, received a grace, strength and elasticity increasing greatly her natural charms. We can hardly blame her cousin for conceiving for her so absorbing a passion, though we cannot but marvel at the presumption of hoping against hope for a return of his feelings.

These were the main undercurrents we spoke of, and having traced them here in slight outlines, we are ready to take up once more the thread of our story.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BIGGER RASCAL OF THE TWO.

It was about six weeks after the arrival of Arthur, when a telegram was handed to Herbert which seemed to arouse his curoisity in no small degree. He mused, shook his head and evidently inclined to reply negatively to the message, whatever that may have been. On second thought, however, he changed his mind, muttering to himself: "No, let him come. We cannot expect to be spared such trials, and to meet them makes us strong. Yes, let him come."

"Philip Grau," he continued soliloquizing, "what memories that *name arouses* in my mind. Once more I see his father, the

friend who destroyed the peace and happiness of my youth. I see his mother, so dear to me that all these long years have not been able to efface her image from my mind. For her sake, if from nothing else, I ought to show hospitality to her son. And yet, I fear, he takes after his father; perhaps outstrips him in those diabolical traits of character which caused me years of intense suffering."

Unfolding a paper, he read: "You wish the pen picture of Philip Grau? Very well, here it is: Philip Grau, or rather Von Grau, as he calls himself now, the King having enobled his family, is no ordinary man, but his whole nature is saturated with so monstrous an egotism that he becomes not merely useless, but absolutely dangerous to mankind. His own interest being the only guiding star, he tramples down everything in his way with the most unscrupulous indifference. I verily believe that he would spare neither father nor mother if they stood in the way to some cherished object. You can easily see how dangeroug a man he become by the very mental power which, if coupled with a different disposition, might have been of much service to the world. Moreover, Philip Grau is a perfect master in the art of dissimulation, which make him, if possible, more dangerous yet. In the eyes of the world he stands fairer than any of his neighbors. Besides holding one of the highest positions of his State, he is known to be a favorite of the Emperor, to whom he rendered important diplomatic services in the late war. Indeed, it is currently reported, and probably true, that he will soon be called to fill one of the most important places of the empire. If ever he should cross your path, beware of cunning, especially when he approaches you with protestations of friendship and devotion. The safest course would be to crush him under foot like a venemous serpent, which, in truth, he resembles more than any other creature."

There was more writing in the letter, but Herbert folded it, laid it away and abandoned himself to long and deep reflections. At last he looked up and said resolutely: "It must be. I hate to poison her young mind with an insight into the character of this modern Machiavelly, but the laws of self-preservation demand it. Inez is the only treasure I have saved out of this family tragedy, *and I cannot allow this* Philip to infatuate her trustful soul with *his artful wiles.*"

He was on the point of rising, when his daughter peeped through the half-open door and said: "Am I intruding papa?"

"No child, I was just on the point of looking for you. Sit down. I wish to speak to you."

She took a chair beside him, and then said expectantly:

"Well, papa, what is it?"

"Did I ever speak to you about a certain Philip Grau?"

"You mean cousin Philip? Yes, papa, you mentioned his name more than once."

"Well, this very Philip is now at the outer falls asking for admittance.

"Is it possible?" shé interjected.

"Inez," he continued gravely and impressively; "I have good reasons to believe this man to be bad and treacherous; yea, unprincipled to an extraordinary degree. Much as I dislike to mention this to you, I deem it my imperative duty to give you a clue to his true character, and thus enable you to defend yourself successfully against his arts."

"But, father, if this man is so wicked, why not refuse him admittance."

"I have thought it well over, Inez. At first I felt very much inclined to pursue the course you now suggest; but on second thought I rejected the expedient as cowardly and unworthy of the great ideas I am working out. If they have vitality, they can and will surely outlive and withstand the machinations of a single man, let him be ever so bad and artful. The moment is near at hand when the barriers which separate us from the world will fall, and it is proper that our people, as well as our institutions, should come in contact with and learn to battle against foes more dangerous and formidable than this man can ever be. I have no doubt that Philip Grau will try to undermine me, and to get possession of the riches he probably imagines me to possess, but these attempts I fear not, for I know him and think I can parry all his thrusts. There is only one point where I am vulnerable, Inez, and that is you. This man is polished, child, and few women have been able to resist his charms. If I thought he could endanger the tranquility of your heart I *would* drive him from my threshold like a mangy cur."

Herbert had evidently become excited; so Inez laid her hand soothingly upon his arm and said:

"Fear not, father, I shall be on my guard; but if this man is as bad as you think or know; if his visit puts your life in peril, I, on my part, protest against his admittance."

"Nay, child, I have nothing to fear. What can he do against me, surrounded by legions of faithful friends, as I am? Let him discharge his arrows, they will fall harmless at my feet, or perchance, pierce the heart of him who sent them. I only fear for you, my daughter, and if you wish it, I shall close the door against this man."

"Not for my sake, father. I would be unworthy to be called your daughter if I shirked a danger you can brave. Admit this Philip Grau, and you will see that I, too, need not fear the exposure to trials and temptations."

She looked so grand in the consciousness of her strength and fortitude that he could not help drawing her into his embrace and imprinting a kiss upon her brow.

"Very well, then, Inez," he said; "I shall do as you say, and trust the moment will never come which will cause me to regret this step."

With these words he walked to the instrument and wired the message granting the admittance of the applicant."

What will come of it? Will he indeed, rue this step? Only the future can tell, and to it we therefore refer the reader, if he is not too impatient to await the unrolling of events as they follow each other in natural succession.

* * * * *

We must now beg the reader to go back with us to the night of the robbery, and the little inn where it was perpetrated. The traveler slept long and deeply, and when, at length, he awoke, he did not seem to know where he was. After rubbing his eyes awhile in evident bewilderment, and staring around in ludircous confusion, a ray of comprehension suddenly broke from his eyes; he raised himself partly on his elbow and said:

"*Ah, now* I know where I am. This is the grand hotel of the *Santa Madre, in the still* greater State of Mexico. Verily, I

do not see what attractions it possessed in the eyes of Cortez, whom I always considered a pretty smart chap, unless it was gold, the same magnet which drew me into this nasty land of the greasers. I suppose, he got his share, and it is to be hoped that my martyrdom will be rewarded in a like substantial manner. "But where are my clothes?" he contined, assuming a sitting posture; "I am sure I put them on this chair, and now—ah, here they lie on the floor. I must have been very tired to tumble them about in this fashion. I wonder how late it is; why, even the watch must have tumbled out, and yet I see no trace of it. My papers too, are missing, and, what is stranger still, my saddle-bag. Can it be that I have been robbed? By jupiter, that would be a pretty kettle of fish; curse it. Probably my worthy host is at the bottom of this; but wait, my fine fellow, you shall pay for this rascality or my name is not Philip Grau."

The man was by this time fully aroused. He dressed with feverish haste, and stepping out, began to thunder against the landlord's door, who was still slumbering sweetly, unconscious of the storm ready to burst over his devoted head. The knocks, however, soon awakened him, and he made his appearance in a costume which might be called primitive without the imputation of exageration. The traveler overwhelmed him with a perfect avalanche of invectives and reproaches; but, as they were uttered in German and the host understood nothing but a wretched Spanish patois, he failed for a long while to comprehend the rage of his guest. It was indeed, more by signs than words that the truth finally dawned on him. The disappearance of the traveler's baggage and the discovery of the abscence of the mule forced upon him the conviction that his guest had been robbed under his roof. Then he was not slow in overwhelming the stranger on his part with a flood of excuses and consolations, which the latter failed to understand and which would probably have missed their purpose if he had understood them.

After wasting some ten minutes in these idle expostulations, it struck mine host that the time might perhaps be more profitably employed in efforts to catch the thief, and thus recover the plunder. He spoke eagerly with his oldest son, a lad of about thirteen or fourteen, who nodded in reply, and then set off with

the rapidity of a grey hound. After that the landlord endeavored to explain to the stranger the measures he had taken in his interest, but the latter understood merely the word "alcade," which he knew to mean magistrate. From this he concluded that the boy had been sent to inform the nearest bailiff or constable, and that he could do nothing better than await further developments with such patience as he could muster. This was not an easy task, for not only seemed endless the time which elapsed before the arrival of the dignitary, but he had read too much of the tardy and clumsy manner of administering justice in that country to expect much from him after his arrival.

Nor was he mistaken. When the alcade appeared on the ground, he proceeded to take testimony which lead to but meager results, since the principal witness was incapable of answering one single question. The traveler could not discover any effort on the part of the fellow to pursue the thief or thieves; all he did was to talk, and of this he put in such a superabundance that the stranger gave up all hopes of recovering his property, and confined his efforts to an attempt to get out of the dilemma into which this robbery had thrown him. There he was in a strange country, whose language he did not understand, without money, papers or means of continuing his journey. He asked the alcade as well as he could, if there was not an American or Englishman in the neighborhood. It took the thick-headed fellow half an hour to understand, and when this at last was the case, he only answered in the negative. The traveler reflected a moment and then requested the alcade to lead him to the nearest priest. On hearing the word padre, the fellow nodded eagerly and bade the son of the inn-keeper conduct the Sennor to that holy man. The distance was fortunately not much over a mile. The padre was up, and just on the point of eating his frugal breakfast, when the pair arrived. He politely invited the Sennor to share his meal when the little guide had communicated to him the events of the night. The stranger gladly accepted, for he had not broken fast that morning. After the meal was over, the two men tried for a long time to understand each other, but failed, until the stranger, in shear despair, tried latin. At this the face of the priest lit up; he responded in the same *language, and before* many more minutes knew the stranger's *story and wishes.*

"It is fortunate for thee, mi amice," he said with a complacent smile, "that thou didst meet me, and not one of my confratres, for mighty little latin do most of them know, excepting perhaps the text of the mass. So thou hast friends in the Capital, who can help thee, thou sayest?"

"Even so, pater, and rich and powerful friends they are too, who will amply reward him who sends me to them."

"It will be a long and tedious journey, mi fili. I wish I had the means to assist thee, but small indeed is my share of the treasures of this world."

"You don't mean to intimate that you will abandon me to my fate?" The stranger asked, greatly alarmed.

"Nay, thou art too hasty in thy conclusions. I only meant to say that I am sorry I am not able to furnish thee with abundant means to travel comfortably and speedily. I have been thinking the matter over and have come to the conclusion that the best plan will be to give thee a letter of introduction to the priest of the next parish, who will entertain thee and send thee to his neighbor, until thou reachest places where the telegraph will enable thee to communicate with thy friends and invoke their assistance."

The stranger accepted these propositions with thanks, where upon the good priest at once wrote and handed him the letter.

"Be without fear, mi fili," he said "thou wilt not find the patres all scholars, but thou wilt find them all possessed of humane hearts and if thou wilt only compose thyself in patience, thou wilt surely, if slowly, reach the Capital."

The stranger thanked him warmly and departed. We have neither time nor inclination to accompany him on his slow, long and tedious journey to the Capital, which he reached just three weeks after the night of the robbery. The fatigue of the journey cast him on the sick bed, which chained him a full week, while it took him another to regain his former strength and buoyancy. It was therefore exactly five weeks after his introduction to the reader that we see him start once more for the same goal. This time he took the shortest route to the Pacific Ocean, where he boarded a coasting vessel which conveyed him safely to the Rio Frio. He pursued the same course which we saw the bandit take, and finally turn the lever in accordance with the directions of the letter. As in the

former instance, the cataract ceased to flow and the moutain opened; but when he demanded admittance, he received the reply that they had no instructions to admit any strangers, and that he would have to tarry outside until they could ask for instructions. He had found it difficult to make the redskins understand, and would probably have failed altogether, if one young indian had not spoken and understood a little German. "Tell Mr. Grau that his nephew Philip Grau, wants to see him," he told him, when suddenly the rocks closed and the waters once more began to fall leaving him in no enviable state of mind. What if this relative refused him admittance? In his innermost heart he could not conceal from himself the fact that such a course would only be in accordance with the dictates of prudence, and felt convinced that his relative would surely act in obedience to them, if he knew the motives of the visitor. We know better; we have witnessed the conversation between father and daughter which decided the question of his admittance, and understand the reasons inducing Herbert to tolerate his crafty kinsman in spite of the evil that might possibly spring from his presence. Of these reasons, however, Philip Grau had no knowledge, and we need therefore not wonder at the suspense and anxiety with which he awaited the decisive answer.

It came sooner than he had dared to hope; for thirty minutes had hardly elapsed since the closing of the rocks, when they once more opened and the indian beckoned him to approach. Philip ascended the rocks, but, while doing so, he cast his glances on his surroundings with a keenness apt to take in the most minute details He noticed that the swinging rocks were in reality massive gates, with an irregular outer surface on which moss-covered rocks were painted with great fidelity. They hung on hinges which, in turn, had been soldered into the solid rock. The cavity seemed natural, although the visitor's sharp eyes could here and there discover traces of the chisel which had probably been used to improve the work of nature. The process of blindfolding, which now followed, did not suit Philip at all, because it hindered him from such observations as he was anxious to make. He submitted, however, with apparent good humor, trusting to his ears for any discoveries possible under the circumstances. Like Arthur, he judged from the *loud echo of their steps* that they were traversing a subterranean

passage, but, unlike him, he endeavored to form an accurate idea of its length by counting his steps while the echo lasted. In this way he was led to think that the underground passage was about a quarter of a mile long. When the bandage was taken from his eyes, he once more began to gaze around with the keenest attention. We need not describe a second time the wonderful beauty of the scenery; but we must state that the high degree of development struck Philip much more forcibly than his brother, because his was a thinking mind, and he was able to appreciate the mental force necessary to create such an Eden out of a wilderness. At the same time, however, he thought of the monetary resources necessary to accomplish such marvels, and then it was that his eyes assumed a weird lustre and betrayed a greed terrible in its intensity.

When he learned that he could not reach the residence of his relatives before nine o'clock, he resolved to remain in Lakeview over night. The reader must not imagine that he was led to this resolution by any consideration for his uncle, but because the darkness of the night would prevent him from making observations. He also felt that he required a little more time to prepare for meeting a man of whose character he had no knowledge, excepting the clue which the letter had given him. He had just entered upon his kinsman's dominion but he had already seen enough to convince him that, if he was a rich man, he was undoubtedly also an extraordinary one, who could not be trifled with and who would surely demand a plausible explanation of this unsolicited visit. Philip thought until his head ached but finally came to the conclusion that a preconcerted plan was, after all, impracticable and that he must allow himself to be governed by circumstances. He had a dim conviction that his relative would see through any pretense of affectation, and that an open avowal of self-interest would be perhaps the safest plan he could pursue.

On the following morning, after dispatching a hasty breakfast, he boarded the train and started for Montezuma, where Father Herbert, as everybody called him, lived. Philip was prepared for strange things, but what he saw surpassed his boldest expectations so far that he became the prey of a bewilderment bordering on stupification. His mind was, as it were, in a turmoil of confusion, through which only one distinct thought was capable of taking

a compact form: that of the colossal fortune which lay at the bottom of this creation. It was nine o'clock when the train reached Montezuma. On inquiring for the residence of Mr. Herbert Grau, the people looked in wonderment at the betrayal of such ignorance and then informed him that he lived on Laura Street. The street-cars, they added, would take him to the house. These cars, accordingly, he boarded and ten minutes later stood on the porch of Herbert's villa.

CHAPTER IX.

FENCING.

"Show the Sennor in, Clara," Herbert said as the girl handed him a card, and a minute later Philip Grau was ushered into the office. The two men cast a searching glance at each other, and we may as well pause a moment and chronicle what Herbert saw. Philip Grau resembled his brother in height and form, although he was far from possessing the latter's outlines. His forehead was high but narrow, his eyes were of the color and coldness of steel, his lips were thin but displayed fine theeth when he smiled, which was pretty generally the case, his smile, however, was not insipid, as such stereotyped smiles are apt to be, but rather sardonic, although nothing was probably more remote from the man than the intention of giving it that expression. He wore burnsides but the rest of the face was shaven with a scrupulous care, which even the rough nature of his journey had been unable to efface. He was clad in a fashionable traveling suit and, taking it all in all, Philip Grau was a fine looking man, who had found much favor with the female sex. He had evidently the manners of a polished gentleman, and the open, manly bearing with which he now approached Herbert had something winning.

"Mr. Grau, I presume," he said with a bow. "But nay, I am *sure of it,* for the likeness between you and my grand-uncle's pic*ture at home is too* striking to permit any doubt. May I, then,

claim the privileges of consanguinity, and ask for a short term of hospitality under your roof?"

"It would not have required the advancement of such claims to secure such a favor," Herbert replied coldly though politely, motioning him to a chair. "May I ask what brought you to this remote quarter of the world?"

"My king entrusted to me a message to the Mexican Government. I had been working hard and needed recreation; so when I asked for this mission, I received at once his gracious consent. I need not hide from you the fact that the desire of making the acquaintance of the mysterious Mexican uncle was the chief motive in making this request. I had heard so much of your marvelous doings, of your fabulous—"

"Wealth," Herbert suggested coolly.

"Yes, wealth, uncle," the other said laughing frankly; "thank you for prompting me. It is natural that your fabulous riches should lend you a charm in the eyes of a needy nephew which might have been wanting under other circumstances. You see, I am candid, and do not wish to sail under a false flag. I have already seen enough this morning to *admire* you. To assure you that I love you would expose me to your just suspicions and, what is worse, contempt, All I ask, is to give me a chance of adding affection to respect, and if I or my abilities, small though they are, can be of any use to you during my sojourn here, I trust you will not hesitate to command me."

"Your remarks are sensible and quite relieve me. Perhaps you are aware that my relations to your father were not the most cordial, and I am glad that you ask for no considerations on that score. You'll have to stand on your own merit, and, if you show yourself worthy of my regard, you may be sure that it will not be withheld."

"Thank you, uncle; though I am sure that my father had no ill feeling against you whatever. He always—"

"Let that rest, Philip," Herbert interrupted him calmly, but decisively; "I, for my part, have no feelings whatever on that subject. Tell me rather something about Anton Stamm's last hours, Arthur's account of his death was so meager and unsatisfactory that I would like to get some more particulars."

"You had a letter from cousin Arthur?" asked Philip in surprise.

"No letter; but am I to understand from your remarks that you are ignorant of your cousin's whereabouts?"

"I surely am, unless he is where I left him three months ago, at home."

Instead of answering, Herbert rang the bell. "Clara," he said to the entering girl, "beg Arthur to favor me with his presence in the office."

After this he remained silent, a behavior for which Philip mentally gave him fervent thanks. The astounding information he had just now received was certainly sufficient to upset the balance of mind of the most self-possessed person in the world. If Herbert had spoken to him he would have to remain mute or answered like an idiot. Arthur here! All his scheming for nothing. He was even too dumbfounded to feel angry at the frustration of his cherished hopes and plans. Arthur here, and with him undoubtedly the news of the stolen letter. Of course the theft could not well be traced to him, but he surely would be caught in a web of lies. For once this cunning and ready man was nonplussed. He sat there as in a maze, incapable of forming a plan; incapable even of thinking, except the one terrible thought of an ignominious exposure staring him in the face. The idea that the robber could possibly have benefited by the stolen letter and attempted to play the role of the expected ward, of course never entered his mind, and he was therefore fully justified in deeming a disgraceful exposure unavoidable, and close at hand. If ever anybody was subjected to mental torture, Philip was. The few minutes elapsing before the appearance of the person expected seemed to him like ages. At last the door opened and the stately figure of the bandit came into view. For a moment the wonderful likeness between him and the party he represented deceived even the keen sighted Philip, and, with a suppressed groan he arose, with the intention of shortening the expected humiliation by a confession, when the voice of the person entering caused him to stop and listen.

"Good morning, Uncle," he heard him say; "Here I am. *What can* I do for you?"

That was not his cousin's voice, with whom he had been long

and intimately acquainted. But, if he was not his cousin whence this wonderful resemblance? Suddenly the truth flashed upon him. This fellow could be nobody but his wayward brother, who had run away from home to avoid the discipline of a stern father. Of course, Philip did not guess the whole truth, but he had discovered enough to obtain the material for an escape from this fearful dilemma. If this man was his brother, he was an impostor who would hardly dare to expose Philip's duplicity. On the contrary he would be apt to play into Philip's hand. He recovered his self-possession with a rapidity which we must needs admire, in spite of the badness of the cause for which it was exercised. Without waiting for any explanation or introduction on the part of Herbert, he sprang to his feet and rushing to where Arthur stood, drew that young man into his embrace with an impetuosity truly startling.

"Cousin Arthur!" he cried in a voice so joyful that a casual observer might really have thought he had found his dearest friend. "Is it possible? Little did I dream of this unexpected pleasure. I thought you had intended to remain at home another year. But what is the matter old fellow? You look actually as if Philip Grau's face had escaped your memory."

Arthur at length succeeded in recovering from his surprise, which, as the reader may well imagine, was hardly less than his brother's. His first feeling had been that of infinite disgust, for he had never born his brother much affection. Philip had played towards him the role of an exacting mentor, and really been one of the causes which had led him to form the desperate plan of running away from home. He could not help showing this feeling on his face but the wondering questions of his would-be cousin reminded him of the danger of betraying his feelings to the observant eyes of Herbert, and, entering upon the others views, he replied with feigned delight:

"Is it a wonder, cousin Philip, when you surprise a fellow in this manner, and almost squeeze him to death? I am awful glad to see you, but at a loss to comprehend how you succeeded in forcing the barriers of this Eldorado."

"So you have forgotten our spree," Philip replied laughingly "when you *insisted* upon my reading a certain letter which a cer-

tain Mexican uncle sent you? Well, the fact is, you were pretty far gone then and I had to coach you home."

An expression of pain passed over Herbert's face, but the explanation was perfectly in keeping with the present conduct of his nephew, and therefore found a ready credence with him. He arose and said:

"Arthur, take Philip to the room opposite yours, and supply him with all things necessary for refreshing himself after his journey. I shall meanwhile inform my daughter Inez of your arrival, and give orders to lay another plate for dinner." Arthur obeyed, and led the other from the office. In silence they traversed the hall. In silence they ascended the stairs, and only when the door of the apartment, intended for the new guest, had closed upon them was this silence broken. Strange to say, it was Arthur who broke it first. Turning sharply on his brother he inquired, with ill-disguised vexation:

"What the devil deos this mean? What brings you to this forlorn place?"

"I might return that inquiry, but prefer to vary it a little. *How* did you get here? It is a mystery to me."

Arthur laughed contemptuously.

"I think, if we compare notes, we will discover a striking similarity between our cases, I stole my credentials on the highway, and you by proxy."

Philip winced slightly under these words and the look accompanying them, and said coldly:

"I do not understand you."

"Oh, yes, you do; or rather you will when I mention the name of Bertha."

The other started and a palor overspread his face.

"What do you know about Bertha?" he hissed between his teeth. "Ah, I comprehend now. You are the rascal who robbed me. A delightful discovery; my brother a highway robber on the Mexican roads."

An angry flush overspread Arthur's face. "See here," he said, *scowling savagely* at his brother; "be careful in your words: I am *past the age when I had* to endure your sermons. Nor can I see the

difference between stealing on the highway and in one's uncle's house."

"There again. You stole my papers and if you know what is good for you, you will return them at once."

The other crossed his arms and said contemptuously:

"That is right, threaten; I know of no other way that would accomplish your purpose more quickly."

Philip felt like resenting his brother's insolence, but knew, also, that he was powerless to cary out any threats he might utter, and therefore merely bit his lips and said more civilly:

"Well, these papers are no earthly use to you; so you may as well return them to me."

"Ah, you sing in a different key now, and if I still had the papers I would as lief return them as not."

"Had them!" Philp exclaimed in an alarmed tone; "I trust you were not silly enough to give them to anybody here?"

"You only do me justice by giving me that much credit for sagacity."

"What the duce did you do with them, then?"

"I destroyed them, of course. They were of no value to me, and you surely do not think me silly enough to keep papers apt to convict me in case of capture? True, these Mexican detectives are not very formidable, but a wise man never challenges fate."

Philip had to content himself with this explanation, which, as we know, was only partly true.

"Now tell me the lay of the land," he said; "I am a total stranger, you see, and would like to learn the reefs and sandbanks, to avoid being wrecked. First as to uncle Herbert; what sort of a man is he?"

"A fool, though on a grand scale, I must confess."

"Raves about equal rights and that sort of thing, eh?"

"Exactly. He could live like a prince in London or Paris, instead of which he burries himself in this wilderness, and allows himself to be called daddy by ever fool."

"But how is it about this grand possession, does he really own the valley?"

"I haven't troubled myself much about these matters, but I

think he owns it all, having purchased the valley from the Government for five millions of dollars."

"Whew!" was Philip's only reply.

"He won't have it much longer, though," Arthur continued; for in less than a year they will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of this colony, and on that occasion he, uncle Herbert, intends to deed everything to the people, and deliver the entire management into their hands."

Philip gave a startled look, and said excitedly: "The lunatic! If I had him in Germany I would have him declared noncompos-mentis; but even here there must be means of preventing such madness. It seems my coming here was truly providential. But to proceed; does his wife coincide with him in these points?"

"Uncle Herbert is a widower."

"So much the worse, for in a prudent wife we would have found an ally. But he spoke of a daughter. What sort of a creature is she?" As Authur remained silent, he continued:

"Oh, you need not fear to tell the truth, for your communications are safe with me. Come now; she is as ugly as a mud fence, is she not?" Arthur merely shook his head.

"What! Handsome? So much the better; a little flirtation will help to pass the time at this dull place. I must polish up my rusty gallantry for the benefit of this belle of the backwoods."

At these words a sudden and terrible change came over the bandit.

"No you won't," he hissed, bending over the other and holding his clenched fist threatingly before his face. "If you know what is good for you, you will certainly undertake no such thing, for it would surely bring about a conflict from which only one of us would come forth alive.

For a moment Philip was so startled at this sudden and unexpected outburst of passion, that he was at a loss to comprehend it. He stared at him in dumb wonderment, until at last the truth dawned upon him.

"Ah," he said with a forced laugh; "I understand; a passion *at first sight. Well* that alters the case, of course. You need fear *no interference on my part.*"

"I would not advise you to try any," Arthur said, still glowering on the other.

"And you are a favorite suitor?" Philip inquired.

"I would give ten years of my life if I could say yes;" his brother muttered.

"What, in spite of your beauty and stateliness? Your lady must be hard to please. Come, give me a little sketch of your adorer."

The other shook his head. "I could not do her justice," he said meekly; "wait till you see her. But it is getting late. You had better wash and dress, if you want to be ready for dinner."

CHAPTER X.

COMPLICATIONS.

When the brothers entered the parlor an hour later, they found both father and daughter awaiting them. If Philip had really intended to treat the latter to some shallow compliments, the first sight of her induced him to abandon the idea. There she stood, dressed in a snowy white; so commanding in her stateliness, yet so charming in her freshness, purity and a loveliness that he at once comprehended the passion his brother had conceived for her, and involuntarily felt a secret satisfaction at what Arthur had said about his hopelessness of success. He had no time, however, to follow up such thoughts, for even Herbert said then:

"Philip, this is my daughter Inez; I have told her who you are, and that you mean to tarry with us for a while."

Whatever the reader may think of Philip's character, there is no doubt that he possessed the manners of a gentleman. Nothing could have been more charming than the mingled cordiality and respect with which he approached her. Holding out his hand to her, he said: "I can hardly tell you how much pleasure it gives me to make the acquaintance of a cousin of whose very existence I was ignorant. May I ask you to take me on trust a little while *and afterwards treat* me according to my merits?"

"That seems to be a very fair proposition, sir, unless you play possum on us," she replied, laying her hand in his and looking at him with a steady gaze.

"Excuse my ignorance," he replied with a laugh; "I neither know what a possum is nor how it plays."

"Possum stands for opossum," she explained gravely; it often pretends to be dead when it is full of life, and in many other ways endeavors to deceive us."

"Well, if that is all," he answered laughing gaily, "I promise most solemnly that I shall not play possum. I stand in too great an awe of Mr. Rattlebones, to pretend being in his clutches before my time."

"Well, if you stand in such great awe of '*Hans Mors*', you will be glad to learn that you will now have an opportunity of prolonging life; dinner is ready."

During the meal, Philip proved himself so entertaining a companion that Herbert and Inez could not help admiring his social talents. Arthur, on the other hand, chafed under this display, for he feared that the gifts of his brother might put him altogether in the shade. He was therefore glad when the meal was over, and Inez retired to her domestic duties. The gentlemen went to the office, where Philip continued to converse with Herbert in his clever way. When his uncle, after a while, expressed his regret at being obliged to leave them on business, Philip eagerly inquired whether it was of such a nature as to forbid his presence. On learning that it was not, he begged and obtained permission to accompany his uncle. Arthur declined their invitation to join them. He saddled his horse and rode out to his retreat to drown his vexation with rum. There we leave him to accompany the others on their trip. If Arthur had failed to take sufficient interest in Friedensthal and its doings, Philip, on the contrary, showed an interest so feverish and restless as to be equally annoying. He wanted to know everything he saw, and never ceased his inquires until he had secured a perfect understanding. Nor were his questions idle or foolish, and although Herbert knew very well that selfish motives lay at the bottom of this curiosity, he could not well refuse to give the information sought so diligently and intelligently. More than one sigh escaped him at the thought of Arthur's indif-

ference, and more than once he formed the mental wish that his ward had an equal desire of increasing his stock of knowledge.

"Besides asking questions, Philip trusted to his eyes for gaining information. He saw the people all well dressed, though in the light stuffs befitting the climate. He did not notice one single beggar on this or any other occasion; nor did he see a single drunken person during his sojourn in Friedensthal, excepting of course, his brother, with whose intemperate habits he became acquainted before long. Herbert used his own conveyance on this occassion, and, as they were on the move all the afternoon, Philip had an opportunity of seeing the greater portion of the city. Yet he failed to notice a single policeman.

"Don't you keep any police here, Uncle?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes, a few," Herbert replied; "but they have so little to do that their office might be well termed a sinecure."

"But how do you manage your roughs; your unruly fellows; your plebs., in short?"

"I hardly think we have that class."

"What, no tramps, no vagabonds, no rowdies? Oh! Happy uncle. Won't you please give me the receipt for this happy state of affairs? I could make a fortune out of it by selling it to our European statesmen."

"I fear it would not work there," Herbert said with a dubious smile. "To be effective Europe would first have to do away with her thousand wrongs and iniquities. If we would suffer want to gain a footing here, its numerous companions, such as inebriety, rowdyism, beggary, theft and so forth, would also make their appearance."

"And how do you prevent want from making its appearance here? Is it by charity? If so I have to remind you of the ease with which a Creosus can be charitable."

"It is not charity, Philip, it is justice. Charity degrades its objects, as you can readily perceive if you travel over the world. You will always find a nation degraded in proportion to the hosts of beggars it feeds. Be just, and you need not be charitable."

"And what do you mean by justice, Uncle? The term is so elastic that it can be streached into almost any shape. You can *hardly find two* persons thinking alike on that subject."

"And yet, it is so very simple, Philip, that an unsophisticated mind can easily understand it. Only our overweened egotism prevents us from grasping its true meaning."

"But your definition, Uncle?"

"Is this: justice is the disposition to allow every fellowbeing the full enjoyment of all his rights."

"And you think we fail in Europe to administer justice in that sense?"

"Think? Alas! I know it. Not only in Europe but all over the world the grossest injustice is practiced."

"And in what particular right, Uncle, are people curtailed?"

"In the inalienable birthright of enjoying happiness."

"But, is this not an illusion, Uncle, to think that all men are equal?"

"I did not say they were. They differ greatly in mental and physical qualities; but does that entitle the strong and clever to trample upon that common birthright?"

"Then you do not believe in Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest, Uncle?"

"It may be true enough with animals, but its application to man is too horrible to think of."

"But the improvement of the race?"

"Can still be kept in view. By granting to the feeble the enjoyment of all the happiness which they are capable we put them on the surest road to progress."

"Well, Uncle, I am by no means ready to agree with you in all your views; but I confess that the aspect of affairs here has a strong persuasive force, and may eventually make me a convert to your opinions. You have certainly achieved marvels here. I trust I commit no indiscretion in asking you whether the current rumor is correct which says that you discovered an inexhaustable treasure, and were thus enabled to carry out your grand scheme of reforming the world?"

"No indiscretion whatever," Herbert replied coolly; without, however, vouchsafing any further information.

"And are those correct who trace this treasure to Montezuma, *the emperor* whom Cortez dethroned?"

"*What is in a name?* Let it be Montezuma who left me this

treasure. Gold, you know, leaves no more a wake than water."

The wierd lustre once more began to play in Philip's eyes. How coolly this man spoke of riches the mere thought of which almost set him wild. The grim determination of securing an ample share of these riches, by fair means if he could; by foul means if he must, struck root within his mind more deeply every moment. He would have liked to dwell upon these thoughts; but the fear of arousing Herbert's suspicion—the never ceasing self-torture of the evil mind—drove him to continue his lively conversation with his uncle.

"I see no churches, Uncle," he remarked; "have you no institutions of that kind here?"

"There are few; at least, you might class them with these institutions, for the people assemble there on Sunday and listen to lectures of various kinds."

"But, you do not forbid religious exercises here, do you, Uncle?"

"How can you ask, Philip?" Herbert inquired almost indignantly; "did I not tell you that we never interfere here with anybody's pursuit of happiness? All we require of a person wishing to settle among us, is the pledge to abstain from teaching their children any religious doctrines before their sixteenth year."

"You surprise me, Uncle; is not the childhood the time to impress religious truths indelibly upon the mind?"

"Yes, if you have the truth to impart; but where is the guarantee for this? It is a sad evidence of egotism and conceit that every one of us is sure of having the correct opinion of things which will forever remain a matter of conjecture. I consider it wrong, and even cruel, to deprive our children of the opportunity to judge for themselves, and this we do by impressing dogmas upon their minds at an age when they are incapable of judging of their merits. I am aware that many persons hide their egotism under the pretense that they consider it their duty to thus instruct their children; but this is a shallow prentense which will not stand the test of scrutiny."

"But are they not right to fear that other and fallicious doctrines will be instilled into their children's minds?"

"Such fear is groundless here, for no teacher is allowed to broach this subject. All they teach is pure morality."

"And is not this another term allowing a wide scope for definitions?"

"Granted; but we do not indulge in any casuistry. All we teach is, modesty of conduct, respect for age and law and detestation of the lie."

"I understand, Uncle. You must excuse me if I worry you with my questions; but everything I see here is so new and strange that I really deserve a little considreation. I notice that girls here dress in a style termed Bloomer, if my memory does not decieve me. What is the object of this innovation?"

"First, it frees them from the weight of a number of under garments which impede their development and sows the seed for a number of maladies to which the female sex is now generally subject. Secondly, it permits their participation in gymnastic exercises condusive to the health, strength and beauty. You cannot help noticing that our girls, as a rule, suffer with nervousness, an ailment which I attribute chiefly to the want of judicious exercise and the partaking of richly seasoned food, not to mention the sensational literature of the day, which awakens sensual feeling before the proper time and leads to imorality and premature old age. We compel our girls to use their limbs so vigorously during the day that they have no time for voluptuous dreams by night."

"Do I understand you to mean that you undertake to regulate the diet of the children, here?"

"That's what I mean, Philip. Man is a social being, and it therefore behooves the State to see that the next generation grows up with bodies qualified for both the fulfillment of their duties and the enjoyment of happiness."

"But such an attempt would surely cause a rebellion, even in all autocratic Russia."

"Because Russia is not a free country. I only call those free who have a proper control of their passions, and can subordinate appetites to the general good."

"And to what extent do you superintend the diet of the *children?*"

"We merely forbid the use of tropical spices, coffee, tea and wine for all children under sixteen."

"And does it not require a host of officers and a system of espionage to enforce this degree?"

"On the contrary; the parents see too clearly the folly of dwarfing their children's growth by such unreasonable stimulants to thus injure them wilfully. More than that, many families have since entirely discarded the use of the articles interdicted."

"Why, this is truly wonderful!" Philip exclaimed with unfeigned admiration."

"Not at all, Philip. Is it really wonderful that these people should love their children? Would it not be rather strange if, knowing that the stimulants in question impaired their children's health, they would nevertheless insist on giving them to them?"

"True enough; but how do you account for it that the people of other parts do not act equally judiciously?"

"Because they are not free, Philip; because they have not learned to control their passions. Take the use of tobacco. Every sensible person admits that it destroys the nervous system, and yet it is not only indulged in by adults, but even boys of the tenderest age are permitted to dwarf themselves by inhaling the rank poison, and thus become a burden instead of a benefit to the world."

"So you abstain here also from the use of tobacco?"

"Yes, it is not grown here, and, excepting some elderly persons, lacking the moral force to break off a habit both filthy and injurious, is not used."

It was nearly supper time when the two returned to the villa. Philip was almost dizzy with what he had seen and heard. It was chiefly the novel ideas of his relative that staggered him; but they in this instance, had not fallen on fertile soil. Philip was too intelligent not to have observed before this that justice is not properly administered in the world; but as he happened to belong to the upper crust, his egotism suffered him to look at the wrong inflicted upon millions with a consummate indifference. An acknowledgment of their rights would have been equal to a restriction of his privileges, a concession he was by no means inclined to make. He indeed, is hard to convince who does not want to be convinced; so all Philip brought home from his ride was a deep impression of his

uncle's wealth and of the necessity of curbing, if not stopping, the mad liberality he was on the point of exercising towards the people of Friedensthal. How this was to be brought about he did not know, but he knew too long a delay might prove fatal to his plans. To use force, was out of the question, for although he counted on his brother's hercule and strength, the two counted to nothing against the faithful thousands, who required only a hint to tear them to pieces. He must use cunning, and his subtile mind worked with a feverish activity to invent a feasable scheme. After supper they met in the parlor where Inez once more entertained them with vocal and instrumental music. Philip had heard artists of world-wide reputation, but he had to confess that the performances of this girl did not at all suffer by comparison. It was the pathos of her sweet voice, and the expression she put into her instrumental pieces, which formed her chief attraction, and captivated Philip to such a degree that the scowling glances of his brother were necessary to remind him of the danger of exciting the jealousy of that desperado. He began to feel that Arthur would prove a hindrance rather than a help in his plans, and wished him far away. Still, as he was there, he had to count him in the game, and endeavored to tone down the feelings of admiration with which not only his cousin's artistic skill, but her ready wit and keen intellect filled him. He could tell her nothing new. She had been in Berlin, London, Paris and New York; but what was more, she had observed the curiosities of all these cities with an attention and appreciation which enabled her to converse about them even more intelligently than he. He could not help thinking what a glorious mate she would make for even a prince, backed by her father's fabulous wealth. As he looked at her, the determination of possessing her became a fixed feature of his plans, and the idea of his brother's disappointment increased rather than diminished his relish of the idea.

The time passed rapidly, and when they parted at ten, Philip uttered no lie or vapid flattery when he told his relatives that this had been one of the most delightful evenings he had ever spent. He declined his brother's offer to keep him company a little longer, on the plea of being very tired; but if Arthur could have seen *him in his room he would* have perceived that Philip was far from

sleepy. He kept very quiet, to prevent the inmates of the house from noticing his wakefulness; but if his limbs were at rest, his mind was doubly active. To judge from the intense fixedness of his gaze, he was occupied with the solution of a problem taxing his brain to the utmost. The sinister expression of his face, moreover, might have justified a casual observer in thinking that the subject of his thoughts were not exactly of a philanthropic nature. It was nearly twelve when he looked up, nodded once or twice energetically, and then with a muttered "That will do, I guess," went to bed.

There was another party in the house, however, that did not seek rest immediately. It was Herbert. He had no reason to conceal his wakefulness; so, instead of sitting down, he walked up and down his room in deep thoughtfulness. At the expiration of about thirty minutes he stopped, seized a candle and, passing through two rooms adjoining his, entered a third one occupied by a single person stretched in slumber on a bed. Herbert's steps were very noiseless, but he had hardly crossed the threshold when the figure on the bed bounded up with the elasticity of India rubber and stood before the intruder with a mien of watchful expectancy, without, however, uttering a single word. In the light of Herbert's lamp we recognize in the occupant of the room an Indian of a powerful frame and splendid proportions. A second glance tells us that he is young. We have, indeed, seen these bronzed but handsome features before, and, after thinking a moment, recognize the Indian, whose knowledge of German had enabled Philip to make known his wishes the evening before. After closing the door and listening intensely for a moment or two, Herbert placed the lamp on a table and, turning to the young Indian, said:

"I see, Huatle is as wakeful as ever; how does it happen that slumber fled his eyes?"

"Huatle was asleep, but the step of his father woke him."

"I know," Herbert said kindly, extending his hand, which the Indian seized, pressing it reverently to his bosom. "My son is as vigilant as the lynx of the woods. I am glad for I have a commission for Huatle which will tax his cunning to the utmost." A ray of pleasure flitted over the dusky face.

"Huatle is glad that his father needs him ; he would lay down his life to serve his father."

"I know, my faithful boy ; but it is not your life I want, but a concentration of all the vitality with which nature has endowed you. You have seen the stranger who arrived yesterday and is now an inmate of my house?"

"Huatle has seen him."

"Very well. I have reasons to believe that this man harbors evil designs against us all in his breast, which must be frustrated. Have an eye on him, but do not let him see that he is watched. Do not let one single step or action of his escape your vigilance, and if you discover any wicked purpose or design, report to me at once, no matter where I am or what I may be doing. Do you understand me, Huatle?"

"I understand my father."

"Very well, I need not ask whether you will execute my commission, as that is a matter of course. One thing more ; do not only conceal your movements from the stranger, but from everybody else as well, and do not breathe a syllable of this conversation to any living soul."

"My father will be satisfied with Huatle," was the simple but significant reply the young Indian gave. Herbert knew its full import, and therefore, nodding in his fatherly way, left the room with a cordial "Good night."

Beware Philip! An eye has at this minute been turned upon your steps against whose keenness and penetration even that of the lynx sinks into insignificance. Guard your very thoughts, if you do not wish them to be discovered by the young Indian, who will henceforth attach himself to your heels with the unerring certainty of the vulture or the bloodhound.

CHAPTER XI.

AT BAY.

The following days only served to deepen the impression which *the mental and* physical charms of Ines had made upon Philip

Grau. To say that he loved her would hardly be correct. On the one hand the sensual feelings he entertained for her does not deserve the name of the exalted sentiments of which the poets have sung since times immemorial; and on the other hand, Philip was so constituted as to be capable of only one passion of that sort, namely the love of self. He gave her as much attention as her cold reserve and the ever increasing jealousy of his brother would permit. He knew of the old danger of the sudden fits of rage to which Arthur was subject, to say nothing of the ruin of his plans and prospects which an outburst of that young man's fury was almost sure to bring. Much as he longed to impress the mind of the young girl with his personal merits he was too coolheaded and prudent to sacrifice his prospects to the momentary gratification of his senses or to advantages merely temporary. He could wait, and consequently did wait, although what he considered moderation was altogether too ardent a manifestation of devotion to suit his brother. Indeed, Arthur became more sullen every day, and came so near violating the rules of common politeness, even to Herbert and his daughter, that Philip thought it proper to take him to task and to warn him of the madness of such conduct. He knew the retreat where his brother was wont to abandon himself to his debauching habit, and there, a few weeks later, he went to remonstrate with him. Philip was altogether to prudent to indulge in Arthur's favorite beverage. Rum is not only apt to loosen the most discreet tongue and set free one's innermost thoughts, but it is poison in a true sense of the word in a tropical climate. He therefore satisfied himself with the lightest wine Carlos could furnish, and partook even of that beverage moderately. Tying the horse which Herbert had placed at his disposal to a tree near a cluster of bushes, where he expected to find Arthur, he entered it and really discovered him in a condition by no means prepossessing, and in a mood hardly safe for anyone bold enough to lecture him.

"This is a pretty go, I must confess," he said sarcastically, seating himself on the table containing the flask from which Arthur filled his tumbler; "I hunt you up to impart to you plans on which depends the realization of our hopes, and find a fellow trying his very best to drown his little sense in whiskey."

"Rum, if you please. No gentleman drinks the vile stuff you mention."

"I wonder whether it is anymore the mark of a gentleman to fill himself in this fashion with rum."

"Philip, if you know what is good for you, you will desist from insulting me. I am as sober as you, and can prove it to your satisfaction. What will you bet that I can't hit the diamond pin on your shirt bosom without soiling your shirt?"

"I would prefer some other proofs of your skill, said Philip, who knew his brother too well to doubt that it would require but little provocation to lead him to such a manifestation of his skill and steadiness."

"If you are sober, I want you to listen to some serious words I have to say to you."

"Nay, Philip, I do not want any preaching."

"It is no preaching; I only want to know what you mean by provoking uncle Herbert into open hostility against yourself? I wonder that he has tolerated your impudence this long. I must confess, that if anybody behaved that way to me in my house I would feel greatly tempted to oust him."

"Let him try it," the other replied savagely; "it takes a stronger man than uncle Herbert to throw me out of the house."

"There it is again, this silly boast of brute strength. Need I really point out to you the fact that you can accomplish nothing against uncle Herbert, and if you were ten times as strong. Many hounds are the death of the wildest boar; why, half a dozen of his savages would finish you in less than no time."

"Not before I had laid a goodly number of them low."

"But what satisfaction would you derive from that? You would be none the less incapable of enjoying their slaughter. Can't you comprehend that we must pursue another course to reach our purpose?"

"*Our purpose*?" Arthur asked suspiciously; "I fear you mean *your* purpose."

"Are not our interests common, you fool?" Philip said, losing his patience.

"No names, sir," the bandit said with a scowl so ugly that Philip thought it prudent to desist.

"Well, it is enough to make a saint swear," he resumed more *moderately,* "*to see* you wilfully blind and stubborn. If you don't

change your conduct in uncle's house there will be an explosion before I can put my splendid plan into execution.

"So you have a plan?" Arthur inquired, sobering down a little.

"Yes, but little prospect is there of its execution, if you do not support me, but do your very best to foil me."

"Well, quit preaching and come to the point. If I like your plan I shall not withhold my co-operation; but, mind you, whatever share of uncle's wealth you may appropriate, I advise you to keep your covetous fingers off the girl. Mind, let me but get the merest inkling of a suspicion to that effect and you will get a bullet through your head, as sure as my name is Arthur Grau."

Philip felt a cold shudder running down his back. He felt that his brother would not have any more scruples to carry out his murderous threat than to break the bottle on the table, but while he felt the necessity of dissembling, he also felt a deadly hatred arising in his breast against one who did not merely dare to threaten him, but was also eminently qualified to carry his threat into execution.

"Nonsense;" he exclaimed, turning a shade paler; "who thinks of disputing you of your inamorata? I am supplied, you know, and a fat slice of uncle Herbert's wealth is all I want."

"So much the better for you; but out with your plan; if you keep it to yourself I cannot judge of its merits."

"Well here it is. But stop; let us first see whether the coast is clear." He left the arbor and walked all around it. He saw nothing suspicious, and, returning to his former place, said to his brother: "I need not repeat to you my conviction that we can accomplish absolutely nothing by force; so, the only way left to us is cunning. Did I not hear you say that you could command a large number of trusty followers on short notice."

"If I said so, I only spoke the truth. In less than one month I can muster four hundred fellows just as brave and jolly as the sun ever shone upon."

"And you can have them right here?"

"Of course I can; but what the deuce are you driving at? Can't *you for once* speak plainly."

"It is you that hinders me by your everlasting comments. I am meditating nothing less than a revolution."

"A revolution! You act as if such things were totally unknown in Mexico, while in reality, you have them three times a day like your meals."

"Well, but what good will a revolution do you and me?"

"Lots of good. Don't you know that the fishermen muddy the water when they want to make a big haul."

"Oh, stop your metaphors and come to the point."

"I am coming. You take French leave here to-night, and muster in your men. You make believe ——."

"Stop a moment; I take French leave and you stay in clover and court Inez to your heart's content? No, sir, that is a little too thin, and you must get up a little earlier to catch me with such a clumsy trap."

Philip uttered a deep sigh. "I thought so; it is no use to talk to you, and the best thing I can do is to pack my things and leave you to your fate, which is not hard to prognosticate."

With these words he rose and was on the point of leaving, when Arthur stopped him with a bad enough grace. "Nonsense;" he said; "if you knew the hard road these revolutionists have to travel, you would not blame me for disliking to give up such pleasant quarters."

"If they are so very pleasant, why do you growl constantly and act like as if you liked nothing better than to be kicked out of them.

"Well, it makes me desperate to see how little chance I have of winning Inez; but I do not see what benefit we can derive from my playing rebel."

"Of course, you don't," Philip replied with a sneer. I was on the point of explaining when you interrupted me with your silly jealousy."

Arthur felt greatly tempted to make a sharp rejoinder, but he instinctively submitted to his brother's superior intellect, and contented himself with scowling and growling. Philip noticed the victory he had achieved and continued more confidently:

"You may dine now on oysters and champaign while thus em-

ployed, but I always thought a person ought to endure little hardships for the sake of great gains."

"Preaching again," the other said with a sneer; "Why don't you go on with your explanation?"

Philip groaned, but proceeded:

"You raise the standard of rebellion for the benefit of some popular leader, or in your interest, for all I care. You raise the cry of corruption, of reform or some other of the thousand baits with which demagogues tempt the rable, and, promising rich plunder, march them hither. If you can capture a couple of ships and convey the men here by water, so much the better; for you must manage to arrive without detection."

"I think, I could manage that."

"Very well. You know how to get access to the valley. By using the midnight ebb, you can mass your men unseen around the cataract and easily overpower the savages. This accomplished, you can seize Lakeview and invent some bogus telegram which will induce uncle Herbert to come there and put himself in your power."

"But you do not imagine that my handful of men could eventually prevail against the thousands of Friedensthal?"

"No; nor is there any necessity for that. A German corvette is cruising in the Pacific and when he is once on board, the glorious revolution has fulfilled its purpose."

"I must confess I do not exactly see how."

"Because you do not know all I know."

Here Philip lowered his voice to a whisper and said, bending down towards his brother:

Herbert Grau is wanted in Germany to have the sentence of death executed upon him."

The bandit turned pale. "You do not mean that he committed a capital crime?"

"He rebelled against the Government in '48, and such tricks are not quite so dangerless over there as here. If uncle Herbert falls into the hands of the authorities across the ocean, I would not give a farthing for his life."

Arthur did not reply. He was, in fact, so overpowered by the *monstrosity of his* brother's villany that he was incapable of utter-

ing a single word. He had, no doubt, dispatched more than one human being in a hot fray, but he was utterly incapable of conceiving so villainous a scheme. Philip, taking his silence for concent, continued:

"The rest is easy. I have sufficient influence with the government to have the claims of the father and daughter set aside. We two divide the spoils and you take the girl who, being penniless, will be glad at the chance,"

He stopped once more, and Arthur, laboring under the terrible revelation he had received, sprang up and said, staring wildly at his brother: "Philip, you are either the devil himself or the aptest pupil he ever had. I cannot help shuddering at your diabolical scheme."

The other looked at him with a mixture of pity and contempt.

"You do?" he said. "Well, if it were merely plotting the ruin of an innocent girl or the killing of an old and defenceless man, you would, no doubt, take to the idea as a duck to the water; but to deliver a criminal to justice is too horrible an idea to be entertained by such a virtuous chap as you. I want no answer from you now. Think it over, and then give me your final decision. But mind; if I have to work out this thing alone, don't you afterwards come in for your share, for as sure as my name is Philip such a step would be worse than idle."

With this he arose and left the arbor, mounted his horse and returned to the city, followed at a distance by Huatle, who had not ventured near enough to catch the conversation, but seen enough to feel convinced that some kind of a plot was being hatched between the two.

Arthur, meanwhile, remained in the arbor, the prey of conflicting thoughts. For awhile he continued to shudder at his brother's fiendish scheme; but it is with wicked thoughts as with plain faces; first their ugliness startles us, but after awhile we get so much accustomed to them that we no longer notice their plainness. Of one thing Arthur soon became convinced: without his brother's aid his prospects of winning Inez were altogether hopeless, and so deep a hold had his passion for her taken of him that even the thoughts *of the blackest crime* was more endurable than that of losing her. *Liberal potations of rum* helped to overcome his pangs of consci-

ence and half an hour had hardly elapsed when he scorned his scruples and resolved that he would rather storm hell itself than give up the girl, who had by this time become the only desirable object in the world for him. He was on the point of rising with the intention of leaving the place, when he suddenly heard a light footstep, and a few seconds later the subject of his thoughts stood before him. It is hard to say which of the two was the more startled and surprised; while the emotions of Inez were at first merely those of unmixed wonderment, those of Arthur had a strong admixture of shame. He sprang to his feet, but his potations had been so copious that he found it difficult to maintain his equilibrium.

"Inez!" was all that he could manage to stammer, and even this word came forth with that thickness peculiar to the state of intoxication. She saw it all now, and the original wonderment gave way to a feeling of indignation and contempt, which her face betrayed so clearly that he became painfully aware of it. He evidently made an effort to say something more, but she gave him no chance, for with an icy tone she said:

"Ah, I am *de trop* here; excuse my interruption of such intellectual pleasures."

She made a stately bow, and was on the point of turning her back to him, when her name uttered with a truly painful emphasis caused her to stop. Still, she did not deign to speak, but merely cast a haughty glance at him.

"Inez," he finally managed to stammer; "I know you despise me, you must despise me; but do not cast me off in this way. If you knew what you are to me, and how I worship the very ground on which you walk, you would not thus turn away and give me up to despair."

A deep frown gathered on her brow, but her voice was cold as before when she replied: "Did you merely retain me to insult me? Excuse me but I must decline to listen longer."

Her cold contempt stung him to the quick.

"But you must listen," he said doggedly. "For why did you inspire me with such a passion if you refuse even to listen to its avowal? Am I a dog to be thus driven away with a kick?"

"Whatever you may be, you surely are not a gentleman, or

you would not compel a woman to listen to the fancies of a muddled brain. Good day, sir."

Again she turned to go, but was prevented by a sudden movement on his part. Her scornful words were evidently too much for his self-control, partly upset as it was by his indulgence. With a sudden spring he was upon her, grasping her arm whirled her around with a vehemence which brought her to the other side of the arbor, while he placed himself so as to cut off her retreat. Still, she was not cowed. She arose to her full height, and her eyes flashed fire as she exclaimed: "Coward, how dare you?"

"A desperate man dares anything," he groweled, knowing hardly what he said. "Perhaps you like this wooing better than a gentler one?"

"Rum has crazed your brain or you would not be guilty of conduct which can only befit a Mexican bandit, but—"

"What do you mean, girl?" he interrupted her, turning ghastly pale and seizing her once more by the wrist with a sudden spring. This time, however, she had been on her guard. Collecting all her strength in one effort, she hurled him back with a force which made him stagger. Before he had time to recover his balance, she retreated behind the table and, putting a little whistle to her lips, blew from it one long piercing sound. Her unexpected resistance had plainly destroyed the small remainder of reason left him by rum and passion. Uttering a savage growl which would have done credit to a tiger, he was on the point of casting himself upon the fearless girl, when suddenly a rustle became audible in the bushes, and the noble hound we noticed on our first visit to the farm, burst into view. He looked around as if to take in the situation and then, walking to the side of the girl, gazed up to her as if he meant to say:

"Well, here I am; what is wanted?"

Inez contented herself with patting his head, while Arthur stood there, uncertain what do for, furious though he was, he saw well enough that the dog was fully a match for him. He made a quick movement for his hip pocket, as if he meant to draw a revolver; but drew back his hand empty. Perhaps the pistol which he had habitually carried was not there; perhaps the short pause had sufficed to show him the madness of his conduct. He certainly

made no further attempt to molest the girl and, when she said in commanding tones, and with the dignity of a queen: "Clear the way, sir." he obeyed with the sullenness of a conquered tiger.

CHAPTER XII.

AND ALTEREGO.

The next morning when Inez took her usual promenade in the garden, she suddenly and unexpectedly encountered Arthur, who looked so wretched and woe begone that she abstained from obeying her first impulse of turning her back upon him.

"Miss Inez," he began in a low tone, "I know well that I deserve no pardon for my shocking conduct of yesterday, but I must crave it nevertheless, for I could not live under this cloud. I make no pledges, I offer no excuses, but simply ask, whether, in the goodness of your heart, you will forgive me."

He stopped. Inez hesitated a moment. Her repugnance of this young man was so great that it came near neutralizing the promptings of her natural kindness, which made it hard for her to harbor resentment. Finally, however, she conquered this feeling so far as to reply: "I will not withhold my pardon, Arthur Grau; but while I am willing to forgive, I cannot forget. Our relation must henceforth stand on a different basis. I cannot feel friendship where I lack confidence, and if you are contented with civility alone, you may, for all I care, remain an inmate of our house. I have not told my father, for the disappointment which your short comings have caused him, is great enough, Heaven knows."

"Your terms are hard, but I have no right to expect better ones and accept them in all humility. I trust the day will come, when you can and will once more bestow your friendship upon me.

"I share this hope; but now you must excuse me. There is Clara, calling for breakfast."

She left him, and he followed with a sober face. Can it be that the hard crust of his heart had been broken and that he has formed

the resolution of living henceforth a purer and better life? It is to be hoped; but we must not forget that the road to a certain bad place is said to be paved with good resolutions, and that such bad habits and violent passions as his are powerful weeds, apt to choke the tender plants as good resolutions are apt to be. We, therefore, kindly caution the reader not to count too quickly upon this wayward fellow as the one sinner over which there is to be rejoicing.

We know from Inez' own lips that she had abstained from telling her father of the shocking scene in the arbor, and may therefore take it for granted that she had not been any more communicative to Philip. This worthy could, of course, not help wondering at his brother's sudden change of conduct; but the ample portion of self-esteem with which he was endowed, induced him to credit his exortations with this favorable change. He tried repeatedly to renew the subject which had formed the theme of the conversation recorded; but Arthur managed to put him off on some pretense or other, causing Philip to become quite nervous over this unaccountable whim.

Two months had thus slipped away and February set in. We have said nothing more about Herbert's disappointment over the frustration of all the hopes which he had once based upon this young man. For a while his grief had been quite keen; but Herbert's was one of those practical natures which take life as it is, and not as it ought to be. He had been studying all this while on the best course to pursue, and had nearly made up his mind, when things occurred which occupied him to the exclusion of almost everything else.

As to Inez, she endeavored to maintain towards her relatives a uniform politeness, although she was too sincere to feign a cordiality which she did not feel. The road leading to Carlos farm had been her favorite resort for walks and rides, but since the perilous encounter of the arbor she had avoided that neigborhood as much as possible and even been very charry in her visits to the farm, much to the regret of Marguerita and Annetta who complained bitterly of such unmerited neglect. Inez did not exactly distrust *her cousin, but she* deemed it prudent not to expose him to danger*ous temtations, and now* generally made her excursions in an oppo-

site direction, taking care, moreover, to start unseen by him. She also armed herself with a small revolver on such occasions, deeming prudence the better part of valor. Thus prepared, however, she roved about as much as ever, changing merely, as indicated, the direction of her rambles. One fair morning she had her horse saddled at an early hour, and started in a south-easterly direction. Her way led her down Laura Street, through the middle of the city. It was evident that she was as much an object of public affection as her father, for she could not proceed a dozen steps without being hailed on all sides. Nor was it a wonder. As she cantered along in her spotless riding suit of pure white, her black curls streaming juantily from under a broad-brimmed straw hat, she looked for all the world like a fairy, or like the guardian angel of the valley, which, in a certain sense, she was. She passed the large central park, and, traversing the eastern half of the city, soon entered the open country beyond. A favorite grey hound galloped around, describing a dozen times over the road his mistress pursued. The morning was lovely in the extreme. The spring of that high latitude had fully set in and literally robed the region in a garment of flowers. The farmers along the road were busy putting in their seeds, but they all found time to wave or shout a greeting to the girl and gazed with a mixture of affection and admiration after her. Inez seemed bound for a long ramble, for, after crossing the open country, she entered the woods which bound the valley, as well on this as on the opposite side. On, on she went, the road gradually becoming steeper and rougher. It was only after a ride of fully two miles through the woods that she at last reigned in her horse, patting his neck affectionately and saying :

" Well done, Cæsar ; I think it is about time to return." Then she raised the whistle and was on the point of using it, when she heard the dog utter a long and painful howl, as if he were either in distress himself, or witnessed somebody in distress. Inez could not see him, but the sound emanated from the bushes ahead ; so, without thinking at all of the danger which an advance might bring, she urged her horse at once into a sharp gait and in less than a minute reached the open space where the dog was continuing his plaintive tones. What she saw was well calculated to test her nerves. Two bodies were stretched on the ground, apparently,

both of them dead. The first was that of a huge grizzly bear, the most formidable of all the beasts of prey inhabiting the mountain ranges of the New World. The second was that of a man who had evidently become the victim of the brute's ferocity. The bear lay partly on the man who seemed to have inflicted the death wound while receiving one himself.

Inez was not the girl to deliver herself to a silly sentimentality. Quieting her trembling steed, she dismounted, and, after tying him to a sapling, hastily walked to the shocking scene. No sooner had she reached it, however, and cast a glance at the face of the unfortunate person, when a cry of horror escaped her lips, for she recognized at once the handsome, but now deadly pale face of her cousin Arthur.

All the feeling of repugnance which had filled her bosom towards the young man vanished, of course, at the sight of his bloody corpse, for such she fully believed it to be. With eyes full of tender pity, but with a firm step she went up to him, to see whether he was really beyond the reach of help. His right arm seemed to have received the fatal blow. The sleeves of both coat and shirt were torn, and the bare arm showed gaping wounds evidently caused by the fearful claws of the animal. His life blood must have flowed from these wounds, for the neighboring ground was deeply dyed with the precious fluid.

Inez understood enough of anatomy to know that such wounds need not be fatal in themselves, and this knowledge inspired her with the hope that there might still be life in the body, and that speedy help and judicious treatment might preserve it. This help, then, must be speedily secured. Rapidly rising, she was on the point of mounting her horse, when she saw that the blood was still oozing from the wounds. This would not do. So rapidly retracing her steps, she took her handkerchief and tied it gently, but securely, around the lacerated arm. After convincing herself that this measure had the desired effect, she mounted her horse, and urging him with voice and whip, made him skim the ground with the swiftness of the swallow. It took her only a few minutes to reach the nearest farm where she communicated the shocking news and asked for help. The farmer at once entered with alacrity upon her views. Sending a mounted messenger to Herbert Grau, he

himself hitched a horse to a spring wagon, and, in company with his servant, started without delay for the scene of the struggle, whither Inez had preceeded him. When the men arrived they found her kneeling at the side of the prostrate form, bathing his face with water which she had secured from a neighboring brook.

"Poor fellow," the farmer exclaimed; "I fear he is beyond the reach of human skill."

"I trust not," Inez replied encouragingly; "Please remove the body of the brute and then lift him on the wagon as gently as you can."

The men complied, but it took their united strength to remove the ponderous body, which the farmer pronounced to be a "stunner." This accomplished, they lifted the senseless youth as tenderly as possible on the matress with which the wagon had been provided, Inez charging herself with the care of the wounded arm. Then they started for the farm, but as they had to drive slowly, they reached it only a few minutes before Herbert, who had fortunately been at home on the arrival of the messenger, and used his horse, to reach the farm as soon as possible. Under his judicious care the wounded man was laid on a couch, and the lacerated arm skillfully bandaged. When Inez looked at him inquiringly, he shrugged his shoulders and said gravely:

"It will be a hard pull. Fever will undoubtedly set in, and if his brain becomes affected, their is little hope of his recovery. If he had been a man of temperate habits, his chances would be much better; but rum is a mortal foe in these latitudes."

"Can he be removed to our house?"

"No, child; such an attempt would probably prove fatal. It may take weeks before we can remove him, if we remove him at all."

He spoke so gravely that Inez saw he feared the worst.

"In such a case we must provide a nurse, father," she said. "These people are too busy to nurse the patient."

"Of course, Inez, I shall at once take the needful steps."

"And I will stay until his arrival. I presume you mean to send a man?"

"It would perhaps be best. He will become delirious and say

things unfit for a woman's ear. Good bye, daughter; I shall endeavor to relieve you soon."

When Herbert had left, Inez seated herself at the bedside of the wounded man, and abandoned herself to her thoughts.

How wonderfully things had changed on a sudden. Only yesterday this young man had walked about, a tower of strength, and now he lay there helpless as a baby, on the very verge of death.

While thus employed, she mechanically put her hand in her pocket and, feeling a hard object, drew it forth. It proved to be a book, and now she recollected what she had forgotten in the excitement of the hour. When the men had lifted Arthur into the wagon, this book had dropped from his breast pocket, and she had put it in her pocket, to save it and afterwards return it to the owner. She was on the point of opening it mechanically, when the door opened and Philip stepped into the room. He must have taken the news of the accident very hard, for his face was very pale and his gait rather uncertain, as he walked to the bedside, asking in a husky whisper:

"Is he conscious?"

Inez shook her head, and this news, strange to say, seemed to relieve him visibly. He looked at the form on the bed, as if he meant to impress every feature indelibly on his memory. He did not say another word; nor did his visit last longer than a few minutes. With a nod he arose and left the room, and Inez could not help wondering at his queer behavior, which she did not understand until many hours later.

When Philip had left she relapsed into her reveries, until the appearance of the nurse once more interrupted her, and gave her an opportunity for returning home. We cannot accompany her, as the strange conduct of Philip has perchance aroused the reader's curiosity making it advisable for us to attach ourselves to his steps. We know him to be a man or great deliberation and must therefore greatly wonder at the break-neck speed with which he urges his steed on his home journey, disregarding, we fear, the safety of the people on the way. Nor did Philip stop at Herbert's villa, but, speeding on, proceeded to Carlos' farm. With a mein full of anxiety he walked to his brother's retreat, and breathed a sigh of relief when he discovered him enveloped in a cloud of smoke. To

do him justice the rum flask was wanting this time and Arthur was therefore in a much better condition to receive such news as his brother had evidently to communicate. Philip whispered only a few words into his ear, so low that we fail to hear them, but so startling that Arthur sprang up, and said with great consternation :

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I am. I saw him with my own eyes. He has been badly wounded by a grizzly, but even if he dies, which I devoutly hope he will, your sojourn here is at an end, as the discovery of your fraud is inevitable."

"But what is to be done?"

"You must at once hide in a safe refuge, until we can smuggle you from the valley. You have a confident in this fellow Carlos, have you not?"

"Yes, I can confide in him."

"Well that is fortunate. He must hide you and give me a chance of meeting you before you leave."

"So you are going to abandon me, now that my game is up?" Arthur said with a scowl.

"But don't you see that I must pretend to have been deceived as well as the rest, if I want to have a chance of remaining here? Philip remonstrated impatiently. "I do not wish to remain longer than necessary, and if you hurry with the execution of my plan, there will be no necessity of tarrying much longer."

Arthur continued to scowl, but he was helpless to mend matters. He could certainly not remain at the villa after the discovery of the gross fraud he had practiced upon its inmates. It was even dangerous to tarry much longer where he was, for he might look for measures of great severity, on the part of his uncle, whose wrath he had provoked in no small degree. He therefore was forced to listen to the counsel of his brother who promised to send Carlos to the arbor, to watch his interests to the best of his ability.

"I ought to have my wardrobe," he said despondently, as Philip was about to leave.

"I shall get it for you as soon as I can, though we must be careful. I have caught one of the indians prowling at my heels more than once, and have reason to fear that he has been set to dog my steps. Good bye now, Arthur, I must really go."

"One moment more, Philip; you know Clara, the girl in the villa?"

"Well, what of her?"

"Oh, she is sweet on me and if you need a confident, you can trust her without fear."

"Well that may come handy; but now, au revoir, I have tarried too long already."

With this he went, but the keen eyes of Hautle had espied him, and as the young indian knew the arbor to be the haunt of Arthur his conviction of a conspiracy between the two became confirmed. Still, as Herbert wanted certainty and not suspicion, he resolved to keep his discoveries a little while longer to himself.

A few mintes after Philip's departure Carlos made his appearance in the arbor, and asked what the Capitan wished.

"Well, Carlos, a little unpleasantness has arisen between my relatives and myself, making it desirable that I should disappear for a little while: Have you not a place where you can hide me effectually?"

Carlos shook his head. It was evident that his capitan began to be a burden which he would like to shake off without ceremony; but as he was afraid of the other's dagger and revolver, he hastened to modify his gesture by saying:

"If father Herbert sends his indians on your track, there is no place in the valley where they would not find you."

"But it is not as bad as that," the bandit suggested. "He may possibly not seek me at all, and the squall may blow over in less than no time. Still, I would like to disappear for a week or two, and count on your assistance to carry out my purpose."

Carlos reflected a while and then said: "Well, there is the old Mexican mine in the mountains above here. But I tell you Capitan, it is a sorrowful place, more fit to harbor bats and owls than human beings."

"Well beggars are no choosers, you know, Carlos; so I shall accept your kind offer and lodge for a while in the Hotel de Gold Mine. You will oblige me by taking me there at once, as I have *not the slightest desire* of meeting my uncle just at present."

"*But the Capitan* must take some provisions along, else he

would starve there very soon. In fact when he sees the place he will blame me for taking him there."

"Go and get your grub; I am sure your worthy dame will not begrudge me a loaf or two; indeed there is no risk of taking her into your confidence."

Carlos did not say what he thought on that subject, for he left the arbor without another word in quest of provisions. Half an hour later he returned with a large basket well filled with eatables of every kind. Several bottles whose necks projected from the basket, showed that he had not forgotten the peculiar penchant of the Capitan who took all the cigars the drawer of the table contained and declared his readiness to follow Carlos to wherever he would lead. Carlos obeyed. Taking the direction to the neighboring woods, he soon entered their somber shade. For the first three miles the road ran smoothly enough; but after that it became steep and rough or rather ceased altogether. Huge rocks began to interfere with their progress, and a little later there was nothing but a continued jumping from one rock to another. At length Carlos stopped before a large hole in the rocks which seemed to be the entrance of a cave, but was, as Carlos declared, the old gold mine of which they were in search. It did not look very inviting, for the rocks were bare and rugged. No grass covered the ground and the water which was so remarkable a feature of the valley, disappeared here entirely. Carlos informed his companion that it would not be safe to enter too deep into the mine, as it was full of holes and and old shafts. He showed him, however, a cavity on the right in which he could hide and sleep. Finally he gathered a supply of pine boughs and then retired, promising to make daily visits, unless absoluteiy forbidden by circumstances to do so.

CHAPTER XIII.

GLIMPSES.

Herbert paid several visits to the patient during the day; but when Inez asked him in the evening about his condition, he said

that he could give as yet no definite answer. The patient did as well as could be expected under the circumstances; but the issue depended upon the character of the fever likely to set in. There was no music in the villa that evening for, though Herbert and his daughter bore the sufferer but little affection, his critical condition nevertheless cast a shadow over the household. The family retired early, and as Inez hung away her dress, she felt once more the book in the pocket of her riding habit. She drew it forth and again opened it, casting a careless glance upon the leaves, which, to her surprise formed a manuscript in a very fair German hand. It was evidently a journal whose privacy Inez meant to respect; but she thought it no harm to turn over the leaves more with the view of admiring the fine writing than examining its contents. Suddenly she came to some pages written in excellent English. A discovery which startled her, as Arthur had confessed to her that he was incapable of reading English and, consequently, much less of writing it. Besides, the English of the diary was superior to the jargon in which he had conversed. What could it mean? Was this book after all not Arthur's property, and had he appropriated it with that indifference to the rights of others? She felt now justified in examining the book more closely and, turning to the beginning, commenced to read. The contents seemed to captivate her attention from the start, for she read line after line, page after page, far into the small hours of the night, and never quit until she had finished the diary. Peeping over her shoulder, with the privilege of the author, we read with her as follows, translating for the reader as we go:

ANTONSRUHE, May the 1st, 1872.

Having determined to keep a journal and to chronicle in it the events of my life, I begin on this page and on the date written above. I have been sixteen and am as happy as happy can be, which is not very wonderful as I am hale and hearty and have the best parent in the world, who fulfills every wish of mine, almost before it is uttered.

By parent I mean my fosterfather, Anton Stamm; for I have *been an orphan* from my infancy, my parents having both fallen *victims to their love* of science. To explain: My father had made

several journeys of exploration into the interior of Africa and, on the last, contracted a fever which destroyed his life on his return to Europe. My mother caught the fever while nursing him, and she too, succumbed to its virulence, leaving me an orphan in the tenderest infancy. Thanks to my fosterfather I have never felt the want of parents, although I can not deny that I have often entertained the ardent wish for their society. I need not state either that I love Father Anton with every fiber of my being. Were it otherwise, I would surely not deserve the name of a human being.

The other inmates of our house are, Marianna, the housekeeper, and Bertha Stamm, the daughter of Father Anton's dead brother, consequently his niece; Father Anton is an old bachelor, hence the necessity of a housekeeper. Marianna is a dear good soul, who, according to Father's often reiterated assertion, does her best to spoil me. She knows my favorite dishes, and is not slow to let me benefit daily by such knowledge. Bertha is fourteen. She is —, she is —, well, she is Bertha, that is as near as I can come to it. She is not amiable, at least she does not impress me that way. She is very reticent and seldom mingles in our games. She is very smart, though, and far advanced in knowledge for one of her age. I often reproach myself for not liking her better; but what can you do when a person keeps you thus at bay, as it were?

Antonsruhe is a domain of great beauty and value which has been in possession of the Stamm's for many generations. It is situated on the banks of the R ——, just four miles from K ——, the capitol. They say Father's brother was a great spendthrift, whose extravagance came near ruining him. Indeed, when he died, he left nothing but little Bertha and debts which would have swallowed up the entire estate, if a noble friend had not come to Father's rescue just in the nick of time. This much I know from his own lips; but who this friend was, I have never been able to learn. When, years ago, I made the inquiry to that effect, Father replied that an oath sealed his lips to the day of my majority; so I would have to wait until then for the satisfaction of my curiosity. Since that I have, of course, made no further attempt to learn the secret, if such it is. I rather like this touch of mystery in our family drama; it brings, as it were, a little spice into the daily routine of life. Not that this routine is unpleasant in

my case; for I lead the jolliest life imaginable. At five in Summer, and six in Winter I arisé, and, after a cold bath all over, saddle Bucephlos for a ride. I doubt whether Alexander had as much right to be proud of his horse as I of mine. He is certainly a noble animal, and quite calculated to aid me in the attainment of that perfect horsemanship which father wishes me to secure. He keeps a superannuated circus rider for that purpose and, if Herr Stallmeister Marx does not flatter, I am capable of performing in a circus any day. Herr Marx is also an athlete of considerable merit and, under his direction, I have become an adept in the art of fencing, boxing, swimming and shooting, and so anxious indeed, is Father Anton to see me skilled in gymnastics of every kind, that I have asked him repeatedly, with a laugh, whether he intends hiring me out to Renz one of these days. These questions Father treats more seriously than they are meant and makes me understand that he is indeed governed by a purspose which, however, must remain a secret to me until the day of my majority. That day seems, indeed, destined to play a role in my life, and I hope sincerely I shall live to see it, if for no other purpose than that of solving this mystery.

There are, moreover, several studies which Father wants me to give special attention. They are mathematics, chemistry and modern languages; particularly English and Spanish. Fortunately my desire to please so kind a father is backed by an ardent love for the very branches mentioned, so that I have really no right to claim any special merit for excelling in them. These studies and exercises keep me pretty busy as may well be imagined, and time flies so swiftly that it appears to me more like a dream than reality. At any rate, the momentous day of my majority is, indeed, not so very remote.

MAY THE 10TH.

Yesterday we had a visit from cousin Philip Grau, who come to ask whether we had seen anything of his brother Arthur, who had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from home. This Arthur is a pretty wild fellow I believe, who has given his family a great deal of trouble. He not only shares my name, which we *both* bear in memory of a great grandfather, but also an almost *marvelous resemblance* to this grandfather. Indeed, so great is

this likeness that our most intimate friends can not tell us apart when we stand together. Well, this *alterego* of mine has disappeared, and his father is greatly troubled about him. I am sorry for the family, for, in my estimation, they are very worthy people. Herr Justizrath Grau is one of the leading judges of the kingdom, and has a reputation for integrity and impartiality which extends over all Germany. His son Philip takes after his father; indeed, I know of no worthier young man amongst all my acquaintances. At school he was a model for the rest of the students. He did not only excel in scholarship, but his conduct was so marked by friendliness, politeness and accommodation that he was, and is still a favorite with all who know him. Even Bertha, who is so cold, and reticent, seems incapable of resisting his charms. He appears to attract her, as the snake is said to attract little birds, though this smile is rather lame, as cousin Philip is anything but a snake and cousin Bertha far from being a helpless little bird. I wonder if this namesake of mine will turn up again or disappear forever in the stream of time, which resistlessly sweeps us on towards our final destiny? "*Quien sabe?*" as the Spaniard says, whose language I am now studying with so much pleasure. I can hardly await the time when I shall be able to read Don Quixote in the original. Father says that I shall travel in Spain as well as England as soon as I have mastered the tongue of these countries. Is that not an incentive to application? If not please to name me a better one.

JUNE THE 1ST.

Arthur Grau has not returned as yet, and I fear his friends have pretty well abandoned the hope of seeing him again. There was a rumor that he had embarked in Amsterdam for the New World, but these reports are so vague and unauthenticated that you can place no reliance upon them. There was also a shadowy rumor afloat which whispered of cruelty on the part of the father, showing that not even the best of us can escape calumny. No doubt, uncle Arnold showed severity to his son, but I am sure such severity was called for, if only half the stories circulating about my namesake are true. With this remark I shall close the subject and turn to something that has recently engaged my attention in no small degree. Up to my sixteenth—would not seventeenth be

more correct?—birthday father Anton had kept all religious instruction from me. When I asked him why he did so he replied:

"When you get older, you will thank me for this abstinence. I want you to be able to judge of these things with an unbiased mind. If I wanted you to entertain my views I would have impressed upon you the principles of the free thinkers, while my brother-in-law would have made you an orthodox Lutheran. Of course, I think I am correct, but so does he, and I have lived long enough, my boy, to learn that we are apt to err. For that reason I would not allow any doctrine to bias your mind until it is capable of forming its own conclusions. Here is the history of the principal creeds of ancient and modern times, which I want you to read carefully; and here is a copy of the bible, certainly a remarkable book, which has caused so much bloodshead in the world that I honestly doubt the claim of its adherants as to the immeasurable blessings it has bestowed upon the world. But here I am, preaching like the best of them and forgetting my resolution of not biasing your mind. Read, my son; read!"

And I did read. I am now through with the history of religions, and cannot refrain from laying down, in this confidential friend, the principle thoughts awakened by this perusal. First, it struck me as remarkable that the founders of religious creeds without exception, claim to have been inspired by the Divinity whose laws they proclaim. It would hardly be fair to brand them all as imposters, although with some of them, as in the case of Joseph Smith, fraud is too evident to be mistaken. But as the divine laws which they promulgate differ widely we must either assume that there are different divinities which inspired them or that they were not inspired at all. The latter assumption is more rational and, therefore, probably the true one. We read of other hallucinations; why, then, should we not meet with them in the field of theology? I suppose all men agree as to the existance of some creative force or agency; but of the nature and character of this agency we shall forever remain in the dark. The human mind, so limited in its scope and comprehension, cannot grasp the infinite and sublime as the conception of some of these teachers are, we see the original force only through the prisms of their visions. Their views take the color of their time and clime. If they hail

and can trace the poverty and wretchedness of a nation almost universally to the greater or lesser influence of its clergy.

A fourth point, and the one which has staggered me most, is the horrible chain of the blackest crimes either committed at the instigation of the priesthood, or at least with their sanction. It is scarcely necessary to enumerate some of them, for they form the bulk of history; still I will mention the persecutions of the Christians at the instigation of the Roman augurs; the horrible human sacrifice of the Durids; the shocking rites of the Aztecs; the *auto-da-fees* of the inquisition; the burning of hundreds of thousands of old women as witches; the cruel crusades with their atrocities; the thirty years' war, from whose ravages Germany has not fully recovered to the present day; the massacre of St Bartholomew; the Sicilian vesper; the brutal butchery of 40,000 Albigenses in southern France; the expatriation of the Puritans; the Morriscos and the Huguenots; the—but enough of this horrible record, which is sufficient to create doubts in the mind of the most credulous as to the truth of the teachings eminating from men who, as I have shown, raged worse than tigers during ages, until the spirit of a more enlightened age put a stop to their fiendish doings. These words awaken a thought which I cannot forbear from recording here. I have often heard and seen it claimed that we owe the present civilization to the churches. Is it not rather true, on the contrary, that the religion of the present day owes its milder character to the enlightenment which, as history undeniably proves, it has done its best to retard. I think, then, that I can safely record this conclusion: that religion is influenced by time and manners, instead of influencing them, as is claimed by its propounders.

But does it follow from this that there is no religion? By no means. I think I see before my mental eyes a religion worthy of the noblest aim, gratifying to the highest ambition. It is the endeavor to become wiser and better every day, and to show this increase of goodness and wisdom by our unceasing efforts to make our fellow-men happy and to create here on earth, as far as possible, the paradise of which all creeds give such delightful descriptions.

JUNE THE 15TH.

I shocked father yesterday by a free rendering of the views expressed above.

"You may congratulate yourself," he said, laughing, "that you did not live at the time of the Inquisition, which you criticise so freely; or you might form the subject for one more *auto-da-fe.* Take care not to shock uncle Arnold's nerves by too bold an exposition of such views, or he might berate you soundly, and tell you that you ought to be sent to a reform school, and I to the penitentiary for allowing you to grow up in such shameful ignorance of the true principles of religion."

"But father," I retorted, "Do you really think it wrong to utter your convictions?"

"Wrong! No indeed. I, for my part, know of no meaner vice than hypocrisy; but it takes a good deal of moral courage to utter thoughts and confess convictions at variance with those of the majority."

"But, I thought this was the age of religious liberty."

"On paper — yes. In reality, a person who dares to strike public opinion in the face, by venturing to differ from it, is pretty sure of being ostracised."

"And you really think uncle Arnold would be so intolerant as to blame me for entertaining views forced upon me by study and reflection?"

"You try him," was the dry reply.

I am now reading the bible, but shall abstain from making any remarks concerning its religious character until I have finished it. I must say, however, that I am not very favorably impressed with the chosen people. Perhaps their glowing imagination led them to fancy themselves in a box where they had no business. Father Abraham may pass muster, although I cannot say that I like that expulsion of Hagar, to please Sarah; nor do I think he acted very honorably in Egypt, when he lied to Pharaoh and was the cause of the latter's getting the smallpox or some disease of that sort; but when we come down to his son Jacob, he beats in trickery any one of his descendants selling second-hand clothing. Look at the deception by which he secured his blind father's blessing. The assistance of his smooth-tongued mother does not make the trick any more honorable, and it is a real pity that Esau did not catch him afterwards and give him a sound threshing. The tricks he played on Laban are more excusable, for the latter wasn't a bit better, so

they played tit for tat. I did not feel very sorry for him, when he had the misfortune of loosing Joseph. It looked almost like retribution. Some of the judges I like, but others surely had more muscle than brains; especially that giddy Samson, who was a great bruiser, and terribly soft in the bargain. If a fellow now-a-days would get his Sunday clothes in his fashion the sheriff would make short work of him; but I guess the Philistines were then held in lower estimation than they are to-day. His final vengeance was certainly grand, as the term generally goes; though what grandeur there can be in causing the innocent to suffer with the guilty I fail to conceive. What shocks me most is the evident gusto with which the inspired (?) writer tells the story.

Judith is another of the Jewish heroines. She has nothing feminine about her—which I do not like. She may be very brave and all that, but I cannot bring myself to rave about a bravery which makes it a point to slay the enemy while asleep. There is something touching in this succumbing to a blind, inexorable fate, which tastes more after the Grecian and Hebrew mythology. I can imagine I hear her now, singing the dirge of her hopes and expectations. Samuel is the last and craftiest of all the judges. The time of theocracy is past, the people want a king; a logical step towards liberty; and Samuel grants what he feels powerless to prevent. But he chooses a king whom he thinks he can handle as a puppet. In this, however, he is mistaken; Saul feels his dignity and wants to be a king both in power and name. At first Samuel remonstrates; but finding all his efforts fruitless, he rejects Saul and chooses the slippery but cunning David instead. The struggle between Saul and David, or rather Saul and Samuel, is one of the saddest on record. The silly people, not yet emancipated, suffer themselves to be terrified, and abandon Saul, whose downfall from that moment was merely a question of time. No wonder that he seeks the counsel of the sorceress; no wonder that he has fits of rage and jealousy; I liken him unto a man who has entered the rapids of the Niagara, with a sure and awful fate before him. If I were a poet, I would write a tragedy, with Saul for my hero. I already said that David was by no means a man after my heart. A king who can treat a brave soldier as he treated Uriah is a despot of the blackest hue, and no repentance can change his character.

True, he did repent, but his selection from the three modes of punishment offered to him shows the selfishness of the oriental tyrant. How descent from such a monarch should be considered an honor is a mystery to me.

His son, the proverbially wise Solomon, is not a particle better; for in his old age, the time when wisdom ought to mature and bear fruit, he becomes an idolater and commits all manner of folly. Perhaps his thousand wives are at the bottom of this; but the very taking of so many helpmates is, in my humble opinion, sufficient evidence that he was not quite so wise as generally reputed.

After Solomon, the history of the nation becomes, with a few and rare exceptions, a slum of wickedness and depravity, not very creditable to a people of such high pretensions. Ten of the tribes disappear at an early date, never to come forth again, and the remaining two eke out a miserable existence. In fact, if it had not been for later events, nobody would have ever taken the trouble of studying their history, manners or creed.

In the new testament they do not play a more creditable role. They are represented as conceited, loud-mouthed, hypocritical and blood thirsty, clamoring for the execution of an innocent man.

Fortunately a great many of their descendants are better than their ancestors, and their fondness for traffic and speculation, together with the thirst for mammon, is properly to be charged to the malice of the Christian Nations which, for many centuries, persecuted them with an almost fiendish resentfulness, and would not allow them any other pursuit than that which has in modern times become so very profitable, and yields them the riches for which the world now envies them.

AUGUST THE 15TH.

To-day I witnessed a pityful scene. As I returned from a ride, I saw two constables eject a poor family from a wretched tenement in which they had spent the greater part of their lives, and which had become dear to them in spite of its squallor, because their children had been born there. In the street their furniture was auctioned off to the highest bidder to satisfy the claims of the landlord; a rich speculator, living on his rent-roll. The amount was merely trifling, and the inability to pay it had arisen from sickness and a business depression which had thrown the head of

the family out of employment. I had enough money with me to satisfy the claim, so the servants of the law retreated, leaving the wretched family in the middle of the road. They crowded round me and thanked me with a cringing humility which made me angry with the world for allowing such conditions and the degredations arising from them. I stopped them with an abruptness which frightened them, and then inquired what they meant to do. Never before had I seen such perfect helplessness and indecision. They had not the slighest idea what to do; a state of mind which might have made me impatient if I had not asked myself just then the question: What can they really do? Has not our boasted civilization hemmed them in on all sides, and thus reduced them to utter helplessness? A nice state of affairs. Here is a man, industrious, frugal, skilled in the work which the world has allowed him to learn, and that world does not give him a chance to earn the daily bread for his family, and sanctions laws and institutions which justify the taking from him the few miserable trifles, necessary for the sustainment of life. Is there not something fundamentally wrong in this? Is there not an urgent need for a Messiah who, instead of troubling himself about the affairs of another world, would make it his business to improve the condition of this? Oh! for the wisdom to discover the proper course; oh! for the power to carry it into execution.

Of course, I did not make these reflections just then or there. These poor people need help and not advice; so, after reflecting a moment, I bade them await my return and made Bucephalos do his best to reach Antonsruhe, where I found father Anton returning from a tour of inspection. I stated the case to him hurriedly and closed by saying: "I knew you would help them, father, but thought it proper to inform you before bringing them."

"Thank you, for your good opinion, Arthur," he replied smiling at my ardor. "I will help these people, but the sadness of the case lies in the fact that such things as these are at all possible under the reign of this boastful Christian civilization. But we must not waste time in idle speculations now. Go and bring the *people* here, my boy; I shall, in the meantime, get the little cot*tage at the end of yon* lane ready for their reception."

Good father Anton! I gave him a good hug for an answer and

then galloped away to bring my proteges. I had been in such a hurry that I never thought of procuring the means of conveying their luggage; but father had been more thoughtful, and before I had time to rectify my oversight, Hans, our man of all work, arrived with a light wagon, on which he soon loaded the furniture, assisted by the owner, who was so deeply grateful that he could not find words to express his feelings, for which I felt truly thankful, as I still harbored a grim wrath, not at the man but at the world which I held justly accountable for such a state of affairs.

We soon arrived at the cottage, which had been prepared for the reception of the exiles. It was a cosy little house of three rooms and a finished garret, just large enough for the family, which consisted of the parents and three children. When father saw the rickety furniture, he shook his head and said: "why good people, this will never do. Arthur, take Hans to the garret of the mansion and fetch some of the furniture piled away there. It isn't much, goodness knows, but still an improvement on these ruins."

I did not wait for a repetition of this command, but rattled off with Hans in the spring-wagon, to carry out a commission which was doubly welcome, since it took me to the old garret, a favorite resort of my more youthful days, in consequence of the innumerable antiquated treasures piled away in the spacious rooms. Hans and I made a hasty selection, and soon had the wagon loaded with furniture, dating from days gone bye, but sufficiently grand to justify the assumption that it had once adorned the apartments of princes. My client, whose name I learned to be Peter Maurer, opened his eyes to their full extent and, having by this time regained the use of his tongue, was on the point of pouring forth his thanks, when father cut him short by saying: "All right, my friend, we will consider all this said. Just move these things in and when you have everything in shape, come into the house. We shall in the meantime put our heads together and see how we can best contrive to put you on your feet once more."

With that he turned, beckoning Hans and I to follow. Now, isn't he a trump of a father? I am not of a fighting disposition, but if you want to provoke a quarrel with me just begin to abuse him *and you will* reach your purpose quicker than you imagined.

SEPTEMBER THE 1ST.

Peter Maurer and his family have become pretty well domiciled in their new quarters, and prove to be very worthy people indeed, whose only fault is the deep humility into which the iron heel of the world has crushed them. "Charity always has that effect," father remarked when I expressed my displeasure at their exhuberant professions of gratitude. "If you really want to help these people, give them the opportunity to help themselves. Utter helplessness destroys manliness and engenders this cringing humility at which you so justly take offense."

In accordance with these principles, father Anton has given Peter employment on the domain. He proved to be an excellent wheel-wright, and has been given the commission to make all needful repairs on the place touching his trade. If he is to be believed, there is no happier mortal living, proving clearly that happiness does not depend upon the amount of our possessions, but the proper way of using them. Thus one poor mortal has been snatched from the path to ruin; but what is this one compared with the great mass of wretches in the same predicament? Nothing but a drop in the ocean. This thought discourages a fellow, and brings back the often asked, but never answered, question: Is there no remedy for this terrible wrong? For wrong it is, of that I am fully persuaded; a wrong, too, for which the entire human race is responsible, and for whose commission it suffers the terrible penalty of its own degradation; for as father said graphically this morning: "The hope of the favored few, that they will be able to keep from the contamination of a degraded rabble is altogether fallacious. Man is a social being, and a depraved populace will sooner or later draw its leaders into their own slum. You never see a beautiful and healthy head on a leprous body. The disease will sooner or later, but invariably, communicate itself to the head. If the rich and powerful would only think of this. But the trouble is, they do not think at all. They are so engrossed in the pursuit of their selfish pleasures that they forget the awful truth above enunciated, to say nothing of the equally indisputable fact that a degraded and abused people must and will eventually rise in *rebellion* and involve the entire community in the most dreadful *political and social* convulsions."

It is strange, is it not, that people should be so blind to their own interests? We laugh at the monkey, who cannot extricate his hand from a narrow necked bottle, because he refuses to let go the rice he holds, and thus is captured; but do our privileged classes show greater wisdom? I doubt it.

OCTOBER THE 1ST.

Fall has set in, and with it great activity in the schoolroom. My teacher must have reported rather favorably concerning my progress, for father has manifested his approbation, and signified his intention of sending me to Spain and England next spring. I expressed the hope that he would accompany me, but he shook his head. "It will not do to keep you forever in leading strings. You must learn to guide yourself, or run the risk of running sooner or later onto sandbanks and wreck your ship of life. I know what you will say," he continued, as I wanted to reply. "My company would add greatly to your enjoymont of the journey; I have no doubt it would; but for the reason stated you will have to forego this pleasure and weather the storms of the world alone on that occasion. Besides, I want you to add study to pleasure, and investigate the mines and gigantic industries of England on that occasion, a circumstance calculated to make my presence an obstruction."

This settled the matter, and I shall be obliged to travel alone; an arrangement which displeased me doubly, because I know that father would have enjoyed the trip hugely, and only decided to remain at home for reasons of expediency. Bertha is as cold and reticent to him as to me, and he and I are such constant companions and so harmonious in our views, aspirations and tastes that he will miss me as much as I shall miss him.

JANUARY THE 1ST, 1873.

A new year has set in, and millions have undoubtedly formed new plans and resolutions to-day. Why this should be I have never been exactly able to understand. I suppose the thing can be chiefly traced to the feebleness of our comprehension. We cannot grasp the thought of endless space or time, and in the same way as we absurdedly call this little speck of a planet "THE WORLD," we attempt to measure eternity by years, imagining perhaps huge stakes driven in its endless track, painted in fiery red or glaring

white, to enable us to keep our puny affairs from running into a chaotic mass. We have reached one of these convenient time stakes to-day, and it behooves me, I suppose, to follow the example of my fellows, and review the three hundred and sixty-five days of the past year.

I have been unspeakably happy; so much so, in fact, that I feel a slight pang of conscience at the thought of how much more fortunate I have been than millions of my fellow-beings. I can say truthfully, however, that the wretched condition of so many human beings has been one of the bitterest drops of gall which have trickled into my cup of joy. Father Anton is a nole philanthropist, and it is his thoughts and teachings which have opened my eyes to the abnormal condition of society. Thanks to his efforts, I have become aware not only of the dangers threatening our race but also of the duties which such a recognition imposes upon us. To live blindly on in the pursuit of selfish pleasures, heedless of the awful ruin threatening to engulf us; acting on the shameful principle of: "*Apres nous le deluge,*" is a sin so monstrous that all others sink into insignificance in comparison with it. It will just as surely avenge itself as the wake follows the vessel plowing the deep, and the fact that this vengeance may spare this generation, and be poured out on the heads of our children's children, instead of making us indifferent, ought, by its awfulness, to arrest the steps of rational, thinking beings, and fill them with the one great thought of: "How can we stop this reckless course, which must inevitably plunge us into a ruin too horrible to contemplate?"

I, for my part, have formed the resolution to devote my life to the study of this great problem. Some seek fame in the pursuit of knowledge; others in the field of politics; but can there be a task so glorious, a fame so dazzling, a vocation so satisfactory as that of a benefactor of the race; whose name unborn millions will bless in better days, when man has clearer perception of his true interest and philanthropy will take the place of egotism and indifference.

FEBRUARY THE 1ST.

I have not much time now for my journal. My studies multiply and the desire of mastering Spanish and English sufficiently to make the prospective journey profitable, taxes my endurance really *to the utmost.* Fortunately, I have a vigorous constitution, which

gymnastics have developed to the fullest extent. Father will not permit me to abandon them, even now. So I have to take my daily rides in all kinds of weather, and practice in the gymnasium every morning. My music also takes much of my time, although I consider its pursuit rather in the light of recreation than study. My teachers on the violin and piano have both been kind enough to discharge me, with the assurance that I had mastered these instruments; but even if I take their kind statement as unbiased, I cannot help feeling that only constant daily practice will keep me at the top of the ladder.

Father had anticipated much pleasure from mine and Bertha's united performances, but these anticipations have proved a total failure. There is absolutely no music in Bertha, and after a series of futile efforts on her part, she had to give it up. Of course, I do not blame her for this failure, for she certainly had no voice in the formation of her talents, but I cannot help feeling sorry at the disappointment of Father Anton, whose slightest wishes are law for me. I do not know what I shall do without him during my journey. I shall certainly write him long daily letters, which for a while must take the place of the diary, the writing of which has been the source of so much pleasure to me. My departure has been fixed upon for the first of March, and I am to go to Spain first, on account of its milder climate. Father thinks that the heat of the Spanish summer will prevent close application, and that I had, therefore, better spend the summer in England. Well, his will is law; but I do wish I could persuade him to go along.

FEBRUARY THE 27TH.

I have just returned from K——, where I said good-bye to uncle Arnold and cousin Philip. The former was very gracious to me, although I had to listen to a long sermon on the duty of every young man to become a member of the church which, in this instance, means the Lutheran Church. I did not wish to hurt his feelings; but, in my estimation, hypocrisy is one of the meanest of vices; so, I could not forbear from telling him that at present my convictions forbade me from taking such a step. Father has wronged him, however, by thinking he would scold me. He merely expressed regret, spoke of the conceit of youth which imagines itself to be wiser than the fathers, and expressed his conviction

that this proud self reliance would disappear some day, and give way to that humility which recognizes our weakness and seeks support in a higher strength. I really think uncle Arnold a very worthy man, who lives up to his convictions, and that is all, in my opinion, that one ought to demand of an honest man.

Philip was very friendly, gave me the best of advice, and warned me, jocularly, to be careful and not lose my heart on one of those pretty maidens for which Spain is so noted. Philip has entered the diplomatic career, and fills, in spite of his youth, such high places of trust that his advancement to the first positions of the Empire is only a question of time. He does, however, not share my social views. The plebs., in his estimation, are only fit to be ruled and must be held in their place, if the world is to progress at all. On the whole, his ideas are based on an refined egotism and I must confess that they struck me unpleasantly; but, I repeat what I said before: I believe these views to be based on his convictions, and while I regret that a man of so much learning and intelligence should be so blind to the true interests of his race, I acknowledge that he is as much entitled to entertain them as I mine. To-morrow morning early I am to start on my tour through France and over the Pyrenees; so good-bye, my diary, for a while.

CHAPTER XIV.

LETTERS.

At this place the journal took for a while the shape of letters, continued for a number of days, and then dispatched of favorable opportunities. We have no room to insert them all here, but confine ourselves to the presentation of those which throw light upon the character and mental development of the writer. The first one explains how they were embodied in the diary.

MADRID, April the 1st, 1873.

Dear Father:—Here I am, and faithful to my vow, I begin the *letters in which I shall* chronicle the impressions received by the

way. Please preserve them, so that I can afterwards incorporate them into my diary. Of one thing I feel now assured; there is not much pleasure or benefit derived from traveling in a country whose language one does not understand. The truth of this axiom struck me forcibly, before I had been two hours in France. "But," you will remonstrate, "you understand French." I beg your pardon, Father, but you are sadly mistaken; a circumstance so much the more excusable, as even I have been laboring under the same error. Of course, I can read French pretty readily, and speak it sufficiently to avoid the danger of starvation, but when it comes to understand the natives, and learning something about their manners, customs, thoughts and pursuits, I find myself sadly deficient. So I shall make it a point, after my return, to devote the same zeal to French which I have hitherto bestowed upon Spanish and English.

You will now understand why I can tell you but little of the French. It is true, traveling in an express train is, even under the most favorable circumstances, poorly calculated to teach one so much of the country through which we speed. You may perceive that the landscape is lovely, but before you can study its character it has run into another of a different type. You see large and populous cities, but the buildings and even streets run into one another so as to prevent the formation of accurate perception. This much, however, I can vouch for; France is a rich and beautiful country. I was impressed by the solid prosperity displayed everywhere, and did no longer wonder at the rapidity with which the French paid off their war debt to Germany, although it will take her a good while longer to pay back the loan which her patriotic children were so quick in taking up in the hour of her extremity.

As you proceed southward, the country assumes more and more a southern character, and near the Pyrenees you perceive many trees not found in Germany. These Pyrenees are truly grand mountains, and though the railway runs in the valleys and through the passes, yet the temperature became considerably lower, and overcoats were quite in demand.

Spain is perhaps as beautiful as France, but she evidently does not husband her natural resources very well. The houses are not

so large, and much less tidy, excepting, of course, the churches, which are indeed magnificent edifices, excelling, now by their immense size and again by their splendor. On a footing with the churches are the numerous convents and monasteries, which are so universally located in the most charming spots that the taste of builders must be admired, whatever one may think of their other merits. Whenever I saw a rich field or a grand old forest and asked about the owner, I received the reply: "Oh, it belongs to this order or that religious sisterhood." I may be mistaken, as my chances for observations were limited, but if the other parts of Spain are like those through which I traveled, the best portion of the country must be in possession of the church or its functionaries.

As you proceed, the crowds of beggars increase, until they at last become a real nuisance. At first, the traveler feels pity for the wretches infesting all the thoroughfares and public places; but finally either his purse or his patience, or both, become exhausted, and he ceases to patronize this class of Spanish gentry.

Madrid is a magnificent city, but no where can the extremes of great wealth and filthy wretchedness possibly be more strongly traced than here. It tells the sad old story of the few reveling in wealth and the great mass gnawing the bone of hunger. Here the contrast is more striking. and the careful observer can therefore arrive at conclusions more rapidly than elsewhere. I have repeatedly asked myself the question: "What is the cause of this sad phenomenon?" It cannot originate from the climate, for Spain was for centuries the leading nation of Europe. It was perhaps misgoverened; perhaps the immense treasures of the New World destroyed the industry, energy and enterprise of the nation; perhaps the education of the people was neglected—purposely or wantonly—who knows? At all events, the Spaniards has been compelled to take a back seat in the galaxy of nations. I am too young to judge correctly of the real causes, nor have I been here long enough to be entitled to venture an opinion as to the best remedy to be applied; but this much I know: If there is any part of our globe where reforms are sadly required, and where a powerful agitator could accomplish marvels, Spain is that country. Nor do the people lack in intelligence. There is a vein of humor run-

ning through their conversation, although this humor often criticises their own wretchedness, and is therefore sad. They are shockingly ignorant, but by no means dull, and a good school system would soon make different people out of them.

JULY THE 1ST.

To-morrow I shall leave for England. I can truly say that I leave with much regret, and shall surely revisit this country at some future time, if I am at all in condition to do so. I have learned to love this people; so crude, so ignorant, and yet so docile and intelligent. I have made several trips through Spain, and thus seen the principal parts. The same splendor of the rich, poverty of the people, and general indolence prevails everywhere. Only here and there I noticed praise-worthy exceptions, and, strange to say, these exceptions could be traced to one and the same cause or rather man, I might say. In some of the rural districts there are colonies in which the land is owned in common, the individual paying the ground rent, as it were.

These colonies have all of them excellent schools, from which, to my great surprise, all clerical influence is strictly and jealously excluded. The pupils are taught natural science and mathematics, and these institutes rank high above the average public school of Spain, and yet they are but very sparsely frequented by outsiders. I inquired for the reason. Some colonists would whisper in my ear that the clergy of the surrounding districts are greatly opposed to the colonists, as well as their schools, and that they have to suffer in a measure from the ill favor with which even the government looks upon them. Why is this? Can the government possibly dislike these silent, and yet eloquent reproaches of their shortcomings? I asked the colonists to whom they were indebted for their prosperity, and always received the answer that a certain Sennor Grayo had granted them the land on certain conditions, one of which they should never own the land individually, but only collectively, and that the schools should never be under the influence of the clergy. The deed of conveyance was so strictly drawn that the sligtest violation of its stipulations was sufficient to forfeit the donation.

"There is no danger of this though," my informant said with a laugh. "We are now so deeply impressed with the excellence of

Sennor Grayo's institutions that we would sooner forfeit our lives than them."

Then I asked where this Sennor lived, but learned that no one knew. He had been there years ago, but had since that time caused himself to be represented by a gentleman living in Madrid, who pays them annual visits and imparts any wishes of theirs to the Sennor. I then asked for the name of this agent, but learned to my vexation that the people were ignorant even of his name, not because there had been any secrecy on his part, but they had never inquired.

"But you surely must address him in some way when he is here?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, we call him Sennor Rodrigo; that suffices to transact all the business we have with him."

I had to content myself with this, although I would have liked much to learn more of a man who seems so much inclined to improve the condition of the people.

Farewell, beautiful Spain, I wish I had the power to better thy condition. As it is, I have nothing for thee but my good wishes.

LONDON, August the 1st.

What a contrast. One would hardly believe himself on the same globe if the testimony of his senses did not force the contrary conviction upon him. In Spain everybody indolent, the people generally poor, but nevertheless jolly; here everybody restlessly busy, as if life depended upon the extra effort; the people hardly less poor, though better fed and clothed, but far from being so jolly. Even the aristocracy of England differs widely from that of Spain. It is not only much more educated, but also more alert to the duties of life; yet I doubt very much whether they are more alive to the one great duty of caring for the true interest of their fellowmen. They are surely better qualified for comprehending and exercising this duty, and for that reason doubly pledged to execute it; but their own extravagance and the comparative ignorance in which the masses are allowed to grow up, condemn them in the eyes of all fair-minded persons. I learned to-day that entire England is owned by but thirty thousand persons. Can this *be true*? Does it not embody an iniquity or rather injustice un-

speakable? But supposing my informant had exaggerated, and it were owned by sixty thousand, would that much lessen the enormity of the case? Just think of it! A poor man can have no more hope of acquiring a piece of land in England than he can think of flying to the moon. To attempt the former would be about as great an absurdity as to attempt the latter. And yet the sun shines upon this England, though feebly it must be confessed. And the good people bear their burdens with as good a grace as possible, bow beneath their loads with becoming humility, and shout their "God save the Queen" with a vigor speaking better for their lungs than their understanding.

I found it much easier to understand the Spaniards than I do the English, a circumstance which I attribute chiefly to the horrid English spelling. The Spaniard has only one sound for each vowal; the Englishman often six, and the word is so differently pronounced from what it is spelled that it requires a good deal of practice to get used to that absurdity.

I have been here three weeks, but I cannot say that I like the country over well. By "country" I mean the people as well as the climate. The latter is truly shocking after a three months' sojourn in sunny Spain. The people are altogether too much buttoned up to suit my taste. I verily believe a fellow might starve in the streets of London without attracting the attention of anybody, excepting those charged with and paid for such things. Selfishness seems to be the motto for everybody, and their selfishness is, moreover, of such a cold and clammy character as to make it doubly horrible in my eyes.

BIRMINGHAM, September the 1st.

I am in the great Iron City now, and must confess that I do not like it any better than London. The latter illustrates in a frightful degree the pernicious tendency of our times to congregate in large centers; but the concentration is done in such an enticing manner as to lull our fears and captivate our senses. In Birmingham this is different. Everything there is grim and to the point. The grinding out of wealth from human muscles is done in a cold cynical way, shocking to behold. We see these thousands of laborers going daily to their task with the knowledge that, for them, it means nothing but: HAMMER! HAMMER! HAM-

MER! STRIKE! STRIKE! STRIKE! all the time, with, perhaps, plenty of breakfast for the stomach, it is true ; but with few or none of the intellectual pleasures which make life worth living. We know these facts, but we have neither the time nor the courage to stop the injustice, or even to say to the owners of these gigantic establishments: "Stop ! Don't you see that you are harder than your grindstones, for you grind down human life while they only grind steel and iron."

MANCHESTER, September the 15th.

Here I am in another great center, only that it is not a metal, but a textile center. It cannot be denied that there is something overwhelming in these tremendous concentrations of human industry and energy, only there is so much misery connected with them that sadness imperceptibly tinges our admiration. Here in Manchester you can see all the materials from which man ever wove textile fabrics. All countries and zones are represented, and so all machinery invented for the purpose of lightening human labor. Alas, that ought to be the purpose, but thus far machinery has only had the tendency to favor the great capitalists at the expense of his poor competitor, and to enhance the dangerous concentration of the masses in few places. I call this tendency pernicious, because it alienates man more and more from Mother Earth, and causes him to lead artificial rather than a natural life. As long as the people contented themselves with tilling the soil they were not so apt to accumulate large fortunes, but they were on the other hand not subjected to the frequent ruinous financial convulsions which now shake society to the very center. They were, moreover, subject to the ennobling influences of nature and her charmes ; and, after spending a frugal and peaceful life, could die with the comforting conviction that they had been as happy and pure as innocent pleasures could make them. The feverish restlessness which now pervades all circles, shortening life and incapacitating us for its enjoyment while it lasts, was then unknown. True, people then transacted less business in a month than at present in a week ; but is it the amount of business we ought to aim at, or the most judicious way of enjoying its fruits? I think all philanthropists ought to unite in powerful effort in bringing people back to the old ways

of living, which, if less exciting, were certainly more condusive to true happiness.

In England such an attempt would be almost impossible, for the possession of the land by a diminutive but strongly entrenched minority renders any attempt in the direction of such a reform almost hopeless; but there are other countries in which, fortunately, large tracts of land are still to be had at low figures. In such countries a systematic effort should and could be made. If I were a millionaire, I would buy large tracts of land and establish colonies on the plan of Sennor Grayo. It strikes me that his idea of a common possession of the land is correct. Land cannot be made by human industry, and ought therefore, not to be owned individually. Yes, if I had my say, I would hold out great inducements to the people to leave the crowded manufacturies and return to a more natural and consequently more genial life. Apropos, I have found traces of Sennor Grayo in England also, although here they call him Sir Grey, which, in my estimation, is merely a translation. Last week I spent a couple of days at a little village, whose municipal institutions resembled Sennor Grey's Spanish colonies as much as one egg does another. The same common ownership of land; the same exclusion of clergical influence; the same prosperity of the colonists. By the way, this Sir Grey must be a real Crœsus, for he has bought a very large estate here for a sum surpassing by far the means of a man of moderate wealth. Here, as in Spain, there is much opposition to the scheme in the neighborhood, although this opposition emanates from the monied classes. They fear probably the practical illustration and execution of ideas detrimental to their exclusive possession of the soil, and therefore endeavor to excite the alarm of the conservative elements against the innovation. Here the colonists are more practical than in Spain, and therefore, better able to give information concerning Sir Grey. True, they know little or nothing about him, personally; for he has not been in England for several years; but they could at least tell me that he has a house in London, at Hampton Court, and that his agent can be found there at all times. I shall not fail to pay him a visit on my return to London, for I feel a deep interest in a man of such benevolent views. When he learns my motive for molesting him, he will surely pardon my intrusion.

GLASGOW, October the 1st.

I arrived at this great industrial ship-building center two days ago. I have already expressed my opinion concerning such centers, and need, therefore, not repeat them at this place; but I cannot help expressing once more my admiration for the grand practical result of such combinations. We undoubtedly owe almost all modern achievements to this tendency of uniting efforts, and it must also be admitted that the purposes of these combinations are more rational than those of old. We had such combinations even as early as the days of Sesostris and Rameses, and the Pyramids of Egypt are proofs thereof, although it is more than likely that these ancient combinations were the result of despotic dictates, and not voluntary unions. It is, in reality, not the corporations but their abuses against which we ought to guard. At present they have abandoned their legitimate province and, by selfish greed and criminal egotism, become inimical instead of condusive to the common welfare.

The Scotch are a sober, industrious and hospitable people; but they are singularly fanatical in their religious views for so sensible a nation. The observance of the Sabbath is carried to ridiculous extremes. They hardly cook or do other domestic work on Sunday, and seem entirely to forget the great truth which the founder of Christianity endeavored to inculate in His followers, namely, that "man is not made for the Sabbath, but the Sabbath for man." His disciples do not seem to have been capable of freeing themselves from the idea of the old Jewish Sabbath, and thus we have now the lamentable fact that fanatics and hypocrits do their best to deprive the people of the benificent influence of the only day of rest they possess. In this respect the Spaniards are far ahead of their northern brethern. They wisely use Sunday as a day of recreation, recognizing, perhaps, the absurdity of the idea that the Divinity which they worship could be pleased and influenced by the observance of certain days or ceremonies. Whatever His nature may be, I feel confident that He cannot be swerved from His purpose by human supplications, or pleased by adoration. Such would, indeed, be the trait of an Oriental despot who, I fear, sat as a pattern, when the ancient founders of creeds modeled their great creative cause.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 1ST.

Here I am once more in the great modern Babel, where the confusion of tongues is probably as great as in that of ancient times. They do not build a tower now reaching into heaven, but they come mighty near it. Indeed, the works of modern engineering far outstrip those of antiquity, and, if we would enumerate them all as wonders, we would have a long list to remember.

London is another place where the widest extremes touch one another. Such colossal wealth on one hand, and such degrading poverty on the other, are crying monuments of shame of the selfishness of our age; though it must be admitted that it is less the individual depravity of our millionairs than a faulty principle underlying our social structure which is to be blamed. It cannot be denied that the greatest progress now-a-days is inseparably united with the most abject poverty. If it is really true that such a combination is an unavoidable and logical necessity, I cannot help uttering the fervent wish that such cruel progress may speedily come to an end.

I called to-day at the residence of Sir Grey, but received the unwelcome reply that Mr. Braun, the agent, is at present on the Continent and not expected back for two weeks. As I shall leave England to-morrow, I shall have to forego, at present, the pleasure of learning more of a person so well worthy of a more intimate acquaintance. On the occasion of my call at Hampton Court, I met with and old German who, on learning my name, became visibly agitated, and then told me that he had known my father and was well acquainted with father Anton Stamm. He seemed inclined to be communicative, and yet afraid to speak freely about Sir Grey. When I left, he asked me where I might be found and, on learning the name of my hotel, asked my permission to pay me a visit before my departure. This I granted with pleasure, but up to this late hour, 10 o'clock P. M., I have not seen the old fellow, whose name I forgot to ascertain in the hurry.

CHAPTER XV.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Here the letters come to an end. We fear, the reader will have found them less enticing than Inez; but he must remember the powerful effect of the revelations which their perusal caused to flow upon her in a continued stream. We have too good an opinion of the reader's intelligence to offer any explanations at this place and, looking once more over the shoulder of the fair girl, we read:

ANTONSHRUE, NOVEMBER THE 20TH.

Home again! What a volume in a few words. Much as I enjoyed my journey, the sensations which now fill my breast are infinitely the sweeter. I have been at home a week, and the feelings of rapture which at first ran riot are gradually calming down to a delightful stillness, Of course, the welcome of my father was all I could anticipate. Aunt Marianna was hardly less demonstrative in her satisfaction and has ever since given me practical proofs of it in the shape of cakes and sweetmeats. Even Bertha was a little more accessible, although she has long since relapsed into her customary reticence. Peter Maurer and his family would undoubtedly have been loud and noisy in their tokens of affection if they had not learned by this time that I dislike such gushing outpourings, and are altogether too grateful for what little I have been able to do for them to do anything calculated to displease me. I am glad to see that the entire family continues to receive father's approbation. I have heard him say that he was glad of the misfortune which brought the family to the farm, not only for their sake, but for his own. Christina, the oldest daughter, has proved an excellent assistant in the garden, and keeps the flower and kitchen gardens so scrupulously clear of weeds and caterpillers that she has made a complete conquest of father. Mrs. Maurer assists Marianna in cases of necessity, and does the work assigned her so efficiently and expeditiously that the spinster declares she can breathe more freely in the consciousness of such reliable help. So you see that virtue sometimes brings its own reward, even in this world, though I, for my part, could never understand that *there is much* merit in a goodness whose motive is the expectancy

of a future reward; or, for that matter, the fear of the devil, either. It is interesting to trace the history of his Satanic Majesty from the earliest ages. At first people seem to have considered the power of the good and evil spirit about even, for they worshipped the former to gain his protection and the latter to escape his wrath. Gradually, but rather illogically, the good spirit is given the ascendancy, but, strange to say, the devil is still to be feared. It strikes me that the church invented this drastic figure much for the same purpose that parents invented the Belznickle, *i. e.* frightening big children into obedience. I sincerely doubt the propriety of such expedients, but will let it pass for the dark and uncouth ages; but how sensible people of our age can stulify themselves by continuing to teach a devil passes my comprehension. I marvel how they can reconcile the idea of a just God with that of a malignant being who takes delight in destroying creatures, owing their existence to the former, who knows the danger to which they are constantly exposed and yet suffers this malignant being or spirit to exist and proceed unchecked with his nefarious operations. If a human being were guilty of such ambiguous conduct, he would not only not receive the attributes of the just and kind, but be taken to task and properly berated. Nor can the degree of the quality change the matter in my opinion. I know many persons who will pronounce these words impious, but never stop to ask themselves whether their own ideas of the creative power might not possibly be erroneous. It is so much easier to abuse and condemn than to refute that one ought really not to wonder at such inconsistency.

My studies will soon begin again in good ernest, although they must, of necessity, change in character. English and Spanish have indeed, ceased to be studies for me. I think I can truthfully say that I speak them both with ease and facility; all that is necessary in regard to them is to keep up my practice. With English this will not be difficult, since there are many English families residing here, who are kind enough to converse with me as much as I want. As to Spanish, matters are a little more difficult, and I have therefore resolved to learn Don Quixote by heart, a page at a time.

APRIL THE 1ST, 1884.

The winter has passed; and oh! how quickly has it slipped

away. I have given chemistry and mathematics the lion's share of my attention, and derived so much pleasure from the pursuit that I can hardly call it study. Nor is this a wonder. Father puts the theory of the books at once into such delightful practice, by the buying or building of the machinery on which they treat; or in the case of chemistry, by the preparation of all the articles discussed, that only a vandal could keep from feeling the deepest interest in the proceedings. Father has caused a labratory to be erected, and there are few salts and acids which I have not prepared with my own hands. In the machine shop Peter Maurer plays an important role. True, he does not understand all the principles governing the construction of machinery, but he is very practical, and learns with a rapidity highly gratifying. It must surely cost father a great deal of money to indulge me in these and many other expensive things; but I can do nothing more than receive them with a grateful spirit, for, when I once broached the subject, he smiled and said earnestly:

"Do not allow this to worry you. You owe me no thanks whatever, and when you learn all—"

He stopped short, and as I knew that it would be idle to press him in such matters, I desisted and have not renewed my attempt since. When I refered to Sir Grey, a strange smile played on his face.

"Why," he said, "he has similar colonies in Germany. Didn't you know that?"

"Not a word. And where are they, pray?"

"One in Pomerania, a second one in Moravia and a third in Wirtemberg."

"So near? It is certainly strange that you never told me about them."

"Well, not so strange perhaps," he said pensively. "There are so many things to be learned, you know, that some must needs be delayed.

"But won't you, please, take me there some day? I am very anxious to know more about this wonderful man."

Father smiled and said he would and then the subject was dropped. Recently, at the instigation of father, I have begun the study of political economy. What a grand subject; in comparison

with which all other stndies sink into utter insignificance. One might properly call it the study of material prosperity of the people. It may be well enough to attend to the spiritual prosperity, with reference to a future condition, if such there be; but when a person or creed exalts the latter at the expense of the former; when he or it offers the shadow for the substance, and tries to lull the people into an unmanly endurance of injustice and oppression, in pointing out the prospects of a future bliss meeted out in just proportion to the earthly privations, set that person or creed down as a foe to the human race.

How careful a person ought to be in advancing a theory in this science! A theory which, if once accepted as true and yet is erroneous, may plunge millions more deeply into misery, instead of extricating them. That some of the principles now generally accepted as true are indeed false is evident; else the human family would not be in so wretched a condition, which becomes even more wretched as our apparent progress goes on. Oh, for the teacher that could point out to us the right direction to pursue; yes, that could only awaken the prosperous but thoughtless minority to the fact that they are standing on a volcano, which may not explode to-day or to-morrow, but the eruption of which will certainly some day hurl them to an awful destiny.

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Our space does not permit us to give the diary in full. We omit three years and turn to January the 1st, 1877, as the date on which to resume the perusal. We may, however, state in a few words that Arthur Grau continued his studies on the judicious plan which we have seen traced out in the preceding pages. If costly, it is surely an efficient one, and resulted in procuring for our young friend an education as broad as it was thorough. He paid his chief attention to the mastery of chemistry, in its broadest sense, and mathematics, applied to engineering, building of bridges, tunnels, railroads and the like. He, moreover, was a master on several instruments, and could speak three foreign languages with the readiness of a native. We shall hereafter find time to say a few words on education, and then prove that it requires no extraordinary intelligence to master all the branches above indicated, if only the

proper mode of instruction is pursued. But enough of our own words. We give room to Arthur to finish his journal.

ANTONSRUHE, January the 1st, 1877.

I have now finished my studies, as the saying is; but how erroneous is this saying. Before me lies the big school of the world, in which I will soon be asked to show whether my training in the elementary school is worth anything at all. On the first day of April I shall be twenty-one, and thus entitled to receive the information to which Father Anton has pointed so frequently, and for which I have waited so patiently; nay, let me be honest and say *impatiently*. For the fact that these revelations will be matters of no small moment the character of father is a sufficient guarantee. But to speculate on their nature would, of course, be more than idle, so I must make a virtue of necessity and arm myself with a philosophical indifference, which I am far from feeling. Father says that I am to start on a great jorney—nay, voyage—from which I assume that he intends to send me across the ocean. I asked him whether he meant to accompany me, to which he shook his head, adding, however: "I may possibly soon join you in the place where you are going. Yes, I may hold out the prospect that I shall be there very soon, but to speak definitely is beyond my power."

MARCH THE 31ST, 10 O'CLOCK P. M.

What wonderful information I have received this evening, and yet it is merely an introduction to what to-morrow will bring. After supper, father called me into his study, bade me take a chair, and proceeded as follows:

"Arthur, to morrow you are twenty-one, and I may as well give you now such information as will prepare you for the communications I shall have to make to-morrow. In doing this, I shall have to step from the exalted pedestal I have until now occupied in your estimation; but I trust that even when you learn that I have been merely the agent of another, you will nevertheless continue to love me as of old. To make you understand what I shall tell you, I will have to go back to the period of your infancy. It is now about nineteen years, and I was sitting in this self-same chair, when suddenly the door opened and a man muffled in a large cloak *stepped* into the room. He wore a slouched hat with a wide rim,

and this, together with the dusk of evening, which was fast settling upon the region, prevented me from recognizing the stranger. It was only when a well-known voice accosted me with: "Guten Abend, Anton;" that I recognized the visitor.

"Good Heavens, Herbert Grau!" I cried with a mixture of delight and consternation, and then springing to my feet, rushed upon the new-comer and drew him into an ardent embrace. To understand my feelings, you must know that the stranger was my dearest friend, but then an exile from his native country. He had taken an active part in the revolution of '48, been captured, court-martialed and sentenced to be shot, which cruel fate he escaped, however, by flight."

"Oh, yes!" I interrupted; "I know all about that, for cousin Philip told me more than once uncle Arnold knew some secret passage of this mansion where he was imprisoned, and in that way helped him to escape."

"At these words an expression of ferocity, such as I had never seen before, passed over father's face. Before I could recover from my astonishment at this manifestation of deadly hostility in one genenerally so gentle, father replied: "We all thought so for a while, and gladly would I have given a year of my life for a continuation of such belief; for the revelation which destroyed it also destroyed faith in human nature. I hate to disclose to your youthful eyes a picture of such black depravity, but the necessity of self defense, to which you yourself may be forced some day, induces me to overcome my repugnance.

"For five years we all considered Arnold Grau the disinterested saviour of Herbert, but when the life of sister Laura, who as you are aware was wedded to him, drew to an end, she sent for me and made disclosures which gave me an insight into a soul so black that a demon would have shrunk from it in dismay."

Father drew a deep breath and paused a moment as if overcome by the recollection of the horrible things he was about to reveal. I, for my part, sat motionless, overcome by the anticipation of a dreadful blow. After a few moments, father resumed:

"What my sister told me was this: A few months before, an old servant who lay at the point of death had sent for her to entrust to her a last greeting to Herbert Grau, who has always been

his favorite and whose youthful plays he had watched and guided."

"Tell him," he said, "that I never resigned the hope of seeing him again, and that of all my deeds none ever gave me such unbounded satisfaction as his rescue from prison, which I was fortunate enough to accomplish."

"Laura heard these words with amazement, nay with horror, which you will comprehend in a minute. 'You helped him from his prison?' She gasped faintly. 'It was, it must have been at the instigation of my husband?' The dying man shook his head, and the question seemed to strike him as ludicrous, for in spite of his feeble condition, he smiled cunningly and said: 'He? Indeed, madam, he is the last person who would have lent a hand in such an undertaking. I hope I shall not hurt your feelings by saying that he always hated my boy.'

"That was poor Laura's death blow, and no wonder. With tears and swoons she then told me the horrible story of that ominous night. As I said before, Herbert was imprisoned in our mansion, which, at that moment served the Prussians for their headquarters. Laura had learned the dreadful fate of Herbert, and as she was his betrothed, and loved him with all the fervor of her soul, you may imagine the state of mind into which the news threw her. I was a fugitive at the time, having also participated in the revolution. So, the poor girl did not know at first to whom to turn for help or advice. At last an evil genius made her think of Arnold, who was also in the mansion in the capacity of a judge. Laura knew him to be in high favor with the Prussian commander; so she hastened to his room, and begged him with all the fervor of love and despair to save the life of her betrothed. At first he plead want of power; but when she would take no excuses, he broached the fiendish scheme which puts the keenest deviltry of a demon into the shade. Very well, he said at last, I will undertake to save Herbert, but only at the price of your hand. Then he told her that he had always loved her, but kept silent on account of the hopelessness of his passion. Now, however, was his chance, and he meant to benefit by it. So, if she really wanted to save Herbert, she must do it at the sacrifice of her love. The girl was so overwhelmed by this fiendish suggestion that she was quite stupefied,

and for a while incapable of replying. Then, however, she cast herself at his feet, and plead with him to relinquish an idea which would at once destroy all her chances for happiness. Little did she know the fiend to whom she prayed. She might have moved a stone, but his heart was harder than a stone. Her failure threw her into a frenzy; indeed, I do honestly believe that she was not in possession of her reasoning faculties, when, at length, she made the awful vow to wed this devil incarnate, in case he would accomplish Herberts escape. He left her with the avowed purpose of making the attempt; nor did he that night, or ever after, let her know that the rescue had been achieved without his assistance. I knew all the time that her wedded life was a wretched one; but the thought of her self-sacrifice sustained her. Imagine, then, the blow which the old servant's revelation must have been to her. In vain! was the thought that made her brain whirl and sapped her strength, until merciful death stepped in and took an unbearable burden off her."

Again he stopped, until a groan of anguish, which I could not repress, startled him into consciousness.

"Yes, my boy,' he resumed; 'it is enough to make the stoutest tremble; but I must not dwell upon it, lest the thought of it might drive me into frenzy, and cause me to take upon myself the role of the avenger. But to return to Herbert's arrival.

"You here?' I cried in amazement and alarm; 'if the goverment should track you?

"Fear not,' he replied with a sad smile; 'I have been cautious; besides the Herbert Grau of to-day is not the helpless youth of yore. He has money and with money you can buy the world. But my time is limited, let us come to the point. I have a favor to ask.

"Speak,' I replied. 'You know, before hand, that I shall grant it, if in my power.

"I want you to undertake the guardianship and education of the infant son of cousin Guido; who, as you know died with the fever he contracted in Africa.

"As did his wife,' I added.

"Exactly; that is the reason I asked the favor. What do you say?

I shook my head. 'Times have changed sadly for the worse since your departure,' I replied moodily; 'if you knew all.'

"I do know all,' he replied; 'your brother has gambled all his wealth away, leaving you the unpleasant necessity of selling the estate to cover the most urgent debts.'

"Well, if you know, I do not see how you can ask me to undertake the task of raising this boy?

"I had not finished, Anton; to how much does the indebtedness of your brother amount?

"To so much that only a Crœsus could extricate me. The estate is burdened to the fearful sum of one hundred thousand dollars.

"And if I furnish you with this sum, is there anything else in the way of the fulfillment of my wishes?

"Nothing,' I replied; startled at the coolness with which he uttered these words.

"Well, then, here is the money. Count it; I think you will find it all right.

I received the money mechanically, like one in a dream, who fears all the while that he will wake to a cruel reality. I had just then entered upon the legacy left me by my brother, whom the world had considered wealthy, but who was worse than penniless, for the sale of the fine estates would not have covered all his debts, which were mostly so-called debts of honor, contracted in gambling with boon companions of high social standing but low character. He had given notes, which had been bought up by a Jewish banking house of K——. The sale was to come off the following day, and you may therefore imagine the feelings with which I handled the bank notes which were to save me from ruin. I think, if Herbert had asked me at that moment to pull four back teeth from the emperor's mouth in return for that money, I would have consented without hesitation. Never shall I forget the words with which he then addressed me.

"Very well," he said; "I shall annually place at your disposal the sum of $1,000, to defray the expenses of your charge. Here, take these bills; they form the first year's installment. Now, as to the mode of education, listen well to my instructions, which I have written down to avoid misunderstandings.'

With this he drew forth a paper and began to read. I have the paper still in my possession, but so deeply have the words engraved themselves into my memory that I can recite them without the aid of the document. They are as follows:

"Directions which are to guide my friend Anton Stamm in the education of my ward, Arthur Grau.

"As it is my desire to raise my ward to as perfect a specimen of humanity as the imperfections of our nature will permit, I desire my friend Anton to take equal care in the development of his soul and body. The motto of the ancients '*Mens sana in corpore sano,*' is too evidently correct to be overlooked. I, therefore, exhort my friend to harden the body of his charge, from infancy, in a judicious manner; by baths and other means approved in modern hygiene. The boy shall practice gymnastic exercises from his earliest youth, and to such an extent that he is very tired on retiring to his bed. I strictly forbid the use of coffee, tea, wine and beer until his eighteenth year. Also the use of all tropical spices, as they excite the nerves and produce an appetite for sensual pleasures calculated to stunt the growth. As soon as the boy is old enough, *i. e.*, nine or ten years, I desire to have him instructed in all manly sports, such as swimming, riding, boxing, fencing, turnen and the like. Nor shall he obtain a mere smattering of them, but become as thorough as perseverence and the best of teachers can make him. It is probable that the work I have in store for him may expose him to all sorts of trials and dangers, and it is for this reason that I want his body so well developed, without regard to the motto above mentioned. His studies shall be practical and thorough. If time permits, he may acquire a moderate knowledge of Latin and Greek; but his tuition in modern languages must be both thorough and practical. I desire Arthur to learn to speak, read and write Spanish and English well. If he has time for French, let it be added to the list. I desire him to be instructed by native teachers, as they alone can impart the proper pronunciation. Let expense be no consideration. If the sum I have set out for that purpose does not suffice, I shall send more.

"I beg my friend Anton to take special care of Arthur's instruction in natural science and mathematics. If the museum of K—— does not afford facilities for seeing specimens of wild animals

of all kinds, I beg my friend to supply such opportunities by travels, illustrations, and, as much as possible, when the boy begins to apply the principles of mathematics, let him put the knowledge acquired into practice by building and handling machinery. Build for him a good labratory, and let him prepare, as much as is practicable, the substances whose elements he has learned to know. Let him be thoroughly instructed in mining, road and bridge building and modern engineering in general. Let him travel and visit the great centers of industry and the countries whose languages he has learned to speak.

But, while you thus feed his mind and develop his body, do not neglect his heart and morals. By the latter I do not mean a complicated code. Just instill into him the manliness of truthfulness, and the rest will take care of itself. Teach him to be modest and respect old age; indeed to respect the rights of others. Inspire him with a deep and fervent love, not for his countrymen in particular, but his race in general. Show him the injustice practiced by so many, either in criminal indifference or selfish consciousness. In short, show him that there is no higher nor nobler life than that spent in the service of mankind."

Here father stopped. I was glad, for I was still revelling in the noble sentiments so ably expressed in the instructions formulated for my special benefit. Suddenly the thought struck me, how fortunate I was to have been singled out by this extraordinary man, and to have received an education which surpassed the opportunities of thousands and whose excellencies I was old enough to appreciate. I now saw clearly that it was by his direction that father Anton has pursued such a judicious course, and the desire to make his personal acquaintance, and show my intense gratitude by my actions, suddenly sprang up in my mind, and soon gained an irresistible force. By this time father had regained his usual equanimity. He handed me the paper containing the instructions and said:

"I see it plainly: from this day I will have to take a back seat in your thoughts. Nay, do not excuse yourself for a thing which is so natural. I tell you, my boy, to know Herbert Grau is to love him. As yet you know nothing except what can be inferred from these few lines, and yet you feel irresistibly drawn towards

him. Judge then of the love you will bear him when you see him face to face; when you listen to his grand thoughts, breathing the purest philanthropy; when you become, in short, an inmate of his home."

"And is this, indeed, to be my fate?" I asked enthusiastically, thrilled to the very core by father's eloquence.

"Indeed, it will be, my boy. To-morrow I am to hand you a sealed letter of your, or rather our, benefactor containing his instructions."

"And do you know where he lives?"

"Merely that he lives somewhere in Mexico."

"But why do you not accompany me? I certainly owe this man a heavy debt of gratitude, but my obligations to you are equally great. If you had not so skillfully executed his directions, the result might have been very different, and if I am to lose you by gaining him my heart will be divided and my energies fettered by my longing for your company."

"I must have spoken warmly, for I saw tears gathering in his eyes."

"I thank you, my boy, for these manifestations of affection," he said, wringing my hand fervently; "but, have no fears, for we shall undoubtedly be united at an early date. Herbert has tendered me more than one pressing invitation to join him, and it is more than probable that I shall, sooner or later, go to Friedensthal, as he calls his Mexican colony. At the present, however, important duties tie me here. Before leaving I shall have to secure Bertha's future."

"But why not leave her Antonsruhe? That would surely keep her from want."

"So it would, but you forget that Antonsruhe does not belong to me."

"Not belong to you! To whom, then, on earth does it belong?"

"To Herbert Grau, of course," he replied earnestly. "Did you forget the large sum he loaned me, to save the estate?"

"No, sir; but does he really consider it in the light of a loan?"

"Never said so; but I do not see that that would make any difference. I had no right to expect such a princely gift from him, and have always considered myself in the light of a steward, who

has, sooner or later, to give an account of his actions. If Herbert meant this as a gift, it was probably intended for you."

"For mé!" I cried in amazement. "In that case I transfer the gift at once to Bertha."

"A generosity which I fully appreciate, but to execute which you have no right. At one time," he continued, hesitatingly, "I entertained hopes which promised to solve the gordian knot; but they have vanished long since."

"And these hopes—may I learn their nature?"

"I hardly know," he said, musingly; "and yet, you will not abuse my confidence, so I may as well tell you. I entertained at one time the fond hope of seeing you and Bertha married some day."

Bertha and I married! Such thoughts had surely never entered my mind. She had always been so distant that the very possibility of her ever loving or marrying anybody had never been the subject of serious consideration. But while the thought of a union with her had nothing particularly enticing, it was also equally far from having anything repugnant. Besides, father's slightest wishes had always been laws to me; so the very fact that such a union would be a gratification to him caused it to appear to me in a light quite plausible.

"Well," I replied; "if such an idea is very dear to you, I, for my part, shall not raise any serious objections."

A happy light gleamed in father's eyes.

"Then you love her?" he inquired earnestly.

"Not to my knowledge," I replied, shaking my head. "If I do, the love must be very different from the sort you read so much about in novels, for it has not affected either my sleep or my appetite."

"Well, we'll see," father said, thoughtfully, and thus we parted.

APRIL THE 7TH.

Only a week has passed since my last entry in this Journal, and yet how many events, both startling and sad, have been crowded into this short period. First of all, father Anton is dead. I must look up, gaze around, yea, feel my hand or face to convince myself that I do not dream. Alas! It is but too true. The kind father, *the wise teacher,* the genial companion is no longer amongst the

living. What that signifies I can feel but cannot express. I feel as if life had suddenly lost all its interest. Yes, even the startling developments of the last evening we spent together have lost their charm, and gladly would I sacrifice all the glorious prospects which father's communications brought then into view, if, by so doing, I could bring him back to life.

I have just now learned a new lesson ; the first lesson of the great school of life—the lesson of sorrow. It must be studied, I suppose, to be profitable, but such study is so painful that I try to shun the very thought of my loss. But I shall make an effort to overcome such weakness and, as a penalty, record the details.

On the morning following the interview described, I heard a loud knocking at my door, and then Marianna's voice, in tones so full of anguish and despair that I at once sprang from my bed and inquired what was the matter.

"Oh, Arthur!' she sobbed and moaned; 'come quick, father Anton is dead.'

I heard her words very plainly, but their import was so strange, so improbable, that I would not trust my ears. Yet I feared to ask. Dressing more rapidily than I had ever dressed before, I rushed into the hall and thence, as I found it empty, into father's room. Here the shocking truth broke upon me with an overwhelming force. There he sat in his armchair, before his open secretary ; his arms hanging listlessly at his sides. Marianna stood near him, holding her apron to her eyes and crying as if her heart would break. I had no experience in such matters, but yet saw at once that a stroke of apoplexy had ended his life, if ended it was. Perhaps the spark of life had not yet expired. Acting upon this slight hope, I said hurriedly : 'Marianna have you sent for the doctor?' She shook her head, saying, there was no use, for her poor master was dead; had been dead for hours, for his body was cold as ice. I felt instinctively that she was right, but hoping against hope, I rushed out to alarm the other servants, who had not yet learned the dreadful news, and to send a mounted messenger for the nearest physician. When I returned, the whole household had gathered around the dead man, who had been their friend in the true sense of the word. They stood around him, weeping bitterly; but, as is often the case on such occasions, no one had thought of

taking the steps necessary in such an emergency. So I took the management of affairs into my own hands, much as it grieved me to perform so sad a duty. I had the body laid on a bed, and then tried such means of restoration as I could think of. While thus employed the physician made his appearance, and, after a careful examination, declared life extinct. He kindly offered to inform and send such parties as we would be in need of. He was on the point of leaving when the open secretary attracted his attention.

"Mr. Grau,' he said 'excuse me for wounding your feelings; but you should not allow your grief to let you forget the dictates of caution and prudence. I see, Mr. Stamm's secretary is open, and as it contains, undoubtedly, things of great value, and this house will be visited by many strangers before long, I advise you to lock it, and keep the key to yourself."

He evidently meant kindly; so I thanked him, and acted on his advice in an absent minded manner, which probably gave the doctor a poor idea of my business capacity. The truth is, all worldly things were, at that moment, so utterly indifferent to me that I would not have cared if the secretary had been full of precious stones and exposed to the cupidity of the first passer by. I need not dwell upon the details of the next few days. The preparations for the funeral took the usual course, and on the third the best and almost only friend I ever had was laid in his last resting place. The funeral was largely attended; but of this I took but little notice. I could, however, not help noticing the almost frantic grief of Bertha, who was not to be comforted, and moaned and sobbed day after day as if her heart would break. Her agonizing sorrow touched me deeply, but when I made a feeble attempt at comforting her, she rejected my overtures with such a decided repugnance that I felt hurt, and abandoned her to her own thoughts and feelings. I need not enlarge here on the steps of the authorities to secure the effects of value and ascertain whether there was a last will of the deceased. Uncle Arnold conducted all these legal formalities; but so repugnant had father's last revelations made him to me that I could hardly force myself to observe towards him the barest rules of politeness. The painful face of his wretched wife refused to vanish from my mind, and I showed a *coldness towards* him which he could not help noticing, but which

he took probably for grief, for he abstained from criticising my conduct. Yesterday the will was read. It is rather strange, but did not surprise me as much as it would have done if I had not recollected the remarkable conversation with father the night before his death. Leaving out the legal technicalities, the will reads thus:

"I hereby leave my domain of Antonsruhe to my ward Arthur Grau, son of Gudio Grau, deceased, and my neice Bertha Stamm, jointly, on condition that they enter into a union of marriage before the expiration of two years. In case my neice, Bertha, who is to be asked first, refuses, the estate shall belong to Arthur Grau my ward, alone, on condion that he pay to my neice, Bertha Stamm an annuity of $200 during her single life. If, my ward, Arthur Grau, should refuse to accept the hand of my niece, Bertha Stamm, in marriage, the estate of Antonsruhe shall belong to neither party, but be placed in trust of Sir Herbert Grey, of No. 198 Hampton Court, London, to whom I herewith bequeath the right to dispose of the estate according to his pleasure."

The will created a good deal of surprise, and both Bertha and I were plied with numerous questions as to the reason of this strange provision. Bertha was evidently as much in the dark as the others, and I, for my part, did not deem it expedient to give the information in my possession. When the executor asked Bertha the momentous question prescribed in the will, she colored slightly, but said with a firmness which surprised me considerably: 'this puts me in rather a delicate position; but as my dear uncle seemed to have desired it, I overcome all feelings of reserve, and declare that I am satisfied with stipulations, provided that the consumation of the marriage be postponed to the end of the respite granted.'

There was something in the cold, business-like manner with which Bertha disposed of the matter which jarred considerably upon my feelings; but what could I do under the circumstances but give my consent to the proposed union? My refusal would have deprived her of an inheritance to which the ties of blood plainly entitled her. I can honestly say that the fact of my also loosing the estate in case of a refusal had no weight whatever with my decision. I have intimated before that the coldness of my relations to Bertha was not based upon any repugnance of mine, but rather the reticence and reserve of Bertha, and when I declared yesterday my

consent to a union with her there was nothing in my heart or mind which would prevent me from doing my full duty by her. Sometimes a doubt arises within me as to the propriety of marrying a woman you do not love; but two years must elapse before the marriage will take place, and in the meantime I shall try my best to learn to love her.

My grief at the bereavement I have suffered has occupied my mind so completely that I almost forgot the letter which I was to receive on the day of my majority. This morning, however, the thought of it returned with redoubled force. I felt that I owed it to my unknown protector and friend to pay due regard to his words and wishes, and it was with something like remorse that I went to the secretary with the intention of fulfilling a tardy duty. My heart beat a little more radidly as I inserted the key and lifted the lid of the secretary. With a second and smaller key I then opened a small drawer in which father used to keep his private papers and, to open which a little secret spring was to be known. Slowly I pulled out the drawer, and looked in expectancy, but no discovery was to satisfy my curiosity, for, the drawer was empty. I started back in surprise. Father had told me plainly that the letter had been put in this drawer, and I had therefore no right to expect to find it anywhere else; nevertheless, I searched the entire secretary. No trace of any letter to me could be discovered. Just then Bertha entered the room and, without thinking particularly about the likelihood of her having any knowledge of the missing document, I remarked:

"Bertha, I am looking for a sealed letter which father said he received some time ago for me. Have you, perchance, seen anything of it?"

A striking palor overspread her face, followed by a deep blush, showing plainly how sensitive and painfully conscious of her embarrassing relations to me the poor girl is. Her tone was rather angry as she replied:

"How should I know? Uncle never made me a participant of his secrets, and after his death you have had the sole charge of the keys, as far as I know."

This was strictly true; so I begged her pardon and admitted that the vexation of losing the letter had obscured, for a moment,

my judgment. Without saying a word in reply, she left the room.

Dear me; our intimacy does not progress at a rapid rate, unless it be crab fashion, *i. e.*, retrograde.

The loss of this letter annoys me, though. What must my benefactor think of me when he fails to receive an answer to his letter? Must he not think me ungrateful in the highest degree? If I could only obtain his address. But that wish is idle, I fear, for he seems to have covered up his tracks most effectually; for good reasons I presume, though this precaution is rather vexing in my case. Perhaps he will learn from some other source of the death of father Anton, and then interpret my silence correctly. At all events, I can do nothing but compose myself in patience and await further developments of affairs.

JULY THE 1ST.

Nearly three months have passed away without bringing any further information on a subject which affects me more deeply every day. My patience is nearly exhausted, and I have made up my mind that I shall take the initiative, if nothing turns up within the next week.

Cousin Philip spent last Sunday with us, and I benefited by this opportunity to learn the opinion of one so clever and well informed. I broached the subject; cautiously, however, for I do not like to be laughed at.

"Philip," I inquired, "did you ever hear the report that there is an uncle of ours living in the New World; in Mexico, they say, I think?"

A queer expression came over his face, and he looked at me very keenly, as if he wanted to see through me. I could not understand this strange effect of so innocent a question, but managed to endure his scrutiny without flinching.

He ceased staring and, breaking into a boisterous laugh, said: "Where did you hear that nursery tale, Arthur?"

I answered evasively, and he continued:

"The foundation of this tale is, no doubt, the flight of Herbert to the New World. It seems he purchased a worthless tract of land and invited a few emigrants to try their fortunes with him. This much is authentic, but the superstructure is, I fear, based on pure imagination. At all events, Arthur, take my advice and do not

emigrate to Mexico on the strength of such expectations. Did I tell you that the Emperor has entrusted me with a mission to the Mexican Government? No. Well, I shall sail there in one week, and if you are at all interested in this fabulous uncle, I shall take pleasure in hunting up the facts for you."

This was news indeed. So he is to go to Mexico on official business? I felt greatly tempted to tell him that I had almost made up my mind to go there on my own business, but for some reason or other abstained from doing so. Ever since father's communications concerning Philip's father, I have felt a distrust which is hardly fair, as I have certainly no right to hold him to account for the actions of his father. I have remonstrated with myself, too, for this apparent injustice, but cannot force myself to look on him in the old light, or treat him with the old cordiality. I have also noticed that his society is not calculated to benefit Bertha. When he is at Antonsruhe, she is either boisterously gay or sullenly taciturn. Does she love him? Goodness knows that I do not ask myself this question from motives of jealousy. He is welcome to her, and Antonsruhe in the bargain, only I don't want him to trifle with her and make her unhappy. But what am I talking about? I have not the slightest reason to base such suspicion upon, excepting the fitful moods of Bertha at the time of his visits. Perhaps she loves, and her passion is unrequited, but that is not his fault; only I would like to see clearly in this matter, for I do not want to marry a girl who likes somebody else better than me; that is sure.

AUGUST THE 1ST.

Well, I have decided to visit Mexico, and to-morrow will see me off. I dislike long spells of uncertainty and hesitancy, and therefore formed my resolution in a minute. Father left me, in his will, the sum of one thousand dollars, or rather, he was kind enough to state in a few lines that the sum then lying in his secretary was my private property, and had merely been handed to him for safe keeping. This money furnishes me with the necessary means for traveling, even if my researches should have to extend over months. I must be getting distrustful, for I have merely declared my intention for travel, without stating whither. When I told Bertha she showed no sign of emotion, but looked at me with a

glance so piercing that I could not help wondering and showing this wonderment in my face. She quickly relapsed into her usual indifference, but I could not help asking myself the question: What does all this signify?

AUGUST THE 7TH.

To-morrow I shall leave my dear Antonsruhe for, I do not know how long. Now I feel how dear it is to me. Of course, I have left it repeatedly before, but always with a knowledge of the time of return. This time I am bound for another continent, on an adventure which may turn out a wild goose chase. I do not know when I shall return, nor whether I shall return at all, which circumstances make me see all my home ties in a clearer light. Even cold and indifferent Bertha has thus gained an attraction which she never had before, and if she would only let me, I could say an affectionate farewell to her without playing the dissembler.

I have secured an outfit calculated to meet all the emergencies and perils likely to befall me. Prominent among my acquisitions is a magnificent repeating rifle, a pair of superior revolvers, a hunting knife of splendid steel and fine finish and divers other weapons, too numerous to mention, as the bills of vendue say. I was afraid that my recent want of practice had impaired my skill as a marksman, of which I could justly boast in former days; but when I shot out the spade of an ace with a revolver six times running, at a distance of thirty paces, and then performed the same trick with my rifle at three hundred paces, I felt satisfied. Besides my arms, and the amunition for them, I purchased a rubber blanket and a traveling suit of the most enduring material. I have traveled too often not to know that too much luggage on the road spoils the fun. I take only a moderate sum of ready cash along, having purchased bills of exchange on New York for the larger portion of my capital.

This afternoon I made the customary good-bye-visits, and could not well exclude uncle Arnold. He was very affable and evidently anxious to learn the direction of my trip, but I managed to answer his question so evasively that I left him about as wise as before.

All my treasures are lying by my side, and I am merely waiting for the break of another day to start for Bremen, where I shall take the steamer for New York. All adieus have been said, that

to Marianna being by far the most trying. Peter Maurer was also deeply affected, but I have taken steps to secure his future, for the next two years at least, and therefore leave him with an easy mind. My farewell to Bertha was made unexpectedly easy by the almost frivolous indifference she showed on that occasion. I could not have been sentimental, if I had felt like it ever so much, which is not the case. Indeed, I feel my pledge to marry her already as a ponderous weight, and have caught myself more than once in reflections on an honorable way of avoiding my obligation. Well, two years is a long time; who knows what may turn up to cancel the engagement.

NEW YORK, December the 30th.

Here I am in the Metropolis of the New World. For the last week I have been seeing its sights, and must confess that, on the whole, I like its condition better than European cities. There is a greater manliness among the working classes, and, on the whole, wealth is more evenly divided. Still, after making this concession, I have to modify it by confessing that I have seen enough abject poverty, squallor and wretchedness even in this magnificent city of the New World. There is the same worm gnawing at the vitals of society, though its ravages are not yet so startling and alarming; still the danger is here as great or even greater than in Europe, for the checking influences of a stern government and the intimidation by millions of bayonets is wanting here.

My voyage was retarded four weeks by circumstances over which I had no control. Nor was it quite free from danger, as we entered a field of frozen icebergs, from which we could extricate ourselves only after an exciting cruise of a whole week. I cannot say that I was alarmed or afraid. Indeed, our courage depends greatly, if not altogether, upon our nerves. I can therefore see no great merit in the preservation of coolness under trying circumstances; but I have more than once invoked blessings upon the noble man who caused my body to be developed in such a way as to give a healthy tone and to give to my nerves, sinews and muscles a vigor making the encountering of dangers more a source of pleasure than of anguish.

CITY OF MEXICO, January the 9th.

It was with a strange mixture of feelings that I landed upon

the coast of the Aztecs. Their history has always interested me, though I did not much admire their religious rites, which savor after cruelty and inhumanity, but for which their priesthood undoubtedly is responsible, as the entire education of the young was in their hands. In every other respect, the civilization of these strange people is so remarkable that we may well doubt whether that of the bigoted Spaniards was an advancement. It seems that the want of the horse was the only thing keeping them from entering the ranks of the most enlightened nations. In our days this circumstance has probably ceased to be a correct criterion; but until the invention of the locomotive, the absence of the horse may be taken as a sure indication of the low condition of a people's culture. It is, of course, not the influence of the intelligence of this noble animal which gave an impetus to progress, but the facility for travel and traffic it affords. The Aztecs' substitute was the llama, but that animal, though higly useful, cannot replace the horse.

I have been here a week now, and made diligent search and inquiry after Herbert Grau. In the mouths of the people, vague rumors concerning him, are afloat; but they wear so decidedly the garb of myth that no reliance can be placed upon them. These rumors agree, however, in making him out a remarkable man, who is in league with the devil and, with his aid, achieves wonderful things. Strange to say, all his deeds are good and benevolent, but when you call the attention of your informants to this anamoly they only shrug their shoulders and resort to their favorite "Queen sabe." The race certainly seems ignorant; they are surely as much under the influence of their spiritual advisers as their predecessors, the Aztecs', which accounts for their ignorance.

The government is not much better informed on this subject than the populace, although it has appeared to me more than once as if they know more than they are willing to reveal. Several officials have subjected me to a rather sharp examination, which I always endeavored to evade as best I could. Perhaps they were determined to pay me back in my own coin, for all I can learn is that in the year 1852 a large tract of land was purchased by Herbert Grau from the Mexican Government, which the records of the court bound as follows:

'Beginning twenty miles from the mouth of the Rio Frio and running thence between the Pinaleno and Sierra Madre mountains, embracing all the land between them and extending about one hundred miles in a north-easterly direction, to the junction of the mountains at the twenty-ninth degree of northern latitude, together with all the minerals contained in such lands, and with the privilege of making settlements thereon, whose people shall have the unrestricted right of worshiping according to their own convictions, the purchase money to be five millions of dollars, the receipt of which is herewith acknowledged.'

This was about all. What had become of Herbert and all his colonists nobody pretended to know; for that this ignorance on the part of the authorities is merely assumed, I have not the slightest doubt. An estate embracing probably over six hundred square miles cannot be so effectually hidden as to escape public notice, even if the common report, that both the mountain ranges mentioned present impassable barriers just in these regions, are correct. I wager, they will not prove unsurmountable to me, for I am bound to make the effort to find Herbert Grau and his colony or perish in the attempt. I have secured the best maps of Mexico which German bookstores can furnish. After consulting them carefully, I have determined to attempt the passage of the Sierra from the southeast, at a point about fifty miles from the junction with the Pinaleno mountains on the Rio Frio, as such a course will prevent the danger of missing the valley, if a valley really exists between the ridges, of which I have no doubt. I shall purchase a stout mule, the favorite beast of burden of the country, and start the day after to-morrow.

SAN JUAN, January 31st.

This hamlet lies at the foot of the Sierra Madre, and is just the place from which to attempt the crossing, as it lies about seventy miles from the Pacific coast, if the natives are correct in their reckonings. I have met with no very striking adventures on my way to this place, though one day I was tackled by two knights of the highway, who received such a warm reception and so thorough a thrashing as to soon loose the relish for their adventure. I now see why my patron laid such stress on his demand that I should be thoroughly instructed in horsemanship. For to one thus not skilled,

traveling in the interior of Mexico, is very difficult and laborious, if not impossible. My knowledge of Spanish has also greatly smoothed my way. The natives have treated me civily on the whole, although I have occasionally met with ruffians who understand the language of the poinard and the pistol much better than the tongue. On two occasions I got into an embroglio which might have terminated fatally, on account of the great odds against me, if the swiftness of my mule and my expertness in the art of riding had not carried me safely through. One evening I arrived at a place where they had inaugurated a little festival. A race was in the programme, and I could not resist the temptation to enter the lists. My mule had made only a short trip that day, so it was in good condition. I must confess that my rivals were most of them excellent riders, but Herr Marx's training proved to much for them, as it was as much owing to the judicious handling of my steed as its swiftness which enabled me to win the prize, consisting of a pair of silver spurs. Of course, I did not care for them, but at once put them up as a prize for a second race, in which I remained a mere looker-on. This abstinence gained me the good will of the villagers, and when I finally put up a ten dollar gold piece as the prize for a third race, I became the hero and favorite of the evening. How easy it is to gain public favor and how often its acquisition is abused. I spent the evening very pleasantly among these simple-hearted people, and on the following morning took their cordial "adios" with me on my way.

To-morrow morning I shall begin the passage of the mountain. If I am to believe the reports of the villagers, incredible dangers are coupled with such an attempt. Indeed, they universally cross themselves when they mention the subject, invoking at the same time the protection of all the saints of the calendar. They assure me that I will meet savage beasts at every step, and that the rocks are so steep and the abysses so deep that no human foot can cross them. I know the exaggerations of these Mexicans too well to place much credence in their statements, but even if toned down considerably, the obstacles in the way will, no doubt, tax my endurance to the utmost. My purpose, however, cannot be swayed by these considerations. I will find a passage to Herbert Grau's possessions, if human strength and endurance can accomplish such an undertaking.

THE SIERRA MADRE, February the 1st.

I am all alone. I have my doubts whether any human foot ever stood before where I am now standing, partaking of the simple meal brought from the village. It is twilight, and soon the shades of night will gather round me. I think I had better light a fire big enough to last all night for, though I have seen but a few of the wild beasts with which, as the natives say, these mountains are infested. I have no doubt that they will become numerous enough in the night, and prowl uncomfortably near the neighborhood of my camp. I know of no more effectual means of keeping them off than by fire.

For once the gossip of the people has fallen short of reality. I have not yet reached the summit of the mountain, and yet I have been compelled to surmount obstacles which would prove fatal to anyone not gifted with the firmest nerves, the surest footing and the coolest presence of mind. My supply of ink is running low, and if I want to record the history of the next day, I must husband it carefully ; so farewell to my journal for to-night.

SIERRA MADRE, February the 2nd.

Another day is gone. I think it was, on the whole, the hardest and most trying I have spent thus far in life. To say that the hardships of the road are great is expressing it very mildly, indeed. I think I do not exaggerate when I say that the great majority of people would simply have pronounced them beyond human endurance. I have ascended perpendicular ledges, fully an hundred feet high, whose top I could only reach by climbing gigantic trees, growing at their base, and then swinging from their tops to the ledge, the branches bending under my weight, thus subjecting myself to the danger of being dashed to atoms on the ground below in case of their breaking. To encumpass these ledges, I have walked mile after mile, only to find that these wanderings brought me to other ledges higher and steeper than those passed. Indeed, I have learned this lesson to-day, that it is idle to try to overcome these obstacles by passing around them. The whole problem is simply reduced to one of endurance. At the rate of my previous progress, it will take me about two more days to accomplish the passage, always provided the obstacles do not begin to surpass human *strength. In such* a case, I say, the result is simply a matter of en-

durance. The food I brought from the village was consumed this noon, and I had to make my supper on a rabbit I was fortunate enough to kill. Water has been very scarce all day, but I managed to gather enough to quench my thirst. The worst feature of the case is the fatigue which the great exertions of the day could not help producing. Shall I be able to surmount similar obstacles to-morrow, or will it be wiser to rest a day in the wilderness? I do not know, but think it will be well to sleep over it. In fact I can hardly keep my eyes open, and yet it will be necessary to gather a supply of wood before indulging in the sweet harbinger of strength—sleep.

SIERRA MADRE, February the 3rd.

Another weary day. A considerable portion of my strength is gone. Fortunately the task is nearly over, or I should be obliged to give up, lie down and await my doom. This constant climbing, sliding, springing and balancing, with death staring constantly in one's face and liable to result from the slightest error or misstep, is almost beyond human endurance, and, strong as I am and proud as I always have been of my undaunted spirit in meeting dangers and hardships, I am now forced to confess that there is a limit to human strength and resolution and that I would not be able to endure such hardships another day. It is needless to note down the struggles of to-day, as they were merely a repetition of those of the preceding day, only on a larger scale. One adventure at least I must record, which came near terminating my life, and whose recollection even now causes my flesh to creep. It was about noon. I had finished a scanty meal, consisting of a bird of the parrot family, and was walking wearily along a precipice with the view of making a descent when suddenly the ground caved in under my feet and I felt myself falling down into a deep hole, resembling, as far as I could judge, a mining shaft, not made by man, of course, but one of the freaks in which nature sometimes likes to indulge. It was not exactly perpendicular, but so much so that my sensations were more those of one falling than sliding. Any one who has thus descended rapidly into a pit of whose depth he was ignorant, and which might be bottomless for all he knew, might imagine my sensations—nobody else could. At first the hole was so wide that my outstreached arms, by means of which I endeavored to check my

progress, felt nothing but the vacant air; but after falling some distance the cavity narrowed, and soon became so small that the horrible idea of being wedged in struck me with a force threatening to take away my breath and deprive me of the little presence of mind left me. I made some foolish attempts to stop my fall by clutching at the walls of the shaft, but the impetus which my body received by the continued falling and almost glassy smoothness of the walls, frustrated all such attempts. I verily believe; if I had succeeded in stopping my course, I would not be in a condition now to record my adventure, but be still suspended there in mid-air, awaiting the awful death of starvation. As it was my escape was marvelous enough. Of course, it did not take me as long to make the descent as it does to chronicle its history; but to my disturbed mind the seconds during which it lasted seemed an eternity. Down, down I went, going faster every moment. Now my arms became pinioned to my side; I felt my rifle, which I bore with a strap over my shoulder, press painfully against my side, until the terrible friction either wore the strap through or some slight projection tore it apart and thus freed me from an impediment which might possibly have proved fatal. When the rifle was gone my descent became faster, but the passage also narrower at the same time. Indeed, so tight had my quarters now become that I expected every moment to stick fast. I could no longer think clearly, but had vague idea, of the awful fate in store in such a case. Now the passage had become so narrow that I surely would have stuck, if the great impetus of my fall had not propelled me downward. For a moment I felt as if I would suffocate. Then suddenly there was a delicious feeling of relief; I felt my body free from the confining rocky bonds and shot with redoubled speed into vacant space. Everything was dark around me; but I felt nevertheless so relieved that the consequences of my headlong fall did not worry me. Perhaps I had no time for such a thought, for a second could hardly have elapsed since my delivery from the confines of the shaft when I struck some object with a force which threatened to deprive me of my consciousness. Fortunately this object was soft, or I might, yes, surely would, have broken some bones if not my neck. As it was, the fall stunned but did not disable me; certainly a fortunate circumstance, for, had it been otherwise I would not

have been able to confide all this to my trusty friend, the journal. I had scarcely alighted on my soft footing, than I felt violent commotion under me; a savage snarl was heard, and I was then hurled aside with a vehemence and utter lack of ceremony highly startling, and only excusable in a savage beast. And such, indeed, it was. The place where I had landed was not as dark as I had at first imagined. An opening in the side of the rock admitted enough life to create a gentle twilight. By its aid I now recognized a huge puma standing only about two paces from me, snarling and lashing its flanks in a manner indicative of a high state of rage. It was a cause of wonder to me then, and has been ever since, that the animal did not spring upon me without delay, benefiting by the semi-stupification brought about by my fall. The only way that I can explain it is that the puma was so surprised and somewhat scared by my sudden and entirely unexpected arrival. I perceived, however, that it would not take it long to recover from this fright, and that it would be upon me before the expiration of many seconds, if I did not anticipate the spring. On such occasions we are apt to act more from instinct than reason. I felt that no time was to be lost, so reaching mechanically for my revolver, which had fortunately escaped the fate of my rifle, I drew it forth and, aiming at the heart of the beast, pulled the trigger. I was just in time. The puma had already gathered itself for a spring, and if I had delayed a moment longer, I would certainly have made the acquaintance of its claws. The shot was a good one, for the animal sank down and turned over without uttering a groan. Slowly I rose, feeling my body to see if any bones had been broken, and was on the point of congratulating myself on this double and narrow escape when I suddenly heard another savage growl at the entrance of the cavern. On looking up I noticed a second puma, probably the mate of the one I had just killed, and evidently determined to avenge its death. This fellow had not been startled into momentary inactivity by surprise; that was evident, for no sooner did he see me than he made his spring. I had time to draw my revolver, but no time to take aim and fire. All I could do was to make a sudden spring and thus avoid the onset which would certainly have been fatal in its awful force and wildness. As it was, the puma barely missed me, landing in the rear of the cave. It turned

at once, growling fiercely and flashing fire from its ferocious eyes. The place where it stood was pretty dark, preventing a very accurate aim. Nor did it leave me much time for aiming. Scarcely had it turned when it crouched for a second spring, forcing me to act quickly. Aiming as best I could, between its shining eyes, I pulled the trigger and dispatched the bullet which was to decide the struggle and probably my fate. The bullet had taken effect, that I could see without difficulty, but had not been fatal, for on came the beast, inflicting a slight flesh wound in my left shoulder as I dodged it. Before it could recover its strength and time for a third onset, I fired from close proximity and stretched it dead. My nerves were badly shattered by this adventure, but I was destined to go through a third and equally trying one, before I reached the comparatively safe place where I am now encamped. About four o'clock in the afternoon I reached a canon so deep and wide that to cross it seemed entirely impossible. The sides were perpendicular and at many places overhanging. Even if I had had a rope to lower myself to the bottom, I would not have had the slightest chance of climbing the opposite ledge, which was, if possible, even steeper than the near one. Here, then, my progress seemed barred, after all the desperate efforts I had made. To go back was out of the question, even if I could have endured such a thought, for I had not stength enough left to overcome the obstacles of the road a second time, to say nothing of ascending the ominous shaft. Listlessly I wandered up and down the canon, hoping against my experience to find at some other place a more favorable point for crossing. In vain; the abyss became deeper and wider as I proceeded, and at last I lost heart and, sitting down, abandoned myself for a short time to a fit of despondency. It lasted only a few minutes, however. Jumping up and setting my teeth firmly together, I resolved to die game, if die I must and, behold, a slim chance for crossing presented itself to my view. Where I had sat down, a huge pine tree was growing on the near edge of the canon, which, at that place might be about seventy-five feet wide. Time and storms had loosened its hold, causing it to hang obliquely over the chasm. By the advice of the villagers I had provided myself with a little hatchet, which now promised to serve me well in an unlooked for emergency, and with which I would perhaps, be able to sever the

upper roots sufficiently to cause the top of the pine to descend to to the opposite cliff. It was, as far as I could see, my only chance, so, without further deliberation, I took the hatchet from the belt and began to attack the roots I meant to sever. Slowly the work went on. The roots were worthy of the giant to which they belonged but perseverence conquered here as in so many other places, and, after the expiration of an hour, I had the satisfaction of seeing the once proudly upright tree lowering its head and laying it on the opposite side of the canon, in search of support. That was all right, of course, and what I had hoped and expected; but an ominous crashing of the remaining roots warned me of the danger of the tree falling into the abyss, taking with it my last hope. A sickening sensation came over me; my stomach heaved as if inclined to vomit, and with bated breath I waited the expected catastrophy. It did not come; the crashing ceased, and the remaining roots promised to be strong enough to bear the heavy tree, made much heavier by the large lumps of ground adhering to the roots. For the present the position of the tree seemed secure and I began to the remove some of the soil sticking to the roots. Slight as the strain was which these efforts made on the tree they were sufficient to renew the ominous cracking of the roots, and I saw that the passage must be attempted at once, if it was to be attempted at all. But would the tree bear my additional weight? No one could tell; but the hazard must be taken notwithstanding, if it fell, I would be crushed to death; if I remained on this side, I would die the lingering and horrible death of starvation. Could I for a moment hesitate about my course? Certainly not, and nerving myself for the awful attempt, I stepped cautiously upon the trunk. Redoubled cracking, but I must pay no attention to the ominous signs. I must leave the butt as soon as possible, to relieve it of my weight. So, with a determination truly desperate I walked on, expecting every moment to hear the crash which would be my death knell. Still, it delayed and I proceeded with steady but rapid steps on my perilous journey. To many it would have been impossible for the trunk was comparatively thin, and slippery besides; but for me the crossing in itself offered no great difficulties. I had learned to stand on the bare back of a horse and preserve my balance while the animal was galloping. The only trouble was the

awful depth below, which might have created dizziness in many; but no height or location had ever been able to produce such a feeling in me, and if the bridge held out I had no fears of not crossing in safety.

I was now two-thirds across, and the diminished size of the trunk compelled me to step with greater caution. At the same time this thinness caused the tree to assume a swinging motion, which the utmost caution on my part could not prevent. Once more the crashing of the roots became audible and, what was worse, it increased at a rate indicating that a separation of the bands holding the tree in position must soon take place. I felt an almost irresistable impulse to rush forward, and cannot now but wonder that I succeeded in resisting it. Such a rush would probably have proved fatal, for the tree could hardly have withstood the increased strain. As it was I proceeded as rapidly as safety would permit. I was still about five or six feet from the coveted brink, when a loud crash behind me announced that the threatened catastrophy was at hand. I had no time to walk the rest of the way. Before making another step the tree would be at the bottom of the canon, and I, of course, with it. A moment's hesitation would be fatal; so, gathering all my remaining strength, I made a mighty spring and landed safely on the ledge. The danger, however, was by no means past. The top of the tree lying on the bank had numerous branches which now made a backward sweep, impelled by the rapid downward motion of the butt. I had, fortunately, sufficient presence of mind left to forsee this new peril, and therefore, made a second spring aside. This movement saved me. I was still in the air when the branches swept by so closely that the thin twigs struck me in the face, but with sufficient force to neither injure nor pull me back. With a shudder of relief I heard the crash with which the tree struck the bottom of the canon, and then sank on the ground, too much exhausted to think of anything but rest. There I lay for hours, and it was only the necessity of seeking shelter and food before nightfall which finally brought me to my feet. Nor did I travel far. A tramp of two or three miles brought me to the pleasant place where I am now encamped. A clear brook runs by me. I am dispatching a pheasant which I was fortunate enough to kill and, what is infinitely better, I think I

am near human habitations, for I heard a sound which can be nothing else than the whistle of an engine or a locomotive. I might have found out to-night, but am too tired to think of anything but sleep.

CHAPTER XVI.

RECONVALESCENCE.

Here the diary ended; but Inez gazed at the letters like one in a trance. Nor is this a wonder, for the reading had affected her in a twofold way. The adventures of the writer were surely startling enough in themselves to captivate the reader; but the chief charm in Inez's eyes was the pure and noble character beaming from every word. The sorrow for Anton's death had drawn tears from her eyes; every expression of sympathy for the poor and oppressed had awakened an echo in her breast; every thought and observation created the liveliest interest in her mind. How her father would glory in the result of his principles of education. How he would become young once more over the enthusiasm of his ward. How ——.

Here a sickening thought overpowered her. She had entirely forgotten the perilous condition in which she found, and indeed left, the writer of this journal, and now, when this remembrance returned, she trembled at the possibility of again losing a treasure so strangely found. For a moment she felt like awakening her father, but the thought that, by doing so she would merely disturb his rest without mending the matter, caused her to abandon the idea as quickly as she had conceived it. No sleep came to her that night, and she looked so pale and worn in the morning that her father, meeting her on the porch early in the morning, noticed her condition at once, and said:

"Why, Inez, what ails you? You look as if you had not closed an eye last night."

"Nor did I, father dear."

"Well, what is the matter then? You are not sick, I hope?"

"No, papa; but the condition of poor Arthur, you know ——."

Herbert shook his head. "You women are queer creatures," he said musingly. "A fellow may be ever so unworthy of your esteem, but let him get hurt and you open the fountains of your sympathy and go even so far as to loose your sleep over the matter. I must put in a decided veto to such nonsense."

Inez smiled. "What will you wager father, in fifteen minutes you will be even more nervous and excited than I am now?"

"Why? Did you receive bad news from the sick room?"

"No, but I was just on the point of begging you to order the carriage and drive with me to the farm where he lies."

"But would not the street cars answer as well?"

"No, father, for I have to tell you ever so many things not intended for strange ears."

"You excite my curiosity child; but have your way. Get ready while I have the carriage brought out."

As Inez went in to do her father's bidding, Clara rushed up to her and, grasping her arm with a vehemence bordering on rudeness, she said: "He is dead, is he?"

"Is who?" Inez inquired, wondering at this new freak of her maid, who had lately been in a great variety of moods.

"Why, Sennor Arturo," the girl said anxiously. "They meant to hide it from me, but I know that something dreadful has happened to him, and I want to go and nurse him. You need not try to hold me back, for I am bound to go, even if you bind me with chains of steel."

Here was a dilemma. Inez knew the passionate nature of the girl too well to think that mere remonstrances would be of any avail. She reflected a moment, and then said: "Clara, the person you mean is as well as you, so you need not be alarmed; but if you will be quiet and act like a sensible girl, I will allow you to go and nurse the patient at the farm."

"But, you said just now he is not sick."

"And I repeat what I said. You must be contented with this until my return."

"You are going out?"

"*Yes,* I shall take a ride with father."

"Oh, take me along, Clara plead, folding her hands as if in prayer." Inez was slightly vexed at this persistency.

"Look here, Clara," she said, "have I ever lied to you?"

"The Madonna forbid."

"Then, why can you not trust me? He on whom you have set your foolish heart is well. There is a gentleman at Sommers' farm who got badly hurt in fighting a grizzly bear, and if you will behave you shall go there this morning and nurse him. Here is father with the carriage, so good-bye."

Inez entered the carriage, where her father was already seated.

"Oh, papa," she cried fervently; "I trust he will live, else you or I will never spend another happy moment."

"Listen, father," she continued, seeing that he was on the point of replying and reprimanding her for what he had good reasons to consider undue exaggeration. "Did it never strike you that this Arthur Grau might possibly be an impostor?"

Herbert started, and for a moment looked anxiously at his daughter, wondering whether he could discover any signs of mental aberration; but seeing her quite rational, he said with a slight tone of vexation: "Impostor? What put that strange notion into your head?"

"I have my reasons, papa; but you have not answered my question."

"See here, Inez," he replied instead, "I do not like playing 'possum, so if you have made any discoveries, I should like to know them without evasion or reservation."

"Oh, papa, I meant nothing of the kind; but what I have discovered is so joyous, so glorious and yet so sad that I wanted to break the news gently to you."

"You meant well, child," he said with a smile; "but putting a person on the rack is rather a queer way of breaking the news gently."

Inez saw her mistake, and began without delay to put her father in possession of all the facts which the reader has learned from the journal. She told him that she had not intended to be indiscrete, but the presence of English writing and of a Spanish far superior to Arthur Grau's had made her doubtful as to the proprietorship of the book, and justified, in her opinion, a closer ex-

amination. The contents had so captivated her that she could not tear herself away from the perusal until she was through, and she now thanked the stars for her persistency. As she proceeded with her strange story, the expresssion of Herbert's face changed with her communications. Now he looked simply astounded; then indignation at some meanness prevails; but both astonishment and indignation vanished as the narrative went on, and the noble character of the writer became more manifest with every word. When she had finished, a heavy sigh of anxiety as well as relief wrung itself from his oppressed bosom and, folding his hands, he said solemnly:

"Oh! Ye manes of my departed friend! How deeply I have sinned against him! How low have I rated the judgment of Anton Stamm. If thy spirit still exists, hear the humble confession of thy erring friend!"

The arrival of the carriage at the farm prevented him from continuing. How different were his feelings from those with which he had departed from the place the evening before. It would, indeed, be difficult for him to analyze them. Of course, he was very anxious about the dangerous condition of the patient, but nevertheless he felt as if a great load had been taken from his mind. With cautious steps he and Inez entered the sick-room, which was darkened to improve the chances of the sufferer's recovery. Beckoning the nurse to his side, Herbert inquired:

"How has the patient passed the night?"

"Well enough, I reckon," was the response. "May be you gave him something to produce sleep, for he has stirred only now and then, and gone to sleep again after I gave him a drink of water.

Herbert then stepped to the bed-side, gazed earnestly at the patient, who was still asleep, felt his pulse, and then said to Inez, who was waiting for his decision with suspended breath and a beating heart:

"This is truly wonderful. Hardly a symptom of fever. Of course, the great loss of blood will chain him to his bed a week or two, but there is no doubt at all of his speedy recovery."

If ever Inez had been inclined to shout with joy, it was at that *moment*. But the patient was altogether to weak for such noisy

demonstrations, to say nothing of the decorum which her maidenly dignity imposed upon her; so she contented herself with shedding a few tears of joy, and embracing and kissing her father fervently, who no longer wondered at such manifestations, but returned her caresses with an ardor showing how deeply the danger of losing his newly found ward had affected him.

"It is his strong constitution and his sobriety which will save him. I may tell you that the other would not have recovered."

Inez shuddered a little, then said: "Father, as there is no danger now, would you allow Clara to assist me in nursing him? I would do it all alone, if I could be spared at the Villa. I cannot think of leaving him in the care of this rough man," she whispered in his ear.

"Well, have your way," he replied, too happy for saying "no" to anything just then. "If he continues mending at this rate, we can remove him to the Villa before long without any danger."

With this he departed, giving Inez, who was to stay until the arrival of Clara, the few simple instructions necessary. Inez took her place at the bed-side, relieving the nurse, who retired to get some sleep. She did not take her eyes from the pale but still beautiful features of the patient, and a subtle delicious sensation, such as she never experienced before, stole over her. The reader understands it was love which thus, for the first time stole into her virgin soul. Does he wonder? He surely has no right to, for if ever love at first sight was possible and justified, it was then and there. This youth was no stranger to her. She had known of him for years. She had shared her father's fond anticipations of his virtues and excellencies, as well as her father's disappointment at the apparent frustration of his hopes. Now, the discovery of the fraud practiced upon them came with the overwhelming force of an avalanche, sweeping our feelings away to make room for this new and rapturous sensation. To complete the matter, she had had a chance of reading his soul, and there discovered beauties as great as those of his body. And should she not have fallen in love with him who lay there, so weak and dependent upon her tender care for every little service. Reader, if you still insist upon the improbability of such an occurrence, you simply show that you do not understand human nature, particularly that of the tender sex.

The patient did not once open his eyes. It seemed as if he was bent upon sleeping himself back into health and strength. Clara arrived an hour after Herbert's departure. As she approached the bed-side, she started back and uttered a light scream, which caused the sleeper to turn uneasily. Never before had Inez been so near becoming real angry. With a look before which the other quailed, she said:

"One more such a silly outbreak and you leave the room, never to return."

"Pardon me, Sennora," the girl said humbly enough. "You told me it was not Arturo, and now to see him there after all, lying so still, as if he were dead was more than I could endure, and I had to scream in anguish. But why did you deceive me as to his identity? It was cruel to subject me to this sudden shock."

"What I told you is literally true. This gentleman is not the Arthur Grau you know, but his cousin, who goes by the same name. It is true, but he is entirely a different person and has only arrived here yesterday."

"He looks very much like my Arturo," the girl persisted.

"Supposing he does, that is no reason why you should annoy him with your nonsense. He may awake shortly and unless you promise to act like a discrete and sensible girl you shall not stay here."

Clara saw that her mistress was in earnest, and as she longed with all her soul to nurse the patient, who looked so much like her Arturo, and whom, in her innermost soul, she still believed to be this Arturo, she gave the solemn promise to be quiet and not retard the patient's convalescence by any folly on her part. With this Inez departed, saying she would return some time in the afternoon.

Clara took her seat and watched the sleeper with the same intensity but much greater passion than her mistress. She had been thus engaged for nearly half and hour, when a deep sigh of the sleeper indicated his speedy approach to consciousness. It was, indeed, only a minute later that he opened his eyes and looked with the expression of one who does not exactly know where he is.

At last his gaze turned upon the girl at the bed-side, and remained fixed there. She blushed under it and inquired :

"How do you feel, Arturo?"

"Pretty well," he replied in Spanish ; "only I am very weak and hungry. But where am I, and who are you, who seems to know my name?"

Clara did not reply at once. This voice was strange to her ; nor did the patient seem to know her, a circumstance she could not comprehend, as she still refused to distrust the evidence of her eyes, which told her plainly and definitely that the person in the bed was the Arturo she had known for months. What could it mean? Was the devil in the play? She believed in his satanic majesty as devoutly as in the benevolent deity which she had been taught to worship. It must surely be the devil who had brought this about to discomfit and deprive her of her Arturo. Sinking upon her knees and taking his hand in both of hers, she said gently and affectionately :

"Arturo, don't you know your Clara, who thinks so much of you and is so glad to see you getting well?"

The patient's face wore a puzzled look, as he replied :

"Indeed, my girl, I haven't the slightest idea who you are, nor where I am, and if you will be kind enough to enlighten me on this subject I shall be much obliged to you. But say : couldn't you let me have something to eat? I am really as hungry as a wolf?"

Fortunately Herbert had foreseen such a contingency, and ordered some beef-broth to be prepared, which Clara now handed him, and which the patient drank with the greatest relish.

"Is this all?" he asked dolefully, when he had emptied the bowl.

"There is some more, but the doctor said we must not give you too much at once."

"The doctor? Am I sick? Ouch, my arm hurts. Oh! now I do remember, I had a tussle with the grizzly, who nearly finished me. But how did I get into this bed, and who is it that takes such kind care of me?"

Clara sadly shook her head. "The bear must have hurt you worse than you think or the evil one must have obscured your

memory, else you surely would not have forgotten me with whom you have conversed more than a hundred times."

"I don't think the old harry had anything to do with it;" the patient said with a twinkle of humor in his eye; "but it is certainly strange that you should stick to that opinion so tenaciously."

"What is my second name, if you please?"

"Arturo Grayo?"

"The puzzled look on the patient's face deepened."

"That is the name Spanified, I reckon," he said. "Do you know anything else about me?"

"You are the nephew of Father Herbert Grayo, and came here last Fall to stay with him."

"Well, I give it up. If this is madness it has at least the merit of consistency. But I feel too drowsy now to study it out."

His eyes closed and soon his regular breathing indicated that he was once more in the arms of slumber. An hour later Herbert made his appearance and inquired whether the patient had been awake during his absence. Clara told him what had occurred; also that he had said he was very hungry and had only drank a bowl full of broth, but asked for more. Herbert nodded his head approvingly, and then left, saying he was very busy and could not call again before the evening. Clara took her dinner at the farm. At one o'clock Inez returned, telling her that she was needed at the Villa, but might watch during the night. The girl was evidently dissatisfied with this arrangement, but did not venture any remonstrance, since the voice of her mistress was more than commonly decisive in its accents. When asked about the patient, she confessed that he had been awake and denied all previous knowledge of Friedensthal. From this Inez concluded that the girl still clung to her previous belief of the patient's identity with the other Arthur, but she made no attempt to convince her of her mistake, judging that her own experience would soon accomplish that. She might have feared that the girl's words and her passionate manner might injure the patient, if her father had not assured her that the young man was entirely out of danger, and recovering much faster than he had dared to hope. When Clara had gone, Inez took her former place and resumed the pleasant occupation of building

castles in the air and gazing upon the tranquil features of the sleeper.

About four o'clock he became restless in his slumber, and, a moment later, opened his eyes. Once more they wandered over the room and then turned to the place where the owner recollected to have seen a pleasant vision. Inez waited their arrival with bated breath. What would the moment bring? Would his first impression of her be genial, or would he miss and long for his nurse of the morning? Now his glance rests on her. A smile passes over his features, but gives way to surprise on seeing a strange face. Had he merely dreamed, and was this really his first return to consciousness? He must find out.

"Who are you?" he inquired. "Did I not awake this morning, and now find another nurse at my bed-side?"

"You did, Arthur; but she was called away and I have taken her place."

There again; this girl, too, knows his name and will, of course, insist upon his having been here for months.

"You know my name?" he said with a heavy sigh.

"Yes I do," she said with a smile; "but I have no desire to mystify you. I found your diary at the place where you had struggled with the bear, and from it learned your history. Don't judge hastily," she continued, seeing a look of wonder and a slight frown on his face. "I had weighty reasons for reading your notes, which will fully exonerate me in your eyes when you learn them. But have you no idea where you are?"

"None whatever, unless I had indeed the good fortune of stumbling upon the place I was in search of."

"You had, Arthur, for you are in Friedensthal, and in care of your friends."

A gleam of joy flitted across his features.

"Then I am richly repaid for all my hardships," he said; "but who are you who so kindly charges herself with the care of an invalid stranger?"

"I am Inez Grau, Herbert's daughter;" she replied, a vivid blush suffusing her lovely features, and lighting them up to a redoubled beauty. Another ray of joy passed over Arthur's face,

which showed too plainly his ardent admiration for the vision before him to be mistaken.

"My cousin, then," he said, holding out his hand, "a cousin, too, of whom I had no knowledge whatever; will you give me a welcome in your father's house?"

"Will I!" she replied, smiling through tears, which would persist in coursing down over her cheeks. "Believe me, Arthur, when I say that the day of your arrival was a festive day in our house, only marred by the perilous condition in which I found you."

"You found me!" he exclaimed, still holding her hand, although there was really no necessity for such a demonstration. "Then I surely owe you my life."

"Oh, no; you owe that merely to your constitution, which, as papa says, is tougher than that of a grizzly."

He laughed, but said insistingly: "that may all be; but the strongest constitution will give out, if left to itself in predicaments such as Mr. Bruin had put me. But is this your home, and will I soon have the pleasure of seeing your father, to whom I owe more than life?"

She smiled a happy smile at the recognition of her father's merit.

"No, this is not our home, but a farm house near the place where you had the struggle with the bear. My father was here twice this morning, and will call again in the evening. His duties are so manifold and pressing that he can call but little of his time his own."

"I can understand that easily; but how do you explain the persistency with which my nurse insisted upon having seen me before? Has she, too, had access to my journal?"

"How can you ask?" she said reproachfully. "To explain this freak to you, I must disclose to you a record of depravity painful to imagine, but more painful to behold."

"Prepare for the distressing necessity of abandoning faith in those you have respected hitherto. I hope what you will hear will not destroy your faith in humanity altogether."

He did not reply, looking merely wonderingly into her excited countenance. She now told him as concisely as possible the fraud

practised upon them by the pseudo Arthur, whose wonderful likeness to the true one alone had prevented an earlier discovery."

"Indeed," she said, "the conception of such a scheme is so much below my father's nobility that he is entirely incapable of conceiving it."

"But how did Arthur get the letters?" the young man asked himself musingly.

"I think you are in the same boat with papa," she said with a smile; "I think I see through the whole thing as plainly as if there were a hole in it."

"Well, in that case, favor me with an explanation, fair cousin."

"Very well. To begin with, Philip Grau secured the affections of Bertha Stamm."

"You think so?"

"I know it. In the second place, he got her to steal the letters."

"Cousin—but wait, you have not given me your name?"

"They call me Inez, Cousin Arthur."

"What a beautiful name. It strikes me they might have hunted the whole dictionary over without finding a sweeter and more appropriate one. But I was going to say Inez, are you not a little too hard on poor Bertha?"

"Hardly. For else, how should Philip have got possession of the letter?"

"But it was Arthur who had it, not Philip."

"He, too, must have had it, else how would he have found the secret of the settlement; and what is more, the way to it."

"The way to it, Inez?" the young man asked quite bewildered. "You do not mean to say that Philip Grau ——"

"Is here?" she interrupted him. "That is the very thing I was going to say."

"But you set my brain in a whirl; who of the two brothers presented the letter?"

"Arthur, to be sure; but Philip got in on the knowledge of its contents, pretending that you had confided the secret to him unsolicited in a drunken brawl."

"The scoundrel! Then they played the rascally game together?"

"No, at least I think not. I remember that about the time of their arrival there was a story concerning a robbery practiced upon a high German official. This official, I warrant, was Philip, and the robber, his brother, who, finding the letter, took it into his head to play your role."

"But that would stamp him as a common highway robber?"

"He is nothing better Arthur. You cannot conceive the grief which his low principles and dissolute habits have inflicted upon my poor father. The sons seem to take after their father. You know from the diary how he wronged your father."

"Yes, but from that alone, for he never told me. I can now understand why he called the street on which we live Laura street"

"Poor father Herbert!"

"Yes, he will be a father to you, Arthur; and a noble father you will have. You have no idea of the grandeur of his plans, and may well consider yourself fortunate to be allowed to participate in them. They extend to all parts of the world."

"Stop, a moment, Inez; has he not started settlements in Germany, Austria, Spain and England?"

"Indeed he has, and they are all flourishing as well as the jealousy of the authorities will permit."

Then I have crossed your father's tracks before on more than one occasion. In England it was Sir Grey; in Spain, Sennor Grayo; now I see these names are mere translations of the German "Grau." I wonder why Father Anton would never let me know."

"It was by papa's express injuction. He did not want you to grow up with any other expectations than those based upon your own exertions."

"And wisely has he acted in this as in all other measures regulating my education. But can you tell me why he thus covers up his tracks so carefully?"

"Yes, Arthur. His philanthropic plans are an eye-sore to all enemies to human liberty, and if he did not work under cover, as

he does, they would soon put an end to his projects by putting an end to him."

"But this is a burning shame. Why do not the masses rise in support of their friend and benefactor?"

"Many are too ignorant of their true interests, others are afraid. To instruct the former, he has started and upholds in many parts of the world newspapers, advocating his principles. For the same purpose he has established colonies in various countries, thinking, as he says, that seeing is the best mode of convincing."

"And, Friedensthal?"

"Is the place where he can best put his views into operation without fear of serious opposition. You have had a taste of the difficulties in the way to an invasion of our settlement."

"Very decided;" Arthur said laughing; "but is the access equally difficult at all other points?"

"It is. To my knowledge, you are the first person that ever achieved a passage over our mountain walls."

"So that I have certainly the right of being proud of my achievement."

"Indeed you have, though you have, in a measure, shaken our faith in the impregnability of our natural fortress."

"Well, I have an idea that you have to fear nothing short of a regular army."

"Which is not likely to take the trouble. The Mexican army we may safely laugh at, and as to the European moguls, they have fortunately too much to do at home to trouble themselves about us."

"And is Friedensthal large?"

"We number about 100,000 souls; but," she continued, laughingly, on seeing his wonderment; "I am not going to spoil the pleasant surprise in store for you by letting the cat prematurely out of the bag; so, please, Sennor Arturo, abstain from all further questions. It is, moreover, nearly six o'clock, and therefore, time for Papa to be here. Ah, I thought so; there he is just alighting from the street-car."

Arthur was rather nervous to meet a man who had done so much for him, and who, in his opinion, ranked far above all those figure-heads whom blind chance has placed in high positions and

most of whom would be mere ciphers if born in humble circumstances. It was with a reverence approaching awe that he looked upon Herbert Grau, and the idea that he was to sustain to him the relation of a son was too strange to be appreciated by him at once. But when Herbert came in, took him warmly by the hand and, after imprinting a fatherly kiss of welcome upon his forehead, began to talk in his amiable way, Arthur lost all restraint and soon entered with spirit into the conversation.

"When you are stronger," Herbert said, in the course of his remarks, "you must tell us all about your encounter with the grizzly. This is the second one I have known of in this valley. They are not indigenous here, of that I am sure; I think there must be some secret passage of which we have no knowledge. But let me feel your pulse, my lad; there, I thought so, for you look flushed. The fever has set in. I fear we have brought it on with our gossip, or at least come to its assistance, cranks that we are. Not another word now. I shall leave you some sedative powders and then, with this talkative daughter of mine, take my leave not to return before the morning. Nor will I allow Clara to watch here to-night, as she would give but a slim chance to sleep. Oh, you need not looked scared, child; he is not going to die; but if I gave your mobile tongues a chance they might finally bring about such a result. So, say good night, and then away with you."

On reaching the Villa, Herbert told Clara that she was not to watch at the sick-bed that night, and, to Inez's surprise, she received this injunction with apparent resignation. If she had been present at an interview which Philip had had with the girl that afternoon, she would not have been surprised at the change in the girl's disposition towards the newcomer. Benefiting by the absence of both Herbert and Inez, Philip had called the girl aside and said: "Clara, I am going to tell you something which will prove to you how much confidence I place in your intelligence and discretion. You must not tell a word to anybody, do you hear?"

"Is it about Arturo?"

"Yes, child, about him; but you have not promised yet."

"I will not speak, even if they try ever so hard to make me."

"That is right; I knew you to be a plucky girl. Well, Arthur

had a fallout with his uncle and has thought it best to hide for a while."

Clara shook her head, saying emphatically; "Arturo is sick in bed at Sommers' farm."

"No, Clara, not he, but a cousin of his, who looks very much like him."

"I have seen him with my own eyes," she persisted.

"So have I, you goosey," he retorted, vexed at her contradiction. "Don't you think I know my own brother?"

"Your brother!" she exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes, my brother. If I take you into my confidence I may as well make a clean breast of it."

"But, where is Arturo? I have not seen a trace of him for two days."

"How could you when he has hidden? Didn't I tell you he had a difficulty with his relatives and thought it best to disappear for a while?"

"Where is he? I will not believe you, unless you show him to me."

"Quite complimentary," he said, shrugging his shoulders. Fortunately I can comply with your demand. Do you know the old gold mine in the mountain?"

"I do, Sennor."

"Well, your sweetheart is there."

"I shall go to-morrow morning and see," she replied laconically.

"That suits me to a T," he said; "but you must be cautious and not excite the suspicion of these indian bloodhounds who, I verily believe have been on my track for quite a while. And see here; Arthur needs some clean linen and articles of toilet; would you charge yourself with taking them to him?"

"Get them ready at once and I will take them to him."

"That's a good girl; but you do not intend to leave this evening?"

"Si, Sennor, though I shall not go all the way this evening, but sleep at Carlos' farm."

"Well, do as you see proper; I shall make up the bundle without delay, so that you may not be retarded on that account."

This, then, was the reason Clara did not care to watch at the

sick bed that night. It explains also, why she said to her mistress shortly afterwards: "Sister Marguerita wants me at the farm; can I go and stay until to-morrow evening?"

Inez looked a little surprised at this request, but, as she had no reason to doubt the girl's veracity, she said indifferently: "Yes, you may go, but there will be a good deal of work at the Villa before long; try, therefore, to be back as soon as you can."

After supper Philip managed to slip a small bundle into her hands, which she hid under her mantilla, leaving the premises about dusk. She returned about the same time the next evening, much more cheerful than when she departed. On passing Philip, she slipped a note into his hand which ran as follows:

"Brother Philip:—

Your message came handy, for this retreat of mine is exceedingly dull, and any little pastime welcome. If only another person whom I need not name, was half as fond of me as this little girl. I feel almost sorry that I cannot return her love as she deserves. You need not urge me to depart, for the life I lead here is tedious enough to make any change welcome. Let me know when you are ready, and I shall follow your injunctions without fail.

Yours &c.,

ARTHUR GRAU."

Philip nodded contentedly. "Of him at least I shall soon be rid," he muttered; "but the arrival of this goody-goody is a serious impediment in my way. What am I to say to him? How am I to explain the fibs I told about the letters? I must trust to the inspiration of the moment. As to the mistake of taking my brother for my cousin, the marvelous resemblance of the two makes such a mistake quite excusable. Of course, I cannot sail under this false flag very long, but for a while it must do. I suppose they do suspect me even now, but what is the difference, if they will only tolerate me long enough to carry out my scheme. There is that red rascal, sneaking about again. How I hate the fellow, and how I would like to give him a taste of my revolver! Well, who knows, the day may come when I shall have a chance to get even with him."

But it is time to return to our patient, who passed a feverish night, as Herbert had foretold he would. The flesh wounds of his

arm were no trifle, and strong though as his constitution was, he could not hope to escape altogether the laws to which human nature is subject. In the morning, however, he was much better, and when Herbert and his daughter arrived, was able to respond cheerfully to their questions. Herbert, however, would allow only those absolutely necessary, and when Inez declared her intention to stay and nurse her cousin, he granted his permission only on her solemn pledge that she would totally abstain from drawing him into conversation, or even answering his questions. This she did in good faith, for she was too sensible to jeopardize his safety to a transitory pleasure. She nestled in her cosy chair, close to his side, and once more indulged in the study of the features so noble and fair. Nor did she try to avoid his glances, which turned to her quite as often as hers to him. At such times a slight flush would rise to her temples, heightening her beauty and causing the young man to ask himself whether he had ever before seen such charms combined. How utterly insignificant Bertha now appeared to him. How he wondered that he could ever have endured the thought of a union with her. How irksome the recollection of such an obligation did suddenly become, and how determined he was to try every honorable means of freeing himself from fetters which had all at once become unbearable.

The unpoluted strength and vigorous constitution of our hero combatted the fever much more effectually than Herbert's drugs, although we are by no means inclined to undervalue them. The fourth day after Arthur's installment at the farm house, the doctor declared that his removal to the Villa could now be carried out without any danger. At this announcement Inez's eyes sparkled with undisguised delight. Much as she had enjoyed his company at the farm-house, there was the constant restraint rendered necessary by the presence of strangers, and when the young man was carried into the room of the Villa previously prepared for him, she felt that only at that moment he had truly been given to them.

Philip had gladly profited by the doctor's interdiction of all visits. The moment when he could no longer avoid facing his cousin would come soon enough without anticipating it. But it had now arrived, and Philip felt that he could not avoid seeing Arthur without subjecting himself to the very suspicion he was anxious to

escape. So, nerving himself for the meeting, he knocked at the door, and upon a ready "come in," entered the apartment. The patient was still in bed, but had his head propped up with a cushion. He was still very pale, but the judicious treatment of Herbert and his lovely if not able assistant, and more yet, the delicious consciousness of being with true friends, had put Arthur far on the road to convalescence. Inez was sitting near the window, holding a magazine from which she had probably read to the invalid. A pang of jealousy shot through Philip's breast; for, though he was not able to love anybody but himself, he was fully capable of feeling that envy which low natures experience at the good fortune of others. When Arthur saw and recognized the person entering, a faint flush overspread his face; but before he had time to analyze his feelings, Philip rushed up to him, seized both hands, and pressing them fervently, said: "Arthur, dear Cousin Arthur, how glad I am to see you!"

"I am glad to hear you say so; I suppose you had not expected to see me arrive here so soon after you?"

"On the contrary, you forget that I was, until recently, under the impression of having met you daily for several months past. Is it a wonder that so strange a resemblance should deceive even a brother?"

"Perhaps not, but you in turn, forget that you started before me, and had no right to expect me at all."

"True, but actions speak stronger than words, and when I met a person pretending to be Arthur Grau, I had no reason to disbelieve my senses."

"Well, let that rest. You seem to have changed your opinion concerning the fabulous Mexican uncle to hunt him up so soon. By the by, how did you obtain the information, the absence of which came near ending my life?"

Philip sat as if on nettles. There was a touch of irony in his cousin's voice so unlike his former mode of speaking that he felt greatly disturbed by it. At the same time he knew that Inez's eyes were upon him, although he could not look into her face from the place he occupied. He felt very uncomfortable, and was more embarrassed than he perhaps had ever been before. Inwardly he *cursed both Arthur* and Inez, and vowed that he would pay back

with interest the mental torture they made him endure, forgetting, like most persons of his caliber do that their ability of torturing him depended largely on his own consciousness of guilt. He was, however, too consummate a master in the art of dissimulation not to search and find before long a plausible evasion from the entanglement in which his duplicity had placed him.

"I dislike to abuse the confidence of my informant, but think you are entitled to know the truth. I owe the secret to a member of the German Embassy in Mexico, to whom your intemperate substitute confided it over his cups."

"But how in the world did your brother get hold of the letter in question?"

"That is as much a mystery to me as to you. About the time of Uncle Stamm's death a considerable sum of money was stolen from father's secretary, the circumstances of the theft showing perfect familiarity with the premises. We never obtained a clue to the thief; but when I put it and the appearance of the letter in Mexico together, I am inclined to believe that my wayward brother must have paid a visit to Germany at that time."

A plausible story, certainly, but it failed to find credence with the two listeners, and although they were too well-bred to betray their incredulity in words, their demeanor served him as an index to their thoughts, and showed the intriguer that he was found out. The ground seemed literally to burn under Philip's feet, and he felt like springing up and rushing from the room. But our Macchiavelly was too well schooled to become guilty of such a blunder. Preserving the greatest outward composure and a mind unruffled by acrimony, he said, rising to his feet:

"Uncle Herbert tells me that you must not be disturbed by long visits for a number of days to come, and I shall therefore leave you. I found it impossible to resist the desire of shaking hands and congratulating you upon your narrow escape and safe arrival. When you are stronger we must resume those delightful tete-a-tetes, in which we used to discuss every subject between heaven and earth, trying to solve the most difficult problems of philosophy. Until then, fare thee well. *Aurevoir*, fair cousin."

With these words he bowed himself from the room, but no sooner had the door closed behind him than he indemnified himself

for this restraint, allowing his face to assume an aspect so truly diabolical that the pair in the room, had they seen him, might well have trembled at the sight. As it was, they merely looked at one another, exchanging glances of intelligence.

"I know now that my conjectures were correct," Inez said; "he stole the letter himself, or, what is more likely, had it stolen by somebody else."

Before Arthur could reply, Herbert stepped into the room, and after a brief examination of the patient, sat down.

"If you continue mending at this rate," he said, "I shall give you leave to rise and go down stairs a little while to-morrow. But what are we to do with this reprobate relative of ours? I must confess that his case both annoys and puzzles me."

"I wonder where he is?" said Inez.

"May not shame and fear of exposure have induced him to leave the valley?" Arthur suggested.

"My dear boy, shame is an element which the most searching analysis would fail to discover in that fellow's composition. Moreover, he could not leave the valley without my knowledge, even if he were inclined to do so, which I am afraid he is not. He is probably hiding for awhile, aided, I am afraid, by Clara and her relatives, who have, at least, been indiscreet enough to cater to his vicious tastes.

"Shall I take her to task, papa?"

"Not for the present, child. I think I have noticed slight signs of reform in the lad, and, if I could succeed in making a useful member of society of him, I would consider myself richly indemnified for all the trouble and disappointment he has caused me. If I wanted to find him I need only put a couple of my indians upon his track, who would soon unearth him; but the hardships and the solitude of his retreat may possibly have a salutary effect on him; so we may as well let him have his way for awhile, unless we discover him at some new mischief. As to his brother, he causes me fully as much annoyance, though in a different way. He is undoubtedly a very dangerous fellow."

Inez looked triumphantly at Arthur, as if she meant to say: "Did I not tell you."

"But, Father," Arthur ventured to say, who by the by, had

been directed to use this tender title; "if Philip is really so dangerous, why should you hesitate to expel him from the valley?"

"There are several reasons which cause me to hesitate, Arthur. I learn from your journal that you are acquainted with the tender ties which at one time bound me to the mother of these young men. For her sake I would like to deal gently with them. There is, of course, a limit to endurance, and if I catch Philip at plots endangering the peace and safety of this colony, I shall no longer spare him. Our colony must, and surely will, soon be beset by perils of all kinds, and it would show a distrust in the stability of my own institutions if I timidly banished from our precincts every person suspected of harboring hostile designs against it. You see it is a kind of a test I am making, and, unless the serpent strikes a vital spot, we will give it a chance to play its forked tongue."

"But he may aim at your own safety, papa; yes threaten your life," Inez said anxiously.

"Nay, child, I give Philip credit for too much sagacity for such foolish attempts. By doing so he would only imperil his own life, without any chance of success whatever. Besides, heroic measures are not Philip's forte. If he can work out his plans by stealth and strategy, look out for him, for I think I do him no injustice by asserting that he would not stop short of any extremes to carry out his purposes. But let us drop this unpleasant subject and deliberate upon the best manner of introducing our boy to our community. Shall he appear as a new figure or step into the shoes of his unworthy predecessor?"

"These shoes are rather filthy, papa," Inez suggested, with evident disgust."

"That is true, child, but consider the talk and gossip the publication of the story in all its details would create. As far as gossiping is concerned, our colonists are but mortals, and there are enough amongst them who would not object to having our name subjected to a thorough washing in dirty water."

"But, papa, it is hardly fair that the innocent should suffer for the guilty."

This shot came home, for Herbert winced a little under it, and was on the point of surrendering unconditionally when Arthur said:

"Please give me the outlines of the case in question. If I can

do anything to save annoyance, rest assured that I shall consider it my privilege to make any sacrifice in your behalf."

Herbert looked affectionately at the young man, and said:

"The fact is, the people of Friedensthal need not know of the existence of two Arthur Grau's, as your namesake is not at all calculated to increase the reputation of the family. Your cousin's reputation is not the very best, in spite of his short sojourn among us, and I fully agree with Inez that we have not the right of making you the scape-goat of another's iniquities. So I shall prepare a short notice for the evening papers and inform our public of all they ought to know."

He was on the point of rising when Arthur interrupted him, saying:

"One moment father. Would it not, after all, be best to hide this unpleasant matter from the public, unless absolute necessity compels us to disclose it? For my part, I am perfectly willing to assume this inheritance. I think it will not take me long to change the current of public opinion, even if to accomplish it I should have to aspire to angelic goodness for a while."

A thankful look from Inez's fair eyes rewarded him for his readiness for sacrifice, if such it may be called.

"You are very good my boy, to thus smooth our way at your expense, and I accept your suggestion, on condition that I am to be permitted to set the public right in case the result prove different from what you expect. And, now, my boy, get well as fast as you can; there is lots of pleasure in store for you, and work too, for that matter."

"I am ready for both," Arthur replied with a laugh.

CHAPTER XVII.

EDEN.

The first week of Arthur's sojourn in Friedensthal had scarcely *closed, when* Herbert removed all restrictions from his diet as well

as his movements; enjoining of course, only proper prudence in their exercise. As he was yet too weak for work, pleasure, unadulterated, was on the tapis. If ever the story of Eden was verified, it was then enacted in Friedensthal. Arthur floated as it were in a sea of intoxication. The new, delicious, sensations which had captivated his heart, gave to everything he did a double charm. The valley was, as we know, full of beauties, but to none did they appear so captivating as to the young man, when at Inez's side, he rolled in a carriage through the fields just then clothed in the new garments of spring. At other times Herbert undertook with him excursions to various parts of the valley, and it is hard to say which was the happier of the two on such occasions. Philip had also manifested a lively interest, but it was based on sordid egotism, and the recognition of this fact destroyed naturally the pleasure of the guide. Here, at last, was the proper appreciation, coupled with an enthusiasm ready to enter upon the slightest suggestion. When Herbert spoke of the trouble which the presence of water in the various mines continually gave them, Arthur was ready with a remedy which the latest discoveries in the province of mining had provided. When Herbert pointed to the fine herds of cattle and expressed his fears of the want of a market in case of too rapid an increase, Arthur suggested the erection of establishments which would reduce the surplus meat to extract, which could be easily shipped and finds a ready market everywhere. When Herbert deplored the scarcity of rags for the manufacture of paper, Arthur pointed to a plant growing in great profusion along the hedges, offering an excellent substitute for rags for the manufacture of all kinds and grades of paper. This time there was no lack of knowledge, and when Herbert asked for this or that modern way of preparing an article, the information was given with a readiness and, withal, a modesty captivating Herbert's heart and making the youth dearer to him every moment. At first the excursions were confined to the immediate vicinity, and the city received the lion's share.

The institutions of art and learning were visited, one after another. There was at Montezuma a university of respectable size and ability. Only the mere speculative branches of science were not represented.

"Philosophy is a luxury which only idlers can afford," Herbert said, "and we, for our part, have no idlers. What is the use of idle speculations, based on premises incapable of withstanding the slightest onset of reason? The study of philosophy has been actually injurious to the people; turning their minds from real things and enabling their rulers to deprive them for centuries of the substantial gifts and rights inherent to their birth. It is all we can do to prepare ourselves for the duties of this life, and all speculations tending to alienate us from executing these duties are injurious."

The University building is situated on the central square. It belongs to the community; its professors are well paid, and receive a pension when sickness or old age prevents them from attending to the execution of their functions.

"Is this practice carried out in all public departments?" Arthur inquired.

"Certainly; else, how could we expect honest and efficient officials? When a man devotes the best years of his life to the service of the community is it not only simple justice that the community in turn should take care of him for the rest of his days?"

"Then you do not follow the practice of the United States, which generally change their public servants with their administrations?"

"Indeed, we are not oblivious to our best interests; but I must not forget to tell you that we pursue a very different course in filling our offices. I shall take you soon into our public schools which, I flatter myself, compare favorably with the best in the world. At the end of every year there is an examination, not a sham one, understand, at which teacher and pupils play a question and answer game, but one which will bring out the scholarship of the student. Those that pass satisfactorily are promoted to a higher grade, thus rising from step to step until they reach the pinnacle. From the common schools they advance to the high school, from the high school to the university, and it is only those who have gone through the entire course that are entitled to fill our offices."

"But does such a course not exclude the poor, who are not

capable of giving their children the advantages of a finished education?"

"When you know us and our institutions better, you will cease to judge us capable of such injustice. The entire course of education is not only free for everybody, but compulsory to all."

"But, Uncle, not all are cut out for scholars."

"Certainly not; but all are capable of reaching a certain proficiency, and this proficiency we compell everyone to acquire. A pupil must try his very best before he is allowed to give up. In this way we do not merely lift our next generation gradually to a higher level, but prevent that dangerous dissatisfaction of able but poor persons who are condemned to the drudgeries of life while really capable of proforming the highest functions. Our hewers of wood, our diggers are contented with their fate, for they have had the same chance with the rest and convinced themselves that they are unfit for anything higher. Add to that the fact that they are well paid for their labor, and you will not wonder that you do not find amongst us those dissatisfied grumblers with which the world, elsewhere, swarms."

"Oh, what a generous way of educating a nation!"

"Nay, my son, not generous, but merely just and prudent. We go a step further, and educate the body as well. Here everybody is fortunately able to supply his family with an abundance of nutritious food, and we have thus far not found it necessary to feed the children at the public expense; but there is a provision for that nevertheless, and justly so. The community facilitates marriages to secure its own continuance, and is therefore not only entitled to provide for the sustenance of the offsprings, but even justified in superintending their physical education. We compell our children to submit to a thorough training in gymnastics, and even restrict their diet in the manner yours was restricted."

"For which I shall be grateful to my dying day. And you encounter no opposition?"

"Philip asked me the same question. We find not only no opposition but the majority of our families have entirely abandoned the use of articles of food which they have learned to be injurious. But I am tiring you with my dry expositions."

"How can you think so? I long impatiently for the moment

when you will permit me to see more deeply into all these things, and actively participate in your glorious work."

"I trust you will be able to begin before long; for the present you must think of nothing but getting strong."

From the university building they went to the Polytecnical School. Here Artur found nothing especially novel, thanks to his mode of education. We know that Anton Stamm had combined practice with theory, by causing Arthur to build or at least work the machinery whose theory he had been taught. The same plan of education was here carried out on a grand scale. A large machine shop was connected with the school, and no day was allowed to pass by without the execution of some practical work on the part of the students.

From the Polytecnicum they proceeded to the school of Fine Arts, where a considerable number of students of both sexes were drawing, modeling, painting and sculpturing.

"And this tuition is also gratis?" Arthur asked admiringly.

"Yes, but only conditionally. To be admitted to these rooms, the student must have passed the lower schools, or bring at least a certificate of proficiency from one of the professors of the Institute. This provision was necessary to save the teachers from the throng that would crowd in and waste not only good paint and canvas, but what would be worse, the time of the instructors. As it is, no one is admitted who does not bring the proficiency necessary to insure progress. I have no doubt that you have seen enough of the daubs of amateur artists, to know what a bore they are to the teacher who is unfortunate enough to be obliged to attend to their correction."

Arthur confessed, with a laugh, that he had seen teachers become half frantic under such tortures.

The afternoon was too far spent to visit the public schools, as Herbert had planned. So they returned to the Villa, where Inez received them with a smile which, in Arthur's opinion, fully compensated him for the disappearance of the rays of the setting sun. After supper Herbert said:

"To-night they will give Wagner's "Lohengrin" at the Opera *House. I think* we ought to go and see whether Arthur will be as

much suprised as Philip was on his first visit to that place of recreation."

"I would wager a large sum on that, if I had it," said Philip, who could not complain of any neglect on the part of the circle, though he was not in harmony with their views and feelings; "I tell you Arthur," he said; "I was completely dazzled at the sight of so much splendor and excellence displayed though I have witnessed the performances of the leading stages of Europe. You will find it a repetition of a scene from The Arabian Nights."

"You must not cause him to expect too much, Philip; but if we are to go, we may as well get ready, for the performance begins at eight. It is seven now, and we Montezumians are not fashionable enough to disturb the audience after the beginning of the play."

The others took the hint, and fifteen minutes afterwards the company boarded one of the street cars, which took them to the central part of the city where the opera house was situated. The fine building was brilliantly illuminated, and a gay throng crowded into the wide passage leading to the interior. We have said on a former occasion that Herbert could not show himself in public without receiving on all sides an ovation of respect and affection. Now, as usual, greetings were showered upon him by old and young. One might have taken him for a prince, receiving homage of the people; only, in this instance, the respect was free from servility, and the affection free from awe. They bought tickets for the parterre, and the brilliant scene which burst upon Arthur on entering the auditory was so dazzling that he would hardly trust his senses. There was nothing gaudy or overladen in this splendor, and everything showed a solidity of refinement and elegance, speaking well for the taste of the designers. The galleries were so arranged as to allow a clear view from all parts of the house. The audience was large, and compared favorably with any Arthur had ever seen. Herbert aimed, as we know, at a reform in dressing, and although it would probably have been beyond human power to repress altogether the desire of these fair damsels to outshine one another, there was, on the whole, no foolish display of dress and jewelry. Inez set her sisters a good example in this respect, but if you had asked the opinion of Arthur he would unhesitatingly have taken

a solemn oath that she looked more charming in her simple white lawn dress than the most gorgeous princess, decked with precious stones.

Shortly after the arrival of our friends the orchestra began tuning their instruments, and then commenced to play the overture of an opera which, like all the compositions of Richard Wagner, has been lauded to the skies by his admirers and utterly condemned by his adversaries. It is not our province to criticise his music at this place, for we merely accompanied the party to see how Arthur was impressed by the musical propensities of the people of Montezuma. But if we abstain from criticising the composer, we do not hesitate to take that liberty in regard to the performance, and must confess that it reflected the highest credit upon the actors as well as the musicians. We know Arthur to be somewhat of a musician himself, and the enthusiasm with which he afterwards spoke of the merits of both singers and players, induced us to believe them to be of no low order. Indeed, the impression which he took home from that night's entertainment was so favorable and vivid that he was always ready to second the proposal of a visit to the theater. On the occasion of their next visit there was a comedy on the programme, written by a Friedensthal genius, as Inez told Arthur, half jestingly, half proudly, the sequel showing, however, that the latter sentiment was a perfectly legitimate one. The wit of the play was of the highest order, and the frequent bursts of laughter and enthusiastic applause with which it was received, spoke well for the intelligence of the Montezumians. On a third occasion our friends witnessed the performance of a classic drama. The house was packed, a circumstance not always noticed in the theaters of the cities of the East, where wretched conglomerations, which have no merits, but far-fetched and sickening sensation, form the attraction of the masses. The acting was as classic as the piece. Arthur was so well pleased with this temple of the Muses that he asked Herbert numerous questions concerning it. He learned that it, too, was an institution of the State, and under the surveillance of an officer appointed and paid for that purpose. Nothing vulgar or immoral was allowed on the stage.

"We consider the stage an institution of learning as well as en*tertainment,* and treat it accordingly. It must elevate, not lower

the people, and when a new piece is offered us, we take this maxim into consideration. You will witness more than one piece written by Montezumians, and if they are not the most superior, I can safely say that they are far from being the most inferior productions of the pen."

"And you pension old actors?"

"Of course, my boy, they devote their strength and talents to the public, and are therefore entitled to public assistance when infirmity renders them unfit for their work. I am sure that the very assurance of this assistance prolongs considerably the period of their usefulness."

When the inhabitants of the Villa did not visit the theater or other places of entertainment, they generally arranged little concerts at home. Arthur's skill on the violin and the piano became a source of endless pleasure. Never before had Inez enjoyed her own musical skill to such an extent. Not only did the duets with Arthur deepen her appreciation of the music they performed, but his knowledge of harmony gave her a deeper insight into music and opened beauties before unknown to her.

The chief source of delight for these young people, however, lay in the enjoyment of each other's company. Their tastes were so much alike; their aspirations so similar; their thoughts, purposes and wishes so nearly identical that a daily increasing affection and assimilation was not only natural, but really unavoidable. And yet the consciousness of their passion had not reached them, and they enjoyed each other's society with the harmlessness and vivacity of children. Herbert, however, had more experience, and the fact that he did not only not stop their increasing familiarity, but benignantly smiled his approval, is sufficient evidence that this dawning mutual affection had his full sanction, and, perhaps, anticipated his fondest wishes. When Arthur had recovered his full strength, the two exchanged roles, and Arthur became the protector, while Inez, of course, continued to act as a guide. Oh, these delightful rambles through field and forest. Sometimes they proceeded on foot, and on such occasions gathered beautiful flowers or rare herbs, with who sequalities Arthur was generally familiar, since botany had always been one of his favorite studies. Many of these plants he now met for the first time in their natural state, and the discovery of

one whose medicinal or other properties promised its future usefulness was always heralded with great jubilation, and shown to Herbert, who seemed to have become ten years younger since Arthur's arrival, and entered upon the sports of his favorites with an enthusiam quite remarkable for one of his years.

It did not take Arthur long to gain the good graces of the people of Montezuma, and, indeed, whole Friedensthal. It was a lucky circumstance that the first Arthur's phlegmatic nature had reduced his excursions to a minimum, limiting, as it were, the chances of the people to become intimately acquainted with him. Even the knowledge of the nearest neighbors was of a merely negative character, and when the true heir now appeared among them, displaying all the amiable traits of his noble nature, everybody wondered at his previous blindness, and congratulated Herbert on so desirable an acquisition to his family. When the excursions of the young people were extended to the mountains bounding the valley on both sides, they proceeded on horseback. Civility induced them to always offer an invitation to Philip, but it was rarely accepted, for such excursions always proved to be a source of great annoyance, not to say torture to him. He could not help seeing the growing affection of his cousins, and, thoughhis own heart was not greatly affected by this discovery, it threatened to interfere seriously with his plans, and therefore filled him with rage. Moreover, nothing was so well calculated to show to advantage the splendid physical training of Arthur as these very rides, and it was gall and wormwood to him to see the undisguised admiration with which Inez gazed upon the young man's horsemanship and the many acts of skill and daring he had the opportunity to perform. More than once this skill and prowess saved Inez from serious harm, and the gratitude which she felt could not help giving her feelings for him a deeper color.

The torture which Philip suffered under these circumstances became well-nigh unendurable, and made him exceedingly impatient at the tardiness with which his brother perfected the preparation for his departure. The truth is, this shallow young man was greatly flattered by the violent passion with which he had inspired Clara, and as her training and fiery disposition induced her to gratify his low animal appetite, he felt quite contented with his solitude, enliv-

ened as it was by numerous visits which the imprudent gir managed to pay him. Thus it was that he paid little or no attention to his brother's urgent summons to depart. Philip was afraid to pay him a personal visit, knowing full well that he would not be able to take such a step without the knowledge of Huatle, whose watchful eyes he saw in his dreams fixed upon him. Oh, how he hated this Indian. How he hated the whole family of the Villa. Indeed, nothing but the prospect of immense wealth, and recently the thirst for vengeance, could have induced him to remain another day in Montezuma. He knew that he need only give his brother an intimation of the nature of the feeling springing up in the hearts of Arthur and Inez to stir him from his sloth ; but he also knew that such a communication would produce an outburst of passion so violent as to take the management of affairs entirely from his hands, thus threatening to frustrate, with one blow, plans so carefully laid and so full of promise. He resolved to resort to such a disclosure only as a last expedient, not dreaming that the mad jealousy of a girl would start the ball whose rolling he had good reason to believe destructive.

About a week after the visit to the theater, Herbert told Arthur that he would make his customary monthly visit to the schools, and asked him whether he felt strong enough to accompany him.

"Mind," he said with a smile, "these young folks are very active, and may lead you quite a dance before you are through. They may want you to give them a proof of your skill as a gymnast, but I warn you to abstain from any violent exercise calculated to re-open your wounds."

Arthur promised to observe the proper discretion, and the two started. On entering the first school-room, Arthur could not help noticing the healthy appearance and general beauty of the children, and expressed his satisfaction to his companion.

"Yes, our little ones are very pretty, but the apparent mystery can be expressed in three little words. They are: "*Absence of want.*"

"Nothing mars human comliness so much as scanty or unwholesome food. The improvement is not so marked at once, but every generation tells, and if our prosperity continues, we will by and by

have perfect little cherubs. As to their healthfulness, we owe their comliness to the judicious treatment which they received at home and in school. We never keep them longer than four hours on their seats, the fifth and sixth hours being spent in physical exercises. Come, we are just in time to witness some of their gymnastics."

Leaving the building, they stepped upon a large lawn, which was provided with all kindsof apparatus, with plenty of room, however, for playing and running. No sooner had the children caught sight of their friend, than they raised a lusty universal shout, and rushed to him with an eagerness touching to behold. After the first storm of delight had abated a little, Herbert said to the children :

"My dear friends, this gentleman is my nephew, Arthur Grau, who has come to make your acquaintance, and to see whether you are really as clever and good as I have represented you to be. Do your very best now, and reflect credit upon yourselves and your teachers."

This was the signal for the commencement of the exercises, which were marked by great efficiency, but whose principal charm consisted in the earnestness with which all entered upon the work. Nor were the girls behind the boys. Their bloomer suits enabled them to move with great freedom, and in running, jumping and climbing they often outstripped the boys. The most charming part of the performance, in Arthur's opinion, was a kind of a dance which they all entered and which consisted in graceful movements around each other, describing a circle, and finally returning to the place whence they had started.

"Gracefulness is a great charm," said Herbert in explanation, "and we consider it our duty to develop all the grace with which nature has endowed the child."

" Returning to the school, Arthur noticed that the language of of one room was Spanish, that of a second English and that of the third German.

" Do you teach these three languages ?" he inquired.

" As you see," was the reply.

" But does not this combination confuse the children ?"

" No, Arthur ; I think not. It retards the acquisition of the three languages, but, at the same time, affords a mental discipline

which cannot be excelled. Speak to the children in either of these languages, or in all of them, and you will find them familiar with them and able to use them fluently."

Arthur saw that it was Herbert's wish for him to make the experiment, and he therefore obeyed. He told the children, who in this room averaged the age of fourteen, a story; first in German, then in English, and finally in Spanish. Then he asked them questions, skipping rapidly from one language to another. In vain; all his questions were answered readily and in expressions showing the pupils' perfect familiarity with the idioms. Arthur expressed his delight as well as surprise.

"There is nothing strange about it," Herbert said, with a smile. "You see we merely carry out the principle of combining practice and theory into execution. Every teacher wishing employment in our schools must be master of these three languages, and use a different one every day in regular rotation. The circumstance that our children hear these languages daily at home and in the streets, of course, facilitates our task, but we would, no doubt, be successful without it."

"Do you consider such an accomplishment of great value?"

"Certainly, Arthur. The material advantage in traffic and commerce is sufficiently great to pay for the trouble and expense; but the chief gain is a mental and moral one. By learning three languages, our children become cosmopolitan, a title higher in my estimation than that of German, Englishman or American. They do not feel and consider themselves specially bound to one nation, and are therefore able to rise more readily above any special national foible or weakness as long as the sentiment prevails which inculcates the sentiment. My native country first, whether right or wrong, to true cosmopolitans, in other words genuine philanthropists, will be a myth or fraud."

Again Arthur was impressed with the lofty standpoint which this remarkable man occupied. His efforts were not made in the interest of one tribe, or one race, or one continent; no, his aspirations embraced the entire globe, and were for that very reason considered visionary by so many, a circumstance at which we surely need not wonder. Can a little insect embrace in its view the mighty mountain on which it crawls?

After visiting the schools, Herbert took Arthur to the floating bath-house on the lake, where every child of the city has to learn swimming and pay daily visits between the age of eight and sixteen. Girls are not excepted, their bathing suits differing from those of the boys merely by an additional cap which protects their hair. Arthur inquired whether the teachers did not find it difficult to compel a regular attendance.

"No, indeed," Herbert replied with a laugh; "they are all so anxious to come that the deprival of a day's attendance is one of the most effectual punishments in the hands of the teachers."

"And do the children bathe at all seasons?"

"Yes, with the exception of December and January, which embrace the vacation of the swimming teachers, whose duties are quite arduous. But here they come—now look out for some fun."

Just then Arthur saw long strings of children approaching, all walking slowly, as they had been warned not to overheat themselves and knew, moreover, that they would not be allowed to indulge in their favorite pastime if they presented a flushed appearance. There was a separate house for each sex, and the buildings were very large, to accommodate all the children, who numbered fully four thousand. The smaller ones were under the strict supervision of the teachers and not permitted to go beyond certain limits; but the older and more expert swimmers had the freedom of the lake, the girls venturing as far as the boys, whom, indeed, they equaled in strength and skill. On the ringing of a bell all had to retire from the water, which they did with a good enough grace, verifying the axiom that the freest are always the readiest observers of the law. Arthur repeatedly expressed his admiration for this bathing institute, and vowed that he would make it a point to assist in superintending and furthering so salutary an establishment.

On the way home Herbert pointed out to him the large and comfortable places serving as kindergartens.

"To me it is a source of the keenest pleasure," he said, "to witness the enjoyment of the happy little ones gathered there; for sport and nothing but sport it must appear to them, else the kindergarten becomes a curse instead of a blessing. I often spend a whole *morning there,* and I wager there is not a shaver in the city over

four years who does not know me. Do you see the wing added to this school? Well it contains the workshop which is, indeed, a feature of every public school in the city. There the boys are taught the use of all kinds of tools and the use of both hands indiscriminately. It is, in my opinion, a great mistake to skill one hand at the expense and total neglect of the other, when it is so easy to make them both equally expert by a little attention in season. But here is the Villa. If your appetite is as keen as mine, there will be a famine in the valley sure."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A CONSTITUTION.

Pleasure is good enough if there is not too much of it. Hardly had Arthur been four weeks at Montezuma, and felt his old strength returning, when he told Herbert that his loafing days were over and that he must have something to do to feel that he was earning his board. This was said playfully, of course, but there was an undercurrent of earnestness about it which showed that Arthur was in earnest, and really anxious to do what work he could to lighten the burden of a man who had done so much for him, and evidently stood in sore need of assistance. Herbert, however, thought best to prolong his rest a little, and therefore said:

"How would it be if I gave you a little insight into the working of our machinery before putting you at the helm? I am sure Philip and Inez would be patient, if not appreciative listeners and pardon us for robbing them of a few hours, even if taxed to the limit of endurance."

"Papa is only joking," said Inez, smiling; "he knows too well how deep an interest I take in such matters not to be delighted at an opportunity to hear them discussed."

"And as for me," Philip remarked, with the politeness of the man of the world; "my tastes are not to be considered. In this instance, however, I am with the majority; for although I may

differ with uncle Herbert in his social and political views, and may even take the liberty of arguing with him when the opportunity offers, I am too much delighted at the ingenuity of his ideas to lose a chance of listening to them."

"Very politely framed," Herbert said with a bow. "Well, Arthur, it seems, the coast is clear and I may as well benefit by this favorable opportunity to place my guns into position and fire away. To begin then, in my opinion, the entire system of taxation hitherto practiced is fundamentally wrong, as all governments, without exception, tax the industry of their people, thereby putting a premium upon idleness, alias, speculation, alias, robbery."

"Here I might interpose an objection," said Philip; "but prefer to wait for a further development of this strange hypothesis."

"It is coming," Herbert said, with a smile. "You and I buy each a city lot which join and possess equal value. You let your lot lie for mere speculation while I go to work, fence and cultivate it, erect buildings, in short, develop all its natural resources and advantages. Your other neighbors follow my example and, by our united efforts, we turn a mere cow-pasture into a thriving place. You alone continue to hold your lot for speculation, and the unjust government continues to tax your lot for cow-pasture while we had no sooner put up our fences than we were taxed for our improvements. Our taxes continue to increase with our improvements, which added to the value of your lot without any effort whatever on your part. If that is not the quintessence of injustice I don't know what is."

"I admit that sounds plausible; but if you are right all speculation is wrong."

"And so it is, undoubtedly. It is only a pretty name for legalized robbery."

"That is a strong term."

"But a just one."

"Ought not prudence and forethought be rewarded?"

"Not at the expense of justice. It is the province of society to protect the feeble against the usurpations of what we are pleased to call the shrewd, but which, in reality, we ought to call the grasping and aggressive."

"But where is the remedy?"

"In the declaration and adoption of the principle that land is common and not individual property, and ought alone to bear the brunt of taxation. Taxing personal property is taxing industry, and putting a premium upon speculation which, in my opinion, ought to be branded as an infamous imposition by a few upon the massess."

"But that would be an injustice to large land owners."

"There ought to be no land-owners at all. Let each have as much of the common property as he needs, but let him pay a good round sum for the use of it; then there would be room for all of us on this globe and there could not be such anomalies as, for instance, in England, where the entire land is owned by the ridiculously small minority of a few thousands."

"And this theory is carried out in Friedensthal?"

"It will be in a short time. As yet, I own all the land of the valley, but in a few months we shall celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of this colony, and on that day I shall deed the land for ever in fee simple to the commonwealth; *i. e.*, the people."

How different were the feelings of the three persons listening to these words. Inez, the most directly concerned in the transaction, listened with an indifference concerning the great sacrifice involved truly grand, although it must be taken into consideration that habit prevented her from feeling the sacrifice. In Arthur's breast there was nothing but unmixed admiration for the magnanimity capable of conceiving and carrying out such an unselfish project. In Philip, finally there was a mixture of contempt and pity at what he considered puerile, or rather senile, sentimentality. Never before had this grand possession appeared so desirable to him, and never before had his determination of preventing such folly at all hazards been so strong. But he had no time to follow his thoughts, for Herbert resumed:

"There are twelve thousand farms of fifty acres each in the valley, paying an average of one dollar per acre, yielding an annual revenue of $600,000.

"Montezuma pays $400,000 on her forty thousand lots, the other towns and villages the same sum, making $1,400,000 from the land. The railroad yields a net revenue of $100,000, and

from the mines we realize $500,000 more, making a grand total of $2,000,000, which sum covers not only all ordinary expenditures, but even leaves us a small surplus."

"I should have thought the railroad would yield a larger revenue; there is a great deal of trafic, and the passenger trains are almost always well filled."

"Yes, I have no doubt a New York syndicate could grind a million out of it; but we pay our railroad officials living wages, and carry passengers and freight at the lowest rates possible; hence the difference."

"You forget the sinking fund for the benefit of old and crippled railroaders, papa."

"To be sure, child. Well, that alone takes about $50,000 annually, but the community owns the road; so, what is the use to rob Peter to pay Paul?"

"Who owns the street-cars, father?" Arthur inquired.

"The Commonwealth, *i. e.* not the city but the entire population of the Valley. They also own the banks."

"You do not coin your own money?"

"No, for the sake of convenience and on account of our foreign trade we use the coinage of Mexico and the United States of North America, which are identical, you know."

"And how large is your circulating medium, Uncle?"

"About $10,000,000, I should say. Of course the sum fluctuates in proportion to our greater or smaller indebtedness to foreign parties, although our exports fortunately exceed our imports slightly."

"What do you export, father?"

"A variety of articles, the principal ones being raisins of a superior quality, hides, corned beef, silk (raw and manufactured), machines, agricultural implements," etc.

"And where is your market, Uncle?"

"Principally in Mexico; but we also ship to Central America and California. We would trade more with the latter country, but their absurd tariff debars us."

"How so absurd, Uncle? Do you not deem it proper to protect the industries of a country?"

"It is not a question of propriety, but of profit, Philip."

"But who mediates your commerce, father?"

"We have several steamers on the seas. One of them makes one or two annual voyages to European ports; a second one plies between here and San Francisco, bringing and taking our mail, and a third and last one mediates our trade with Mexico and Central America."

"And is the Rio Frio navigable for ocean steamers?"

"Yes, for the first twenty miles, which is all we need,"

"Strange that I have never noticed their arrival or departure?"

"Not so strange when you consider that Montezuma is seventy miles from the coast, and that these vessels universally arrive and depart in the night."

"But you surely have nothing to hide or fear, Uncle?"

"No, Philip; but there are always idlers who make it their business to attend to things that don't concern them, and it does not suit us just at present, and will, in fact, not suit us for a while to have such fellows meddle with our affairs."

"But, father, I am sure the Mexican Government knows of you? You could surely not hide a settlement of a hundred thousand souls so effectually that they could not discover it if they wanted to?"

"I give you credit for such shrewd observation, Arthur. You are right. The Mexican Government knows of me and my doings. I have, indeed, warm friends amongst the highest officials, and pay annually a considerable sum into the treasury, but they know I do not wish to be noticed, and so they do not notice me."

"You surely have a legislative body, Uncle?"

"Yes a council of ten; one councilor for every ten thousand inhabitants."

"Have you no President?"

"I have been a kind of President thus far, but shall abdicate as soon as the constitution is adopted by the people."

"And when will that be?"

"The day before the twenty-fifth anniversary. The people will then elect their regular President."

"What about your judicial system, Uncle?"

"We have two common judges here in Montezuma, one in Ironton and a fourth one in Enterprise. From these judges there is an

appeal to the Supreme Court, consisting of the four judges mentioned and a presiding judge, who resides in Montezuma.

"And these five judges are able to transact the legal business of the entire valley?"

"Yes, sir; and I am sure they have easy times of it. You must remember that all our relations are so simple as to cause little or no litigation.

"And the criminal cases?"

"Are equally rare. We have never yet pronounced sentence of death, but in extreme cases inflicted banishment from the valley, which they probably fear more than death."

"You spoke of banks, father. Is there a fixed rate of interest here?"

"Yes, the legal rate is two per cent."

"Two per cent., Uncle? Why at that rate a fellow must be rich to live comfortably on his interest?"

"Correct, Philip; fortunately we have not a single one of such leeches here. It was for the very purpose of preventing the growth of such fungi that the interest was fixed so low."

"At that rate you will never get foreign capital to seek investment here."

"It is welcome to stay away. Strong arms and willing hands are always welcome, provided they are willing to submit to the will of the majority, but, as to capital as such, the least we have of it the better we shall fare."

"One more question, Uncle, if you please. I heard some one say, the other day, that there was little or no trouble to get a divorce here. Do you deem it wise to facilitate such steps?"

"Yes, sir; when the bond of matrimony has become a glaring lie it is by far better that the contractants should part than continue to forswear themselves; but, while we facilitate divorces in cases of utter lack of congeniality, we guard against the hasty and wanton formation of the marriage tie."

"But, by so doing, you also place an impediment in the way to increase and perpetuation."

"No, we do not impede the consummation of marriages, but prevent a hasty and inconsiderate utterance of the vow. When a couple want to marry they have to make their betrothal known

a year before the marriage ceremony is performed, thus forcing them to become well acquainted with each other before binding themselves for life. At the same time, while facilitating divorces, we make them undesirable by forbiding a new marriage of the separating parties for the term of five years.'"

"That may prove very hard under circumstances."

"It may, and we therefore give our supreme court discretionary power in such cases."

Arthur had listened with such absorbing interest that he had abstained from asking any questions. When Herbert had finished he said:

"I thank you very much for your interesting expositions. You have thrown light upon many things that were dark to me. I feel intuitively that you are right, and, if the wonderful prosperity of Friedensthal is taken as a criterion, as, in my opinion, it ought to be, your principle must be right. I now long more than ever to participate in the running of this grand machinery, and beg you earnestly to give me active employment."

"Very well, my boy; but to get the employment in Friedensthal, you will have to pass our customary State examination. You perceive it would not do to ask exemption from obligations binding others, for such a step would justly provoke the cry of partiality and, what would be even worse, subject you to the imputation of ignorance and inability."

"You are perfectly correct, father, and I beg you to take the necessary steps without delay."

Thus this lesson in statesmanship was closed, and the party retired to their respective rooms. The next morning Herbert notified the board of examiners of Arthur's desire to be examined in chemistry, mining and engineering, and on the day following the ordeal took place. It was by no means a sham examination but made even more than commonly severe, by Herbert's wish, in order to afford Arthur an opportunity to show the thoroughness of his acquirements. The result showed the wisdom of his course. Never before had such a brilliant examination occured in Montezuma. The papers spoke of it in glowing terms, and the president of the board could not forbear from calling upon Herbert and congratulating him warmly upon his nephew's success. This finished

the young man's conquest of the people of Friedensthal, and when he, a little later, received the appointment of Superintendent of all the mines in the valley, with a salary proportionate to his work and duties, there was not a person in the colony who did not heartily concur in the appointment; excepting, of course, Philip and his brother, who both nurtured their wrath and continued plotting against a community whose florishing condition spoke for the excellence of its institutions, and whose continuence was, therefore, devoutly to be hoped and wished for by all sincere friends of humanity. But what does sordid egotism or groveling lust care for humanity? They use the race as the toper uses the lemon, squeezing out the juice and then throwing away the worthless pulp.

Meanwhile, it is time for us to go and see how the hermit, against his will, has fared in the mine. For that purpose we join Clara one Saturday evening as she wends her way to Carlos' farm, and, after spending the night stealthily in the hay-loft, proceeds to to the old mine. On reaching it she puts her basket down and goes in search of her husband, for as such she considers him, and such she calls him in addressing him. He is not far, and with a cry of joy, she rushes into his arms. He is really fond of her in his way, but his affection partakes more of the fondness of a master for a faithful mastiff than that of a husband for his wife. He returned her caresses in a languid way, asking for the news of the town and at the same time cursing the solitude of his residence and the necessity which keeps him there.

"But why not return, my Arturo?" she said tenderly. "I am sure father Herbert would forgive all past offenses, and give you a situation which would support you and me. Oh, Arturo, do return, for I shall soon be unable to hide my love from the eyes of the world, and then what will become of me?"

He stared gloomily into the vacant air, but made no reply.

"Donna Inez will put in a good word for us," she continued, "and so will Don Arturo, your cousin, who is really an excellent young man. He has received a great office now, and I should not wonder if he and my misstress would soon be a pair."

He started as if stung by an adder, and, pushing her rudely aside, said savagely: "What did you say? Soon be a pair? Not *if this* hand does not forget its cunning,"

"How rude you are! And I see your professions of love are only sham. I am good enough to gratify your passion, but your thoughts still dwell with my mistress. How wretched I am! but I shall have my revenge. I am going to kill her and then myself, to end a life which has no longer a charm for me."

Her passionate words brought him back to his senses. He drew her back to his arms and said soothingly:

"Clara, do not talk so wildly and foolishly. Who cares for her? Only I do not want this upstart to have her. You say he has a fat office."

"Yes, he passed a splendid examination, they say, and shortly after was appointed superintendent of the mines, at a large salary."

"And—and—they—they look sweetly at each other, do they?"

"Yes, they do, innocent like, you know. I don't think he has spoken to her as yet, but I shouldn't wonder if he soon would."

He had to make a great effort not to repeat the former scene, but at last succeeded.

"Did you bring me the rum?" he asked gruffly.

"Yes, dear, but the cigars I could not get. There is not another box left in the city, they say."

"He replied with a curse, and eagerly swallowed a large dram of the strong liquor she had brought him. This seemed to soothe him, for he became more social, and listened patiently to her rambling remarks, although he could not force himself to participate much in the conversation. She made repeated efforts during the day to persuade him to throw himself on the mercy of his uncle, but could not get anything but the vague promise that he would think of the matter and let her know on the occasion of her next visit. The poor girl was evidently down-hearted, and left towards evening with scalding tears in her eyes. She had scarcely disappeared, when he also took his departure, taking care not to betray his steps to her.

On reaching Carlos' farm, he entered the arbor where we have met him so often and, sitting down, abandoned himself to his thoughts. They were not of the most pleasant kind. His rash venture had not panned out very well up to this time. The love for his cousin had only been a source of grief and vexation, and would bring more grief and vexation in the future. But of one

thing he felt sure; if he was not to call the girl his own nobody else should; least of all this interloper, who had come to win. He was now determined to act upon his brother's advice and enter into his scheme; but before doing so he would settle his account with his rival. It was now about nine o'clock, and the inmates of the farm-house were likely in bed. Nevertheless he determined to make an attempt to speak with Carlos. Of the dog he had no fears. He had been so often at the farm that the dog had become accustomed, if not friendly to him. It was a moonlight night; cautiously he approached the house, until the savage growl of Pluto arrested his steps.

"Here Pluto," he said, soothingly; and his words had the desired effect, for the dog ceased growling, and, after a last dissatisfied grunt, retired to his kennel. There was light in the house yet, and, on getting a little nearer, the bandit heard voices and laughter. "They must have visitors," he muttered; "that is fortunate, for it would have greatly discommoded me not to speak with him to-night. But I shall have to wait until they leave."

He retired into the shade of a building, and had the satisfaction of hearing the party breaking up soon after. The host accompanied the visitors to the main road, and was not a little startled when the bandit intercepted him on his return.

"But this is reckless, Captain," he said with a frown. "Do you know that I have good reasons for believing that Father Grayo suspects our intimacy?"

"Well, let him suspect, then. I am going to leave the valley in a week or two, and meanwhile you must manage to hide me at the farm. During the day I can stay in the arbor, for no one thinks of searching for me, and during the night I can crawl into the hay loft, unless Dame Marguerita prefers to accommodate me with one of her good beds, which I think she would be glad to do."

Carlos observed a dogged silence, until the bandit at length compelled him to speak, by saying sharply:

"Well, am I to have no answer? By St. Mercury, don't trifle with me, for I am not in the mood to stand any nonsense."

"You say you are going to leave soon?" Carlos now inquired.

"I do say so; but don't you make any attempts to hurry my

movements, my good friend, or you might find such a task unprofitable."

Never before had the farmer seen his old associate so surly. He felt instinctively that a little more provocation would bring on a crisis in which he would fare badly, whatever the result might be to the other, so he said :

"Well, Captain, have your own way ; but don't blame me if you come to harm. Come with me ; there is a little room over the stable with a bed in it ; there you can rest well enough."

He led the way and conducted the bandit to a small apartment, scantily furnished, but comfortable enough to pass a few nights in.

"I must not tarry," he said, "else Marguerita will wonder at my absence and ply me with questions. I shall manage in some way to supply you with meals to-morrow. If they fall short of your expectations, do not blame my good will, but circumstances over which I have no control. Good night, Captain."

Next morning he appeared early, carrying a basket with victuals and a small can with coffee.

"I have to disturb you early, Captain," he said ; "at a later hour Marguerita would have discovered my movements. I wish you a very good appetite."

With that he was off again. The bandit breakfasted as well he could under the circumstances, and then slipped unseen to his favorite resort—the arbor. True, he could not indulge in the luxury of a cigar, but Carlos had furnished him with his favorite beverage, of which he imbibed more freely than ever. Drinking and musing he spent a couple of hours, and was on the point of yielding to the drowsiness produced by his potations, when he suddenly heard the clatter of hoofs on the near highway, and, on looking through the foliage, discovered the very persons that had engaged his undivided thoughts for the past hours. They were not more than thirty paces away, and Arthur could distinctly hear their merry laughter and plainly see their faces. Something like a blind frenzy took hold of him, causing him to shake with fury. He felt like rushing forth and slaying them both on the spot, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he succeeded in resisting this mad impulse. They passed at a rapid canter, and soon entered the woods, the bandit staring at the spot where they disappeared.

"The devil may stand this much longer," he growled; "I, for my part, can't."

"I shall watch him to find his favorite haunts, and then tackle and crush the life out of him. Wait, my fine fellow, when you feel my grip you will understand that there is quite a difference between making love to a pretty girl and fighting an enraged foe in mortal combat; for, mind you, one of us will remain on the battlefield. I might blow your brains out with a pistol shot; but there is a foolish remnant of chivalry, perhaps honor, left in me which makes me shrink from such a thought; but I'll nevertheless make sure of you, and drink your life's blood with a gusto."

CHAPTER XIX.

"DER WINDERSCHOENE MONAT MAI."

"That means in English: "The wondrously beautiful month of May." And wondrously beautiful, indeed, it is; but not in the United States, where it would surely not inspire poets to singing praise. In Friedensthal it comes somewhat nearer to the charms which have inspired the bards of all ages, though in that low latitude it has lost the freshness forming its principal attraction. Thanks to the judicious arrangements of Herbert, however, the abundant supply of water kept the grass green and the foliage fresh, so that the eye might well reveal the picture of luxuriance which the entire valley presented. Arthur had wondered at this seemingly inexhaustible supply of an element generally too scarce in the tropics until he had seen the measures which Herbert had taken to husband it. It is not the want of water which generally makes the tropics so arid, but the rare intervals at which the clouds open their flood-gates. When their rain falls it generally comes in mighty torrents, and the person who can manage to store up the surplus then, will secure a bountiful supply for the entire year. That Herbert had been able to accomplish, favored by the formations of the mountains. Just north of the valley, towering cliffs

surrounded a gigantic basin which slopes towards the south, and only needed a short wall to collect the rainfall of the mountains and the melting snow, covering the neighboring peaks to the depth of many feet. Similar gullies or ravines run at right angles with and between the knobs forming the side ranges, excellently adapted for and easily changed into reservoirs by the construction of strong though short dams or walls at the inside end. Benefiting by these natural advantages, Herbert had succeeded in storing an immense quantity of water, which did not only keep the river of the valley sufficiently high for the supply of water-power for the numerous industrial establishments on its banks, but also irrigated the fields and meadows and fed the numerous fountains which toned the heat of the tropical valley into that of the temperate zone.

Under these circumstances we may safely say that May possessed even in Fri densthal some of that magic intoxication of which the bards sing and which in Germany has earned it the name of "Wonnemonat," or "month of delight." But whether it was its magic influence which fanned the tender flame burning in the bosoms of our young friends, or the new-born love which lent this month its mystic witchery, it cannot be denied that the mutual attachment developed at a marvelous rate, threatening to burst before long the confines of the prison where it was born. Love lurked in their eyes, crept from the points of their fingers, and set hearts into such a tumultuous uproar that they resembled more the gigantic forges in which steel is hammered than the unpretentious and almost imperceptible organ sending lifeblood through our veins. This constant hammering was, perhaps, the first intimation which the young people received of the fact that there was something the matter with them. And the first consciousness of this fact drove wave after wave of burning glow into Inez's cheeks, especially when she found herself suddenly and unexpectedly in Arthur's presence. This glow was always sure to produce a reflection on the face of the young man. The conversation which, at first, had flowed as steadily and freely as the streamlets of the valley now became fitful and, at times, threatened to come to a perfect standstill. It is not in the nature of things that such state of affairs should continue very long, and hardly had Arthur gained a clear insight into the character of his feelings, when he told him-

self manliness demanded that he should make short work of it and speak the word which would decide his fate. But to form a resolution and to carry it into execution are two different things, and the young man would have rather once more faced a grizzly than stepped before this gentle creature and asked whether she would have him. It is the opportunity which has accomplished most heroic deeds, and it finally accomplished this one.

It was about the middle of May. Arthur's wound had fully healed and his former strength had completely returned. His position was by no means a sinecure, and occasional absences from the Villa were so frequent that the hours spent there in Inez's company assumed a double charm. Best of all, however, Arthur enjoyed the rambles he would make in her company through the neighboring fields and forest. As they were necessarily short, the pair went mostly on foot, Inez leaning on her companion's arm, feeling a trust in his honor and confidence in his strength, blissful in itself. On the particular afternoon of which we speak, the pair took the direction of Carlos' farm, little dreaming that by doing so they would rouse feelings of the fiercest kind in a human breast. Arthur had his botanizing box with him and, like busy bees they flitted from flower to flower, to extract, not the honey, but the various properties which might prove them to be useful in some department of industry. In doing so they wandered from the road and soon came to places where rocks and brambles called for the exercise of their gymnastic skill. Then it was that, jumping from rock to rock, Inez made a miscalculation and would have fallen if Arthur, who stood between, had not caught her in his arms. The impetus of the spring brought her close to his beating heart. He felt her warm breath on his brow, and would have been more than human if he had resisted the sudden impulse of clasping her to his heart with a fervor, leaving no doubt of the nature of his feelings. For a moment she felt like one stunned by the suddenness of the demonstration ; then a deep blush spread over her face and she made a feeble effort to extricate herself. In doing so, her eyes met his, and she read in them such a tale of fondness and devotion that her power of resistance vanished like the dewdrop before the burning sun. Yielding to an irresistable impulse, she flung her arms around his neck and, hiding her burning face on his shoulder, *whispered* : "Dear Arthur."

For a few moments the pair stood immovable, overpowered by feelings both so novel and potent. Then a sudden thought seemed to strike the girl, for she extricated herself with a strong effort and spoke merely one word, but a powerful word, indeed, for it blanched the cheek of the young man, and caused him to shrink back in dismay.

"*Bertha*!" was all she exclaimed.

It certainly staggered him for a moment, and created the sensation as if cold water had been poured down his back; but he was not very long in regaining his composure.

"Never mind Bertha!" he exclaimed energetically; "I did not know what I was doing when I gave the promise to marry her. It would be perjury to wed her with this new feeling in my heart; she will listen to reason, and release me. Oh, Inez, how I love you, and how happy the conciousness of your love makes me!" He held her hands while speaking, and, shy though the remembrance of his engagement to Bertha had made her, she did not find it in her heart to withdraw them.

"Yes, Arthur," she said gently, "I do love you; it would be useless to deny it to you and to myself; but while thus bound to somebody else it would be wrong to allow these feelings free play. Come, let us go home and confide our trouble to father. He will tell us what is right, and to his decision I will submit without a murmur."

A shadow passed over his features, but he obeyed and, relinquishing her hands, said with a sigh:

"Be it as you wish Inez. I would not have it said that you surpassed me in fortitude; but this I tell you; all the Bertha's in the world shall not succeed in forcing me to give you up."

Thus they turned their steps homeward, inexpressibly happy in consciousness of their mutual love, and yet saddened by the unfortunate vow binding Arthur's hands. On reaching home, they went directly to Herbert's office, where they found him reading some official papers, submitted to his inspection. He saw at once that something serious had happened, although he had failed to divine the true nature of the trouble.

"Why, what is the matter, children?" he inquired; "have you been at a funeral, or has an old woman crossed your path?"

"Neither, Papa," Inez said, throwing herself affectionately into his arms; "We have —— Arthur has ——"

"Has what?" he inquired; the truth beginning to dawn upon him.

"Has told me that he loves me;" she finished with a mighty effort.

"Well, I do not see anything in that to cause such solemn faces. Did you tell him you did not want him?"

"No father, I did not, for I love him dearly in return; but —"

"But what? I must confess I see no great cause for misery in these facts."

"But, Bertha," was all she could ejaculate.

"Oh, yes, I recollect," Herbert now exclaimed. "That is indeed a serious obstacle in the way. I, for one, do not regard such matters lightly, but the circumstances connected with this engagement are such as to make the avowal of his affection to you quite excusable. He would wrong Bertha deeply if, with such feelings for you, he would offer her his hand in marriage."

"Oh, I thank you, father, for thus coming to my aid," Arthur exclaimed.

"No thanks, my boy. I must tell you that a union of you two has always been a favorite idea of mine, and that Friend Stamm really overstepped his authority in furthering a marriage with his niece. He meant well, though, and, in consideration of the great service he has rendered both you and me, we may readily overlook this attempt to bridge a vexing dilemma. As to the girl, I think I read her character plainly. It was money considerations which induced her to assent to the stipulation of the testament, and money considerations will, no doubt, induce her to release you. Fortunately Anton Stamm facilitated an arrangement by making the estate over to me, and I shall take without delay the necessary steps to convey it back to her on condition that she releases you from your obligation."

"Oh, father," the happy couple cried as with one voice, grasping his hands and holding them affectionately. He looked fully as happy as they, as he resumed:

"I am sorry to say that I do not entertain the very highest *opinion of this girl,* who is certainly mercenary, if nothing worse.

I feel also pretty sure that she has lost her heart on this Philip, and that any one giving her a clue to his whereabouts would secure her everlasting gratitude."

"And we have your full sanction to our union, father?" Arthur exclaimed jubilantly.

"So much so," he replied with a happy smile; "that if you wish it I shall publish your betrothal in to-morrow's papers. You remember that our laws demand such a step."

"Publish it to-night, father, publish it to-night," the young man cried in ecstacies. Then drawing Inez towards her father's knees, he said solemnly: "And now father give us your blessing."

Deeply moved, he laid his hands upon their heads and then, drawing them up, enclosed them in a fervent embrace.

"I have suffered much in my life," he said with tears in his eyes; "but this moment repays me richly for all. I trust that you will be spared the sad experience of my youth."

The radiant happiness lighting up the faces of our young friends, as they left the office, may perhaps be imagined, but less easily described. The same thing may be said of the happy days which followed. The announcement of their prospective union gave universal satisfaction, excepting to the two brothers. It was especially Arthur who, being more passionate and less given to self-control, received it with fearful outbursts of passion, unobserved by any witness, but none the less terrible on that account. He had been trying for weeks to meet his cousin alone and at a place where he could carry out unobserved his purpose of wreaking on him vengeance for daring to obtain a prize denied to him; and finally the very success of his rival gave him the opportunity wished for. The climax of happiness is apt to incline to solitude, to be alone with, and revel in, our bliss. So, one day, Arthur undertook a solitary ramble into the region which had witnessed the first avowal of his passion. He loitered in the vicinity with the consciousness of so great a happiness, and was at last on the point of wending his steps homeward, when a figure arose before him with a suddenness most startling. To heighten the effect of this unexpected apparition, Arthur recognized in the person his relative who, to his painful surprise, was under the influence of strong drink. There was, moreover, an ugly gleam in his eyes, forboding little good, and the

young man thought it prudent, therefore, to step back a step and thus avoid coming in contact with a man whose inebriated condition filled him with mingled pity and aversion. The other mistook this retrogressive movement for fear.

"Aha," he sneered, "the good little boy is scared. Well, Sonny, you have good reason to be, for if I allow you to leave this place alive, you will take with you so impressive a lesson that you will remember for the remainder of your days the danger of meddling in my affairs."

The pity which had at first filled the mind of our young friend vanished with these words, giving way to unalloyed contempt.

"You are drunk," he said with undisguised disgust, "and therefore not accountable for what you say. Step out of my way, for I have not the slightest inclination to bandy words with you."

These words acted upon the bandit as the spark does upon a cask of powder. Without a word in reply, he merely uttered a howl of rage, and cast himself upon the other with a vehemence which came well nigh upsetting him. He staggered and would perhaps have fallen if the drunkenness of the aggressor had not made the onset somewhat unsteady. This circumstance enabled him to regain his balance. He saw at once that this would be a struggle for life and that it would be necessary to husband his strength to resist a violence made doubly dangerous by fury. He felt that his adversary was more than commonly powerful and thanked his lucky stars that he had not been compelled to encounter him while enfeebled by his wound. But he had not much time to think of anything else but preparations for defense, for the enraged bandit pressed him with a persistency requiring all his strength and skill to parry. There was one circumstance in his favor, however. The fury of the bandit increased with every second, for he saw that his rival was not the weakling he had imagined, and that he would have to try his very best to overpower him. Rage, however, blinds and exhausts at the same time, and soon the bandit gasped for breath and the veins on his forehead stood out like whipcords. He writhed and twisted with the most astonishing agility and swiftness, and more than once the two combatants fell to the ground and rolled over one another like a pair of serpeants; but Arthur *always* managed to disengage himself and regain his footing, to be

soon once more entangled in a new onset of his foe. The fury of the struggle forbade in itself its long continuance, and the bandit, who probably foresaw his final defeat, forgot the compunctions of honor of which he had boasted in a former soliloquy. With a new howl of rage, he drew a huge dirk and made a savage lunge at our friend, which the latter avoided only with difficulty by springing aside. This treacherous trick, however, had the effect of rousing in turn his deepest indignation. Thus far he had contented himself with acting on the defensive; but the dastardly lunge with the knife showed him plainly that his adversary deserved no indulgence, and that a further consideration might endanger his own life. So, rushing upon the bandit, he struck him a powerful blow between the eyes, just as the latter was on the point of returning to the attack with the dangerous weapon. This blow had the desired effect as it was almost heavy enough to fell an ox, and did bring the bandit to the ground as if he had been a mere log. There he lay in utter unconsciousness while the victor bent over him, recovering his breath and ready to prevent a re-opening of the battle, if necessary. It was not. There the fellow lay like one dead, and for a minute Arthur thought he had killed him. But on a closer examination he found that he breathed and would soon recover from his swoon. As a measure of precaution Arthur took the knife from his clenched hand, and then calmly awaited his return to consciousness. Nor had he long to wait. A minute later the prostrate form gave decided signs of animation, and the bandit was on the point of rising to a sitting posture when the bushes in the neighborhood rustled and a new figure appeared on the scene. It was Herbert, who uttered a cry of surprise when he saw the two combatants, both of whom were pretty well battered, since Arthur had not been able to withstand his powerful antagonist without becoming badly bruised.

"What does this mean?" he cried; then guessing the truth, he added: "Did he attack you?"

"Yes, father, he undertook to punish me for some imaginary wrong he thought I had done him."

"And this knife; he did not dare to draw it on you?"

"That's what he did, and what compelled me to lay him out."

"But this is outrageous, and must not be endured. I shall have him arrested and placed in prison."

"But think of the scandal, father."

"Scandal or no scandal, I cannot allow this dangerous fellow to go free and endanger the lives of my friends. He must leave the valley, and that, too, without delay."

"But can we not accomplish that without creating a public scene?"

"Well, I don't know; perhaps we might, but I shall surely place him under arrest." With this he blew a shrill whistle, and a few minutes later Arthur saw three indians stepping from the bushes.

"Watch this fellow during the day," he said, pointing to the bandit, who had by this time fully recovered his senses. "When dusk has set in, bring him to the Villa; without, however, creating any disturbance or attracting the attention of the public."

"What are you going to do to me uncle?" the bandit inquired.

"By rights I ought to surrender you to the courts; but I shall content myself with banishing you from the valley, unless you provoke me by further criminal attempts."

"You are not going to leave me here in the custody of these savages, I hope?"

"I surely shall. They are, however, not by far as savage as you, and have never yet drawn a knife with murderous intentions upon a fellow-being."

"So much the worse for them. There is so much vermin creeping about now-a-days that it would be a mercy to have it dispatched. That fellow belongs to it, and I am very sorry that I did not succeed in dispatching him."

"Come, Arthur," Herbert said with undisguised contempt; "I have no desire to listen longer to such billingsgate."

"Well, go," the prisoner sneered. "To-day I am in your power; but if ever you get into mine, you may rest assured that you will fare worse."

Herbert and his young friend did not wait to hear any more, but pushing aside the bushes, strode away with rapid steps. They *went first to* Carlos' farm, where they asked for water to wash off

the blood which had coagulated on Arthur's face and then cleaned his clothes to avoid the attention which their soiled condition would be sure to awake. Marguerita's sympathy was nearly as much excited as her curiosity, which is saying a good deal. While lending a hand in the restoration of the young man's toilet, she asked a number of questions which, in spite of their eagerness, failed in securing the desired information.

On arriving at the Villa, Arthur managed to reach his room without being seen, or at least being closely inspected by any of the servants. It would, of course, be impossible to hide the conflict from Inez, who was very much shocked at the brutal conduct of a person whom she, with repugnance, was compelled to call a relative. A little after sunset the Indians brought in their captive, who was taken to the station later in the evening and transported to Lakeview, with the order to eject him unceremoniously from the valley. When Huattle returned the next morning and reported that the order had been punctually fulfilled, Herbert breathed more freely, expressing his earnest hope of never seeing the unwelcome guest again.

The ejection of his brother was not officially communicated to Philip ; but it is more than likely that he suspected it. Clara was almost frantic with grief at the disappearance of her Arthur, and well she might, for the time was not very far when she would no longer be able to hide her intimacy with her betrayer, as she was inclined to consider him. Carlos kept his counsel and did not betray his intimacy with the bandit, which, however, was strongly suspected by Herbert, although he had no idea of the criminality of their former connection. Marguerita was the most crestfallen of the family, and when her sister confided to her her precarious condition, she was as ready to curse the seducer as she had been at first to exalt him. Thus many a little undercurrent disturbed the tranquility of our acquaintances. Only the young lovers sailed peacefully along the stream of their new-born felicity, enjoying the happiness peculiar to persons in their position, but apt to last even with them only too short a season. Let us hope that our young friends will be allowed to drain the cup of joy to the very dregs.

CHAPTER XX.

OFFICIAL DUTIES.

We have learned that Arthur's duties were both numerous and arduous; but he took pleasure in fulfilling them, and soon introduced many valuable improvements. His first visit to Minersville, where the gold and silver mines are situated, proved interesting in the extreme. The former were located in the Pinaleno Mountains, the latter in the Sierra Madre. The accumulation of water had been a source of annoyance in both of them. Before his arrival pumps of various devices had been used; but, while they answered the purpose temporarily, they did not effect a permanent cure of the evil, and therefore failed to give entire satisfaction. Even the improved pump which Arthur introduced failed to entirely remedy the matter, and he therefore studied night and day to devise means to cure the evil which, if not corrected, threatened to render the mines unremunerative. In studying the geology of the neighborhood, he noticed that the strata dipped at an angle of about ten degrees, not towards the valley, but parallel with the range, causing the water to flow in that direction. His predecessor had ordered several artesian wells to be bored at the foot of the slope, several hundred feet below the opening of the shaft, but this measure, while affording partial relief, had not had the desired effect. Arthur at once saw the reason. The water vein had to be tapped south of the shaft. Nor must the boring be done too near the mine and very deep, in order to do any good. When Arthur communicated his ideas to Herbert, the latter reflected awhile and then remarked:

"That sounds plausible enough, but these deep wells cost a good deal of money, and unless you are pretty sure that they will answer the purpose, I am loath to make the venture. How many do you think we need?"

"At least half a dozen; but one would suffice to show us how they would work, and would therefore suffice for the venture. Besides I have perfected drills and machinery which would do the work doubly as quick and therefore doubly as cheap."

"*Well,* have your way," said Herbert, and Arthur was not

slow to benefit by the permission. When he ordered the drilling to be commenced a mile southwest from the mines his subordinates smiled at the folly of the young superintendent, but obeyed with the readiness of men who will not be affected by the failure of the experiment and who would like nothing better than to see the presumptions of a young man, who knows everything better, properly dampened. But when, at the depth of about four hundred feet, the well began to spout at a great rate, and the water in the mine ceased to rise, it was these very wiseacres who had forseen th is result, and would have applied the very same remedy if they had been asked. The well fulfilled its mission so perfectly that there was no necessity for drilling more than two additional ones, after the completion of which the mine was perfectly dry. The water of the wells was discharged into a natural depression and, running into the river below, formed one more of the streamlets which constitute a leading and charming feature of the valley. This success encouraged Arthur in the proposition and subsequent execution of other improvements, and he had not been three months in his new position before he became an undisputed authority in all affairs pertaining to his department. Meanwhile he continued to inform himself in all other matters of public interest connected with the colony of Friedensthal. Amongst other things the condition and management of the numerous factories elicited his warmest interest. Most of them were based on the co-operative system, the workmen being at the same time the stockholders. As many of them were not sufficiently well informed to learn the true condition of the establishment by an examination of the books, there was a public officer appointed who, on demand of any stockholder, had the privilege of investigating them for him. The men received weekly payments large enough to meet their current expenses. The surplus was paid them in the shape of dividends at the end of every six months. Even in those establishments owned by individuals the workingmen were allowed a reasonable share of the profits, and the greater care and interest which this concession excited in them richly indemnified the proprietor for his liberality. We have already noticed that the greatest cheerfulness prevailed in all the shops, and the steady application of the men as well as the large amount of work turned out, proved plainly that cheerfulness and

hilarity by no means damage industry. Eight hours formed a working day; but there were numerous holidays which Herbert took the greatest care to make profitable to his *proteges.* He had spent much time, money and labor to prepare places suitable for the holding of picnics and public festivals. Besides a number of parks in the towns, there were places in the forests of both ranges where halls, bowling-alleys, swings, shooting galleries and gymnastic apparatus of every description provided for the amusement of visitors of both sexes and all ages. Restaurants furnished the substantial comforts of life, and so well had the people of Friedensthal learned to control their passions and appetites that quarrels and drunkenness were entirely unknown at their festivals. Herbert, of course, set them a good example. Unlike many other leading men, he did not deem it below his dignity to frequent the festivities of the people, but made it a point to be present himself, and even bring Inez, who, by her cheerfulness, amiability and friendliness did not a little to make her father's benevolent efforts successful. Music and a pure and instructive stage were, as the reader knows, two most powerful agencies for public ennoblement and improvement in Herbert's programme. When we contemplate the miserable trash now performed in most of our theaters, we cannot repress the wish that a Herbert might arise among us, with the power to sweep the entire rubbish of our modern stage literature into the fire. We have many public spirited men, but strange to say, there are but few amongst them who recognize or try to counteract the sensational tendency of the age. Not only our physical but even our intellectual food is seasoned so highly that it must necessarily lead to the total derangement of our nervous system. Look at the juvenile literature of the day. While our periodicals have made marvelous strides in the direction of typographical improvement they have greatly deteriorated in regard to intrinsic worth. Examine the weekly papers devoted to the entertainment of our children, and you will find there stories as untrue to real life as they are exciting; or, as injudicious persons are pleased to call them, interesting. We feel irresistably driven to curse such an interest. It leads to a misconception of life, a distaste for the simple, natural and truly beautiful. In the interest of the growing generation one might seriously wish the revival of a censorship which,

with a merciless hand, would train our juvenile literature to nature and common sense. The publishers of these juvenile papers load fearful responsibility upon themselves without heeding or caring for this fact. You offer them a story with a moral, a story full of the keenest but natural interest, though free from the false and pernicious sensationalism of the age, and they will surely return you the manuscript with the polite remark that the story does not suit their paper, or rather purpose. Next, compile the silliest impossibilities, heap hair-breadth escapes upon one another, paint your pictures as untrue to life as possible, and, take our word for it, on sending the nauseating mixture to the publisher, you will receive the most complimentary acknowledgments of your literary ability, and the request to write henceforth exclusively for his valuable (?) periodical. If that is not placing a premium upon mediocrity and unscrupulousness we do not know what is. The temptation for scribblers is certainly great, especially when backed by want. And when they yield to it we ought to lay the blame where it belongs, *i. e.* at the door of unconscientious publisher.

The press of Friedensthal was, or rather is, perfectly free; but Herbert, who furnished the funds for this establishment, made the stipulation that the proprietor should abstain from catering to the vicious taste which revels in abuse, slander and vituperation, at the risk of forfeiting the donation. Thus Friedensthal witnessed the issue of three daily papers free from the slum disgracing so many of our news papers. On closer inquiry, Arthur discovered that almost all the capital invested in the enterprises of the valley had been originally furnished by Herbert, at the low rate of interest mentioned at another place, but most of the money had been paid back, and was held by the banks, not for speculation, but for the purpose of assisting newcomers or older colonists who might desire to embark in any legitimate business.

"But, how do you secure such loans, father?" Arthur inquired, when he learned these facts. "The land does not belong to the parties, and I do not see how they can give very efficient security."

"They own the improvements, Arthur, which we compell them to insure against fire for half their real value in our, *i. e.* in the community's favor. There is not much danger, however, for thus far we have not had a single failure in the valley, and do not ap-

prehend any in the future, as all our institutions are based upon equity and justice and an exorbitant interest is not eating out the vitals of our shops and factories. I would have donated the sums needed for the development of our resources, if I had not been taught by experience that such donotions are not judicious and, on the other hand, did not consider myself the mere steward of the riches which fortune has showered upon me and which I only hold and use for the general good."

"As you mention the matter yourself, father; would it be indiscrete to ask you how you were so fortunate as to secure such treasures?"

"Not at all, Arthur. You are my worthy assistant, and will probably be my successor in my schemes, and it is therefore, not more than right that you should have a clear insight into everything connected with my operations. You know already," he resumed after a short pause, "that I participated in the revolution of '48, was captured, courtmartialed and sentenced to be shot. I had been induced by the purest motives to join in the hazardous enterprise and did not complain much of treatment which, from their stand-point, was probably consistent enough; but I was betrothed to an excellent young lady, and for her sake I would have liked to live. When, therefore, on the eve of my execution, an old servant managed to reach me through a secret passage of the castle where I was confined, I eagerly grasped at the opportunity of escape thus unexpectedly offered to me. Little did I dream at that moment that my rescue would furnish a fiend in human shape an opportunity to wreck the happiness of two lives, else I would have scorned the thought of flight. Let me pass rapidly over the wretched years that followed. First, I was led to believe by circumstances that Laura Stamm had been faithless to me, blinded by the brilliant prospects of the man she married. The king had rewarded his loyalty by granting to him my confiscated property, and he rose from office to office. A weak woman might well be suspected of yielding to such a temptation, but this imaginary fickleness made a misanthrope of me and drove me into the wilderness, there to avoid the sight of man. It was only six years later, on the occasion of the visit to Germany known to you, that I learned how I had wronged Laura, *and that she* had sacrificed her life and, what was more, her happi-

ness for me. I shall not dwell upon this discovery, but you may well imagine how I hated a race which entertained such a monster as this Arnold amongst its members. Let me proceed with my narrative. Listlessly I wandered from place to place, shuning, as much as possible, the habitations of man. Mexico suited me better than any other country, for there the populace is thinly scattered and I could spend months without seeing a member of the hated race. On my wanderings I met occasionally the fragments of the indian race which, at one time, had densely peopled these plains and mountains. Against them I bore no grudge; on the contrary I pitied them as victims of the same false civilization which had destroyed my happiness. Gradually I became more acquainted with them, and descovered so many noble traits under their red skin that I learned to love and respect them. I spent most of my time in their midst and when, about the beginning of '51, the smallpox made its appearance among my new friends and threatened to exterminite them, I used all the medical skill at my command to save them. I was marvelously successful, for, though a few fell victims to the scourge, I managed to snatch the great majority from the jaws of a dreadful death. You have no idea of the gratitude of these poor people. It was, indeed, entirely out of proportion to the service I had been fortunate enough to render them. One day they led me through a subterranean passage into this beautiful valley and begged me to accept it as a token of their gratitude, for to these people these fair regions belonged, if the soil can at all be said to belong to the children of men. Next they led me into a cave where the unfortunate Montezuma had hidden his treasures from Cortez and his greedy followers, preferring to die bravely under slow torture to divulging a secret so coveted by his foes. There his treasures lay, but I had no desire for the precious metal piled up there in huge heaps; no desire for the kind offer of my red friends to consider myself the proprietor of all this wealth; but I accepted their invitation to live with them in this beautiful Eden, whose chief charm in my eyes was its remoteness from human habitations. The nobleness of these Red men had gradually softened my feelings; but it was quite awhile before I conceived the plan of founding here an asylum where justice and brotherly love form the corner stones and whence an aggressive warfare might henceforth be carried on against the foes of the human race."

"And his treasure is still in existence?"

"Not in its original shape. I had to spend five millions in the purchase of this valley, for the Government of Mexico would not, of course, recognize the claims of the poor indians, the original and rightful owners. The rest I invested in so-called good securities, for, though opposed to high interest, which grinds the marrow from the bones of the people, I knew that the greatest treasure would melt under the drafts which my plans would force me to make upon it, and that I could only hope to battle with the foes of mankind by frightening them with their own weapons. So I bought land in local cities where it has since doubled its value. I hold Government bonds and am, in the common sense of the term, a rich man. I myself, however, do not consider myself so. In a few months I shall divest myself of this beautiful valley, for fear that some unforeseen obstacle might prevent me from doing so later. The colonies in the old world I shall dispose of in the same manner; the funds invested in various places, I shall put in such a shape as to secure them forever to the purposes for which I intend them. If to-morrow is a fair day I shall take you to the cave where Montezuma's teasure was once deposited and, what is more, I shall invite Philip to accompany us. He is exceedingly anxious to learn all about it, and when he sees the vault empty, he may quicken his departure; a step which would please me very much, as I do not appreciate his company and dislike to show a friendliness which I do not feel."

Philip was greatly surprised on the following day at his uncle's suggestion, to accompany him and Arthur to the vault of Montezuma, though he took good care not to betray the satisfaction which the proposal gave him. Inez also joined the party. To her the sight was nothing new and it was more for the sake of company, she said, than anything else that she went along. Herbert led the way. The party took the street cars and, on the arrival at the depot, boarded the morning train for the south. At Enterprise they left the train to board the caboose of a freight train which proceeded on a separate track, cutting the valley diagonally and rising gradually until it had ascended the slope of the Pinaleno range to the heighth of about a hundred feet. Then it resumed its original direction, running along the mountain side, crossing numerous ravines

on solid bridges, and finally halting at a depot about three miles west of Lakeview, which place could be easily discerned. Here Herbert invited his companions to alight. Providing himself with a lighted lantern, he led the way up a steep and narrow ravine, at the end of which an opening in the rocks indicated the existence of a cave. Herbert entered the aperture, leading the others along a rough and even difficult passage until suddenly the cave came to an end. Arthur and Philip looked expectantly, but Herbert merely said:

"We are at the entrance—can you tell me where it is?"

"Philip looked around, but confessed that he failed to discover any trace of an entrance or a gate closing it. Nor was Arthur more successful as far as his eyes were concerned; but he refused to give up, and began to pound the rocky ledge carefully with his cane. At one place the sound was much more hollow than at the others and he said confidently: "The entrance must be here."

"I call that cleverly done," said Herbert; "You have really discovered it. This, however, is not the original entrance, whose obstacles were so great as to require both courage and strength to overcome them. Powder has greatly facilitated our visit."

With this he drew a key from his pocket and inserting it in a hole which had escaped their observation, unlocked and opened a ponderous door so ingeniously fitted into the rock as to escape even the closest scrutiny. A moist, clammy air came from the opening, showing that the cave was but rarely visited. Herbert once more led the way, which was sufficiently rough to tax any thin-soled shoes the visitor might wear, but presenting nothing in the shape of danger. After proceeding about a hundred steps, the passage came once more to an end, and a second door had to be opened before they could continue their march. The impediment being removed, the party entered an apartment of moderate size which involuntarily drew from the young men an exclamation of surprise and delight. The light of the lantern was reflected a thousandfold from the ceiling and walls, which Arthur, on a closer examination, found to consist of myriads of quartz crystals. It was truly a scene from the Arabian Nights, only that these crystals were of no value whatever.

"A fit place for a treasure," said Philip. "After this glorious

introduction, uncle, we have the right to expect something wonderful."

"Then, you will have to draw on your imagination, Philip," for the treasure itself has taken wings and assumed the shape of roads and bridges and acqueducts; in short, all the works of human ingenuity which you perceive in Friedensthal."

"Then this is a sell, uncle," Philip remarked, who had to summon all his self-control not to show his disappointment.

"Not exactly, at least not an intentional one, for I merely promised to show you the *place* where Montezuma's treasures were once kept. We live in too practical an age to allow it to retain such an unprofitable shape. Don't you think its present form is by far more comely and profitable?"

"I cannot deny the force of your remarks; but I should think it would have been proper to preserve at least a few specimens of Aztec art."

"I thought like you, Philip," Herbert remarked dryly; "and if you will call at my office to-morrow I can show you some very fine specimens of Aztec art. Now, my friends if you are through with the inspection of the vault, I shall lead you hence and show you a few of the things into which this musty treasure has been changed. If not very romantic, they are at least exceedingly practicle, and have greatly increased the comforts of every day life, a circumstance not to be at all despised, void of romance though it may be."

He led the way from the cave and, on their arrival at the station, invited his companions to get with him into the cab of the locomotive, which they had scarcely reached, when it gave a snort and steamed with its passengers to the end of the road, which was about three miles further southwest. The terminus was a wide and high tunnel, with apparently no opening at the far end, making the lantern once more desirable if not necessary."

"Is everything safe, Conrad?" Herbert inquired of one of the railroad officials.

"Yes sir, the coast is clear, no human being to be seen far or near."

"Very well; please open the gates then.

The man obeyed and, turning a lever, set some machinery in

motion. The wall opened, and two ponderous gates began to swing inwardly, whose outer surfaces resembled the neighboring rocks. The rails reached to the very edge of the cliff and, on looking out, Arthur perceived that the ledge descended about sixty or seventy feet to a river bound by gigantic cliffs on both sides. The one from which he gazed receded below, causing the upper edge to project at least ten feet over the lower. At the end the rails were bent upward and, to make them still more secure, heavy iron posts were bedded in the solid rock. While still gazing he heard a rumbling noise behind him and, looking back, noticed a ponderous crane on wheels approaching the edge. He stepped aside to make way for the monster, which had no sooner ceased to rumble, than Herbert said:

"Here, my friends, you see the giant which mediates our intercourse with the world. How strange and different are the things it has lifted into our valley! To-day it was a horse or a cow; tomorrow, a piano or an organ. All the first rails for our railway it has lifted up this cliff and, what is more, also the first locomotive, of course, not as a whole, but in parts and pieces."

"But you must have begun in a simpler way than that, father."

"So we did, Arthur, so we did. The first goods were either hoisted here with a simple pulley or transported on the back of mules to the waterfalls, to be transferred to the shoulders of two-legged beasts of burden."

"You must have had a hard time of it, father?"

"We were not quite so comfortably fixed as now, that is a fact, Arthur, but our life resembled that of Robinson Crusoe, which must surely have had its charms, or it would not have been devoured by every boy in creation."

"It must have been delightful—on paper," said Philip, with a shrug; "I, for my part, prefer eating berries to picking them."

"A short but masterly way of expressing egotism," suggested Herbert.

"A weakness to which I confess," Philip replied coolly.

"Perhaps it would crop out without such confession."

"Well, perhaps it would. If equality of men signifies an equal obligation of bearing burdens, I, for one, renounce my claim to it."

The others knew the speaker too well to doubt the sincerity of these words; nevertheless the undisguised cynicism jarred unpleas-

antly upon their feelings, and they were glad when Herbert gave the signal for departure. The locomotive took them back to Enterprise, which place they reached just in time for the noon train for Montezuma.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN INVASION.

August had set in. One more month and the great day would break on which the people of Friedensthal would commence their career of independence. Not that they were very anxious for such an event; because they had been so happy and prosperous under the benevolent rule of Father Herbert that they did not wish for and, in fact, did not need a change. If despots were perfect, despotism would be the better form of government, for it would allow unity of action which democracy rarely shows; but unfortunately despotism is so apt to corrupt the despot himself that the son is very apt to be a Nero while the father was a Turk. Herbert knew this, and had, therefore, from the beginning given his people a share in the government, judging that it takes much time to become expert in this, the most difficult of all sciences.

Arthur had, meanwhile, gained a more perfect insight into Herbert's plans, and the more he saw of them the more he admired them. They did not merely embrace the present hour, but were calculated to embrace the distant future of his proteges. The investments in the various countries were so judiciously made as to secure not only the means of executing his gigantic plans, but result in the permanent and continuous advancement of his philanthropic ideas. He owned, for instance, large tracts in the upper parts of New York City, which had risen to the value of many millions, but could never be held in fee simple by anybody. They were to be leased on the payment of a ground rent, the amount of which was to be determined every ten years by trustees *elected by and* consisting of the occupants themselves, and could

never rise above two per cent of the actual value. The income thus realized was to be spent in paying the taxes imposed by the municipal authorities, and the surplus, if such there should be, be devoted to the establishment of new or the furtherance of existing corporations of a like character. Pure charity was strictly forbidden, for Herbert held, as the reader knows, that charity degrades the receiver, and would not exist if justice were properly administered to all.

Similar donations had been made in the large cities of the old world, and where the despotic laws of the State prevented them, provision had been made which tended to the erection of such institutions in the future.

It may be imagined that the execution of these gigantic plans required a great deal of labor. Herbert employed a number of clerks who had to write his numerous letters and, when done, submit them to his inspection and for signature.

But there were confidential letters which Herbert did not wish to have exposed to the gaze of these clerks, and in the writing of them Arthur soon rendered invaluable service. He was astonished to see that Herbert's correspondents included some of the leading statesmen of both the Old and New World, and that many of them were actually in his employ, giving him valuable information, and in this way aiding him, probably much against their views and inclinations. Arthur discovered on more than one occasion Herbert's hand in the consummation of political transactions which the public ascribed to different agencies, and which the young man now, for the first time, saw in their true light. Never before had he understood the immense power which great wealth wields, and became daily a more ardent adherent to Herbert's theory that millionaires are too potent factors in our social fabric to be endured. Occasionally a millionaire may use his money and influence for the benefit of the world, but such cases are exceptions too rare to remove the great danger to the race arising from the rest. It would be pleasure of the purest kind to fill page after page with a detailed description of all the noble work which these men performed day after day, to chronicle their sayings and watch their recreations, which were very often another form of their exertions for the good of the human race ; but our space is limited, and

we are forced to turn our attention to developments far less calculated to inspire to noble thoughts and actions, but too deeply fraught with influence upon the destiny of our friends to be neglected or omitted in our narrative.

It was the night of the first of September. The ebb of the Rio Frio reaches its lowest point about three o'clock in the morning, and it was about that hour that a close observer could have seen many dusky forms marching with stealthy steps along the narrow ledge which, as the reader knows, is only accessible at that time.

It is difficult to recognize the character of these nightly travelers, but the silence with which they proceed causes us to look with suspicion upon their intentions. Nor is it easy to calculate their number, but we feel sure that it can scarcely fall short of four hundred. The leader seemed to be familiar with the character of the defile, for, in spite of the darkness reigning between the high cliffs, he proceeded with great certainty, and only stopped when the distant falling of water struck his ear. Turning to the nearest of his followers, he said :

"Now be sure to obey strictly the orders I have given you. I shall post you on both sides of the falls, and on my signal you rush to my assistance and dispatch the red devils, if they offer the least resistance. If you can take them prisoners, however, without too much risk to yourselves, do so. The governor sets great store on them, and if our enterprise should miscarry, which I don't fear, we shall have some valuable hostages in them. Now, forward, and not a whisper, mind you, for these fellows have ears as acute as the owl."

On they went until they reached the place where the water tumbles down the rock. Here the leader posted his men by motions, words being too likely to attract the attention of the Indian guard. There were about twelve on each side and fifty a little farther back, ready to rush to the assistance of their comrades at the first signal. When these preparations were completed the leader stepped forward to attempt a stroke which he knew to be connected with considerable risk. If the Indians recognized him as the person whom they had so recently ejected from the valley, with the *definite order* to prevent his return at all hazards, they were likely

to execute this order without regard to consequences, and the possibility that he might receive a fatal stab or blow before the others could come to the rescue was by no means small. But the man, in whom the reader has probably recognized the bandit, was not the person to shrink from trifles, and the thought of the possibility of a fatal termination of the coming struggle drew merely a shrug of the shoulders from him. He had taken care to disguise his identity as well as possible, and had good reason for believing that the intense darkness of the night would help him in deceiving the guard sufficiently to enable his companions to come to his assistance. The principal danger lay in his voice, and if he could manage to disguise that, he had grounds for hoping that his scheme would succeed. He wore the garb of a sailor, a disguise probably connected with his scheme, as those of his comrades near him, were clad in the same attire. Nerving himself to the task, he turned the lever, and then rapidly ascended the cliff, caring little for the spray which drenched him completely. By this manœuvre he brought it about to stand very near the gates as they swung back.

"Good morning mates," he said, imitating the manner of Jack Tar in an admirable manner; "we are the crew of the Dolphin which got wrecked on the coast last night. We came as near drowning as anybody I ever saw. Come, mates, hurry up; if you are as hungry and tired as I am, you'll hurry your shins, I bet."

Those below did not wait for the permission of the guard, but climbed the rocks with an agility which would have done credit to real tars, and soon stood at the side of the leader who no sooner saw himself thus reinforced than he uttered a shrill shout and cast himself upon the nearest indian, bearing him to the ground. His comrades followed his example, and so complete had been the surprise of the guard that all of them had been securely bound before they comprehended the situation. It may be said in their excuse that they had guarded this entrance twenty-five years without being compelled to resort to force. In their estimation the will of Father Herbert was so absolute that the very idea of resistance to him refused to enter their brains. Moreover, the steamer Dolphin was nearly due, and their natural pity for the shipwrecked sailors had for once lulled their senses into false security, and made possible a scheme by this diabolical appeal to their sympathy. They

bore their capture with the outward stoicism of the red man; but inwardly they burned with shame at having thus been outwitted, and grieved deeply at the peril into which their negligence had plunged Herbert and with him the entire settlement.

While they thus brooded over their defeat, Arthur was busily engaged in perfecting the measures which were to put him in complete possession of the valley. Leaving a strong detachment to guard the entrance and the prisoners, he led the rest by the light of a couple of lanterns through the subterranean passage, and after reaching the inside, marched them to Lakeview, which slept in such complete security that its inhabitants would not trust their senses, when, on awakening, they found the village in possession of a hostile troop. A double line of pickets shut off all access to the rest of the valley, and the poor inhabitants of Lakeview could do nothing but submit with a bewildered resignation to their fate. On the whole the invaders behaved with propriety and moderation. True, they made the villagers supply them with the very best which pantry and cellar could furnish, and made sad havoc with the stores of wine in their possession; but they abstained from insulting the people, probably warned by their leader to postpone such pastime to a more favorable opportunity.

The telegraph operator of Lakeview was that morning awakened in rather an unceremonious and startling manner. A rough hand shook him, and when he drowsily opened his eyes and inquired in a vexed manner what was the matter, his visitor pointed a revolver at him and informed him that he was wanted at the station and had better hurry, unless he wanted an ounce of lead in his brains. This, of course, was not the case; so the operator dressed himself in a confused manner and followed his rough captor to the station where he was ordered to telegraph as follows:

"LAKEVIEW, September 2d,

Herbert Grau:—The boiler of the locomotive of the morning passenger train bursted while being fired, killing and wounding a number of persons. Please come down at your earliest convenience."

"Now, what is your name?" the fellow with the revolver in*quired.*

"My name is Karl Stahl; but there is no truth in this, and if I telegraph as you say, I shall lose my situation."

"And if you don't you'll lose your life. So, please choose, but be quick, for I have no time to waste."

"But who are you, sir, to carry on here in this way?"

"I might reply, that is none of your business, and not tell a lie; but I will condescend to tell you that I am in command of Government troops which have been sent here to lift the good-for-nothing gang carrying on here, and if you love your precious carcass you will obey promptly and cheerfully."

The operator obeyed, but his manner was so dubious that his customer felt induced to say:

"No monkey shines, young man. Remember, you will remain our prisoner while we wait the result of our telegram, and if it turns out to differ an iota from my dictation, I will surely shoot you like a dog."

This was an ugly threat, and the speaker looked so much like executing it without compunction that the operator did not dare to disobey him and telegraphed as directed, signing the telegram with his name.

It was about five o'clock when the dispatch was sent. Under the most favorable circumstances a train from Montezuma could not reach Lakeview much before seven, and the bandit had therefore sufficient time to make preparations for the reception of the expected visitors. In the most favorable case Herbert would come alone on a locomotive, with perhaps a single car attached. In such a case he could be easily captured. Perhaps, however, he might wait for the morning train which would not reach Lakeview before nine. In this case the bandit would have to cope with the whole train; but as its crew and passengers could not harbor the slightest suspicion, they would be unarmed and offer little or no resistance. Arthur felt pretty sure that his plan would succeed, and chuckled in anticipation of the moment which would deliver his relative as a prisoner into his hands. All that was necessary was to keep the strictest watch on the movements of the villagers, to prevent them from sending any warning to the threatened party. A complete line of pickets had been drawn north of the village, and the inhabitants had been warned not to pass it, on pain of instant death.

At half past five an answer to the dispatch was received. It read:

"I shall be there at quarter to seven.

HERBERT GRAU."

A maglignant smile lit up the features of the bandit. "I have you now," he said with a fiendish chuckle, "and will show you what it means to thwart my purposes. I shall take your cranky notions out of you, depend upon it."

Minute followed upon minute, and when the clock of the station pointed to a quarter of seven, a deathlike silence reigned over Lakeview. The freebooters watched with eager expectancy for their prey, while the villagers trembled for the safety of the man who had been a father to them, and whose institutions would probably fall with him. Now the dull rumbling of a locomotive became audible in the distance, and, a few minutes later, it becomes visible. Will this villainy really become consummated? On the locomotive comes. It is now no further than a quarter of a mile from the line of pickets, and nothing seems more certain than the capture of Herbert, when lo, a dusky form rises on the track as if by magic, and, raising a hand in warning, remains standing on the track, unmindful of the fact that the locomotive is approaching at a great speed, and can hardly stop before reaching the immovable figure. Fortunately Herbert is on the watch, and he has recognized one of his Indians in the person making the signal, and, knowing that they never act without good reasons, he orders the lever to be reversed and then strains his eyes to see whether he can discover the reason for this warning. The speed of the locomotive slackens, but it is not more than a few feet from the Indian when it stops. Now the fugitive moves. Springing rapidly into the cab, he cries:

"Back, if you love your life!"

He need not explain the reason for his warning, for the profound silence in the village now gives place to a scene of the wildest uproor. The bandit sees that his scheme has failed, and that his prey will escape him unless he can secure it at the last moment in the confusion which the warning of the Indian must necessarily create on board the locomotive. With a shout he springs from his cover and runs with the agility of a deer along the track, followed

by a large number of his comrades. All are armed with revolvers, and if the party in the cab tarry much longer they will surely be within reach of the enemy's bullets. Herbert does not understand it, but he sees that there is something wrong and that it will not do to await further explanations at this time. So he orders the engineer to turn on steam and run back to a safe distance.

It is indeed time. The foremost runners were not more than fifty yards away, and when they saw the locomotive beginng its backward course, they commenced firing from a dozen revolvers at the same time. The bullets came thick and fast, and more than one struck the cab or whistled by in close proximity to their heads. It was fortunate for them that the rapid motion of the pursuers prevented them from taking accurate aim, and when they stopped and fired with great effect, the locomotive had considerably increased its speed, and its crew had taken shelter behind the walls of the cab. After a few minutes Arthur perceived the uselessness of further pursuit, and ordered his men to fall back to the village. The *coup* on which he had based such great hopes had signally failed. He knew Herbert too well to imagine that he would be allowed much time for deliberation, and that he would have to prepare rapidly for defense in case he meditated resistance to the efforts for dislodging him, which the next days, if not hours, were sure to bring. If he had consulted his common sense he would have comprehended that he could accomplish little or nothing with his handful of men against such a powerful colony as Friedensthal. The capture of Herbert might perhaps have changed the aspect of affairs, and given him a chance for extorting from the colonists a heavy ransom, if not more; but a little reflection would have shown him that, after the failure of this attempt, an immediate retreat would be his best policy. Arthur had been drinking hard the last few days, and it is probable that the fumes of rum prevented him from seeing the situation in its true light. Perhaps the fear of arousing the indignation of his followers by a step so contrary to the expectations he had aroused in them, induced him to disregard the dictates of prudence; at all events he remained for the present in Lakeview and took measures to make his position as strong as possible.

We leave him thus engaged and join the party on the engine

which, by this time, had materially increased their distance from the invading force. Then, for the first time, Herbert turned to the Indian, in whom we recognize our friend Huatle, and said :

"Well, Huattle, what does this all mean? How am I to account for the appearance of this hostile force in the valley? What has become of thy friends and comrades?"

"They are prisoners in the hands of Arthur."

"So it is my graceless nephew who has played me this trick? I recognized him in spite of his disguise. Do you know how this thing happened?"

On this Huatle told him that Philip, whom he had been instructed to watch, had of late made so many trips to Lakeview and taken such a deep interest in the defenses of the entrance to the valley that he had deemed it prudent to make that neighborhood his abode for awhile.

He had passed the last night in the village, and on his waking had found it in possession of the enemy. The line of pickets had cut off all chances for an open departure, and he had therefore been compelled to resort to stratagem. This had taken much time, and he had been obliged to creep into the lake and wade with his body under water excepting his head to the place where he had intercepted the locomotive. He had evaded the watchfulness of the guards by tying a bundle of reeds to his head and proceeded so slowly that the tuft appeared to be stationary. After passing the line he had managed to proceed a little faster, but, as the reader knows, none too quick to save Herbert from capture.

"Our guards must have been asleep," the engineer said indignantly.

"Don't be too quick to condemn my friend," Herbert warned him. "Do you know in which way they gained admittance?"

"Huatle thinks from what he heard that they pretended to be sailors from the Dolphin which, they represented, was wrecked on the coast."

"A scheme worthy the brain of this villain. The fact is, our long freedom from annoyance had made the guard, and, indeed, all of us feel so secure that we did not believe such a trick possible. But here is Enterprise ; stop the locomotive."

"*It may* be easily imagined how the invasion and the narrow

escape of Herbert affected the people of the town. At first they were as bewildered as those of Lakeview ; but the presence of Herbert soon brought order out of chaos. It was then that his institutions proved their efficacy and stability. All the male citizens between twenty-one and thirty-five had been formed into military companies, numbering in all six thousand strong and well drilled men. Herbert had never taken such pleasure and interest in the military pastime in which so many persons indulge ; but he knew too well the many foes with which he had to contend to neglect the organization of a force capable of repelling an armed invasion, if such should be attempted, and this force now came very opportune. Telegrams were at once dispatched to all the settlements of the valley, informing the people of the astounding news and ordering the immediate mustering and dispatch of the militia. Arthur was also summoned to come to Enterprise, and the mayor of Montezuma was instructed to forward without delay the battery stored in the armory of the city.

When the necessary measures had been taken Herbert applied himself to the gathering of the militia available in the neighborhood. Mounted messengers were sent to the various farmers with orders to report at Enterprise, and before the expiration of an hour the place looked more like a military camp than a place devoted to industry. At ten o'clock the morning train, which had been retarded a full hour, brought Arthur and Inez, with many prominent persons and such volunteers as could get ready on so short a notice. The reunion of the family of the Villa was necessarily an affecting one. Inez flew into her father's arms greatly excited over the imminent peril to which he had been exposed.

Arthur was also considerably agitated, but with him indignation greatly prevailed, and he vowed to himself that he would not let this dangerous fellow off quite so easy, if he happened to fall into his hands a second time. He had not much time to think, however, for his advice was asked in the council discussing the best mode of getting rid of the freebooters, for as such everybody considered the invaders. No definite plan was then adopted, for it was not before dusk that all the troops of the valley and the battery had arrived. The town was not able to accommodate so many men ; but there were tents in sufficient numbers to lodge them. Arthur

had served in Germany as a volunteer, and rendered valuable assistance in quartering and provisioning the men. When the council met once more several plans were submitted, but none of them entirely met with Herbert's approval. One of them suggested the storming of Lakeview, a proceeding which would probably have answered the purpose, but was rejected by Herbert as involving too great a loss of life, and exposed the people of Lakeview to total destruction. The chief difficulty of an attack lay in the circumstance that the enemy could retreat into the caves of the entrance and from there keep up a murderous fusilade upon the people of the valley. True, the battery might be used against them in such a case; but there were so many nooks and corners in the caves that the enemy would find no great difficulty in securing protection.

After receiving a number of suggestions, Herbert asker Arthur whether he had reflected on the subject since morning.

"Yes, sir," was the reply; "I think I have a plan whose execution will end the war at once, as it meditates the capture of the hostile army."

"Let us hear this plan, if you please."

"It is exceedingly simple. If I had my way, I would march a body of troops, say four or five hundred, along the track of the freight railroad, lower them by means of the crane to the banks of the river, surprise the guard at the entrance, occupy the passage and thus cut off the only avenue of retreat."

"That sounds very plausible," one of the members of the council remarked; "But what would you do in case they had closed the gates?"

"It is not very likely they have, as the river is their base of supplies; but even if they had shut themselves up in that way, I would place a body of troops in the canon of the river, to cut off their retreat which starvation would soon cause them to attempt."

"But such a measure might provoke a bloody fight, which Mr. Grau wishes to avoid."

"Only with the difference that they would be the attacking party and assume the responsibility. Such a conflict they can, however, prokoke at any time, if they desire, even if my plan is *not adopted.*"

There was a murmer of applause, and several members spoke warmly in support. Hearing this, Herbert said:

"The plan of my son seems to have the approval of the council and I declare it therefore adopted. It strikes me that the conceiver would also be the best executor of the plan, and I therefore and herewith authorize and empower you, Arthur Grau, to take, without delay, the necessary steps to carry it into effect. Select your own men and make such requisitions on the quartermaster as are necessary for the comfort of your men."

"Very well, Sir. With your permission I will retire to execute your orders."

With these words he left the room and proceeded to the camp, to make the selection of his men. When he called for vounteers the entire body stepped forward, thus compelling Arthur, after all, to make his own selection. There was one body consisting entirely of turners or gymnasts, and he selected them because their exercise had secured for them that limberness of body which this expedition might call into requisition. After seeing that they were supplied with amunition and sufficient rations, he gave the order to march, enjoining upon the men the necessity of the utmost caution and silence. They followed the track of the railway which our party had used for the visit to Montezuma's cave. The road afforded no difficulties. Even the numerous bridges were easily passed as there were planks for foot passengers. The terminus of the road was reached without discovery and, with the help of the crane, the men were speedily and safely transferred to the level of the river. It was about twelve o'clock when the last squad had been lowered, and the ebb had receded not more than half way, but the men composing the expedition were young and strong, and did not at all mind a wetting. So they proceeded without delay up the river and reached the waterfall an hour and a half later. As Arthur had expected, the gates stood wide open, and, though a guard had been left at the entrance, the utmost carlessness seemed to prevail. There was a fire burning in the vault, and by its light Arthur could see what was going on within. The men were stretched on the ground, drinking freely and passing the time with playing cards. Others were sleeping; indeed, the great majority seemed to be indulging in this pleasant and inexpensive pastime.

Under the circumstances the reader will not wonder when we tell him that Arthur's surprise of the guard was even more complete than that of the indians had been. Every member of the detachment, consisting of thirty men, was captured, without the necessity of firing a gun. A little farther back the indians were found, securely bound, but otherwise unharmed. Arthur was very glad at this discovery, for he was not very intimately acquainted with the caverns, and therefore in need of guides. The red men were still very crest-fallen, but Arthur cheered them by assuring them that father Herbert did not blame them for succumbing to a surprise so entirely unlooked for. They now resumed their former duties and led the troops with such dispatch and secrecy through the passage that they reached the inner end without discovery. Here, however, Arthur found another guard. Nor were the men composing it quite so unmindful of their duty as their brethren farther out. Some of them sprang up when a charge was made upon them, and, although they had no time to discharge their guns with effect, a number of them made their escape, thus preventing Arthur's bold plan of following up his advantage by making an attack on the main body at Lakeview which, trusting to the vigilance of the guards, would be poorly prepared to resist a vigorous onset. The enemy would be alarmed and consequently prepared, and Arthur had read too much about such night attacks to stake his success on the doubtful issue of such an encounter. He now held the only avenue by which the invaders could retreat and that was enough for the present. If they saw that they were in a trap they might fight desperately, but the chances were in favor of an unconditional surrender; a temination of their venture so inglorious that a second attempt would probably never be made. Arthur confined himself to the strenghening of his position. He had the gates securely closed and the water returned to its channel. He had left a strong detatchment at the terminus of the freight railway and, after dispatching two of the indians with the news of his success to Herbert, he rested on his arms, feeling that things looked a great deal more hopeful than twelve hours before.

The night passed without much disturbance. At one time a body of troops was heard approaching, but a dozen shots fired from the passage telling them that the way was barred and a fight made

almost hopeless by the darkness and the strong position of the foe, they prudently retreated to the village.

At last dawn set in, and when the bandit surveyed his position he saw that his dogged indifference had put him into a plight truly desperate. The pass from the valley was occupied by a body of troops which he could not see, but had good reasons to believe formidable. From the north-east a large body of men was fast approaching, threatening to crush his handful by the very weight of numbers. Half a mile from the village it halted, and the free-booters could see the guns were unlimbered and placed in position. If they made an attempt to force the pass, this army would follow on their heels and they would be caught between two fires. The bandit himself was desperate enough to rush into the foe and die fighting; but he knew his men too well to imagine that they could be persuaded to imitate the example of the Spartans at Thermopylæ. In fact, the glances which they cast at him were by no means the friendliest, and while he would not have hesitated to plunge into the ranks of the enemy with the certainty of death before him, he was not at all pleased with the prospect of falling under the stillettos of his comrades. At seven o'clock a flag of truce was seen to approach from the army. The bandit prepared to meet it; but he was not allowed to go alone.

"Stop a moment, Captain," a burly fellow accosted him; "I for one, wish to know what you chaps have to say. You have got us into a pretty pickle here, and if there is a way out of it this child wants to know."

"That's right, *Henriquez*," another chimed in. "You go along and see that we get fair play."

The bandit colored, and a sinister glance shot from his eyes; but his men were not in a mood to be bullied or trifled with; so he started without saying a word, the others following at his heels. They met the envoy awaiting them midway between the two lines.

"Are you empowered to treat with me?" he inquired.

"Yes, let us hear what you have to say."

"Very well. My general offers you a safe retreat on condition that you deliver up your arms and your leader."

"And if we refuse?"

"He will open fire on you in fifteen minutes."

"But the people of Lakeview will be destroyed in such a case."

"He will not give you much time to do them harm. Decide, for I have been ordered to give you just five minutes for reflection."

Henriquez looked shyly at his mate. It went even against the grit of this hardened man to purchase his own safety at the expense of his leader. The bandit on the other hand, soon formed his resolution. We have, on various occasions, noticed feeble signs of a better nature in this man who, under other circumstances, might perhaps have excelled by his heroic qualities. On this occasion, one of these gleames of nobility alluded to broke forth."

"Very well," he replied; "I accept your terms, as far as I am concerned. I have induced these men to invade the valley, and it is only just that I should bear the consequences. Henriquez, you run back and communicate the conditions to our men. Tell them that I advise them to accept the terms proposed, for if they don't they will finally have to leave their bodies as well as their arms."

"Ain't you coming along?"

"No, I shall stay here to await their decision."

"All right," the man said, and walked away. The news he brought evidently created a commotion, for there was much running to and fro; but after the expiration of ten or fifteen minutes, this commotion subsided, and piling of weapons of every description in front of the village indicated plainly that they had resolved to accept the terms offered to them. The return of Henriquez confirmed this opinion. He said that it was very hard for them to give up the weapons on which their support depended; but as they had no other way of getting out of the scrape into which the captain's rashness had brought them, they had to comply. The envoy then returned to inform his superiors of the successful termination of his mission. It is unnecessary to describe the details of the measures taken for the enforcement of the treaty. The crestfallen freebooters had to march in single file between the troops of Arthur, drawn up for that purpose. The bandit, on the other hand, was escorted by a strong guard to Enterprise and securely imprisoned to await the trial which was to decide his fate. The afternoon was spent, when his prison door opened and Herbert entered the room, accompanied by Arthur. The prisoner eyed them coldly, and if

they had expected to find him humble and ready to ask forgiveness for his numerous offenses, they were mistaken.

"Well, Arthur," Herbert broke the silence; "You see into what a dilemma your misdeeds have brought you?"

"I have been unlucky, that is all. You are the victor—go ahead and do your worst. I am prepared to meet my fate."

There is something in the manifestation of an undaunted spirit which secures our respect, even when it is exhibited in a cause not at all calculated to excite our admiration.

"Stubborn as ever," Herbert said sadly. "Don't you see young man that I bear you no grudge for the harm you have done or tried to do me? If I saw only a disposition to mend your ways, I would not only do you no harm, but even reach you a helping hand, and assist you in becoming a useful member of society."

The bandit did not trust his ears. He had expected nothing less than to be tried by a courtmartial, and then shot. He was fair-minded enough to see that he deserved nothing better, and would undoubtedly have received a similar verdict under similar circumstances. And now this man spoke sadly, instead of speaking harshly, offering not only forgiveness for offenses both numerous and aggravating, but even assistance, in case the culprit would promise to reform. For the first time the bandit got a glimpse of the greatness of this man. For the first time something like shame entered his bosom. He had to look down to avoid the clear, benevolent glance of his relative.

"It is too late," he murmured at last; "if you knew ——."

"I do not want to know, and it is not too late," Herbert persisted, seeing that his words had at last begun to make an impression on this hardened heart. "Come now, can't you act like a man, and form the resolution to lead henceforth a different life and atone, by serving your brethren, for the wrong you have done them."

A heavy sigh wrung itself from the bandit's bosom.

"If I thought —," he began gloomily.

"I *know*, that is better. Only form the resolution, and we all will help you with the best of our ability. Come, Arthur, give me your hand, turn a new leaf, and we shall bless the day that brought about this change."

The bandit was conquered; another heavy sigh escaped his breast and, with tears starting from his eyes, he seized and wrung his uncle's hand and said:

"I have not deserved such mercy from you, uncle Herbert, but, take my word for it, you will never regret such kindness; and if, henceforth, any one dares to harm you, he will have to harm me first. The fact is I am very poor at making speeches; but give me a chance of showing my appreciation of your generosity by actions and you will find me true to my pledge."

"I trust I will Arthur; but if you are really in earnest with your resolutions of reform, you will certainly make reparation to a person you have wronged more grievously than me."

Arthur looked at him inquiringly; but instead of replying, Herbert left the room. After a minute or two he reappeared, leading Clara by the hand. The poor girl seemed to have suffered keenly during the last few days, for her cheeks were hollow, and the bloom that had covered them in former and happier days had entirely disappeared. She appeared very nervous and had no sooner noticed Arthur than she covered her face with her hands and commenced to weep bitterly. This conduct was so different from her usual light and gay behaviour that it touched all present, and her lover most of all.

"I understand you now, uncle," he said, and thank you sincerely for giving me this opportunity of showing the earnestness of my resolutions. Clara, if you can still trust such a good-for-nothing fellow, I shall redeem my promise and lead you as my wedded wife into the home which this good uncle of mine will be kind enough to provide for us."

With a shout of joy the girl flew into his arms and said, smiling through tears: "I knew my Arturo would not desert me."

"Well, he came mighty near it, though," he said, returning her caresses, and laughing in an embarrassed manner; "the fact is, Clara, I cannot understand how you ever came to throw away your affections upon such a scallawag. I do not deserve such goodness; but if you will forgive me and forget the past, I shall try to make you as happy as you deserve."

A radiant smile was all the answer she gave him.

"Here is another," he resumed, "whose forgiveness I have to

ask. Cousin Arthur, can you forget the brutal assault I made upon you and grasp a hand stained by so many misdeeds?"

"I can and will," replied our young friend, taking the proffered hand. "I trust the time will come when I shall be proud to call you my friend."

"I shall try my best to hasten it; but where is Inez? I shall not feel easy before she too has vouchsafed me her forgiveness."

Inez had entered some time before, but remained hidden behind her father to conceal the deep emotion which the touching scene had stirred up in her. Now, however, she came forward. Offering her hand to the man who had at one time so deeply insulted her, she said:

"Here is my hand, Cousin Arthur, in token that I have forgiven and forgotten, and rejoice heartily at the turn which affairs have taken to-day. At the same time I offer my sincerest congratulations to your union with this friend of mine. I know her well and assure you that you have drawn a prize in securing her?"

"And I return your good wishes for your prospective union with Cousin Arthur. By the by, cousin, here is a document which may come handy one of these days."

"What is it, Arthur?"

"Oh, never mind. Just put it in your pocket and examine it at your leisure."

At this moment a young man entered the room and informed Herbert that the train for the North was ready, awaiting only the appearance of the party to start.

"Then be up and off, children," Herbert said. "I have never let others wait on me if I could help it, and shall not be guilty of this offense to-night."

With this he arose and led the way to the cars which were packed to the utmost on account of the unusual concourse of people at Enterprise that day. Seats had been reserved for the party, but Herbert refused to enjoy privileges which were not accorded to all, and insisted upon others sharing the seats allowed to his party to such a degree that they strikingly resembled packed herrings in a box. What he thus lost in comfort, however, he gained richly in the affection of his fellow passengers, provided it was really possible for the people to like him better than before.

The train reached Montezuma without mishap, and at nine o'clock they entered the Villla with a feeling of relief and restfulness contrasting pleasantly with the excitements of the day.

CHAPTER XXII.

RETRIBUTION.

It had not been more than a day since they left their peaceful abode, but the strange and startling events which had occurred meanwhile caused the period to appear ever so much longer. It is, indeed, by occurrences, and not by days that we ought to compute time. In peace and tranquility it flows so evenly that we hardly notice the current. During turbulent periods, on the other hand, we experience more in a day than otherwise in a month, and at such times we can say to have lived proportionately long. So, with the family of the Villa. Serious dangers had threatened them, and for hours their very existence had been in jeopardy.

The danger had finally been averted, and, what at first appeared as a great calamity had, for some of them at least, assumed the garb of a blessing. The heart of the bandit had been touched, and, with this event, the life of Clara, which seemed on the brink of ruin, had suddenly taken a turn for the better. It is such reactions, however, which affect us most deeply, and the company, though thankful for the escape from danger, and consequently happy thereat, was in that mood of mind which inclines us to silence and thoughtfulness. A late supper was eaten with only a casual remark interrupting the repast, when a remark of Herbert startled the company.

"Now, I think of it," he said, "has anybody seen Philip during the past twenty-four hours?"

No one had, and what had been overlooked in the excitement of the conflict now justly caused the wonderment of everybody. "Where was Philip, and what had become of him?" At this moment the servant waiting on them came in, and when she was asked

the same question, she replied that Senor Philip had been so ill all this time as to be chained to his room and even bed. An incredulous smile passed over the face of his cousin, but he said nothing. Nor did the news create a very lively interest in the rest of the party, Herbert remarking that if the patient was not better in the morning he would have to pay him a visit in his medicinal capacity. Little did he dream of the complications which the night would bring.

When he entered his office the next morning he was just in time to receive the following telegram :

"LAKEVIEW, September 8, 1878.

"*Herbert Grau* :—The Dolphin arrived last night. I have a passenger on board who claims to have received an invitation from you to visit Friedensthal, and to substantiate her claim has shown me a letter from you which I did not read, but which is evidently genuine. She came on board the Dolphin at San Francisco, and was so positive in her statements that I did not dare to refuse her a passage, although you had not given me any instructions to that effect. She is at the hotel here, and I should like to know whether I shall send her up or take her back to San Francisco.

Yours, etc., JOHANN SEAMANN, Captain of Dolphin."

Herbert leaned back in his chair and reflected for quite a while. "Hem," he muttered. "I hardly know what would be best. I surely did not invite her, but my hints as to Philip must have brought her, and it would hardly be hospitable to send her back on such a long voyage without giving her a chance to rest. I have no doubt there will be a row, but if his conduct has justified her indignation he must blame himself for that, and not me. I think I shall let her come."

He wired an answer in conformity with this resolution, and then went to Philip's room to see whether his indisposition was of a serious character. He found the young man still in bed, but a single glance sufficed to convince him that the malady was merely one of those inventions which serve as a cover for our activity or inactivity, as the case might be. When Herbert entered Philip stretched out his hand and said :

"Allow me to congratulate you upon the lucky termination of

an outrage which might have proved fatal to your plans and aspirations."

"Curse upon this sickness which compelled me to remain here in inactivity, while Cousin Arthur gathered laurels. Believe me, however, that my best wishes were with you all the while."

"Your forte is diplomacy, Philip, not war," Herbert said, with a smile in which irony predominated; "but can you not rise and take breakfast with us? There may be visitors who would wish to make your acquaintance."

"Well, I shall try; the pain in my back has left me almost entirely, and I shall certainly make an effort to join you."

He kept his word, for, just as the company were on the point of sitting down to breakfast, he entered the dining-room. On seeing his brother he could not help starting back in consternation, and, in spite of his adroitness, he betrayed great embarrassment.

"I need not introduce the gentlemen," Herbert said, with that suavity which is sometimes the keenest irony; "for, as I learn from this prisoner, you are united by the bonds of blood. You will, no doubt, be glad to learn, Philip, that your brother has consented to become a member of our colony."

Philip struggled to regain his self-possession, and finally succeeded sufficiently to stammer:

"I congratulate him on such a resolution, and trust that his conduct will be such as to justify the kindness you have shown him."

The color rose in his brother's face, and but for a warning look from Herbert the young man might have broken out into a passionate reply. As it was, he abstained from making any remark at all, and the company sat down to breakfast.

"I just now learn that the Dolphin has run in," Herbert informed the party. "Captain Seamann informs me of a strange insolence of which a Corvette has been guilty. She signaled the Dolphin to lay to, and when the captain paid no attention gave chase and commenced firing on our steamer, luckily without effect, for when the Dolphin showed her heels she soon ran away from the man-of-war. This is certainly an outrage which they would not have attempted if the Dolphin had sailed under the flag of a

stronger nation. What I do not understand in the matter, is the motive lying at the bottom of the outrage."

If he had seen the significant glance which Arturo—for thus we shall henceforth call him, to distinguish him from his cousin—cast at his brother, and the palor spreading over the latter's face, he might perhaps have got a clue to the mystery. As it was the matter was dropped and the meal proceeded in silence, until, near the end, a servant entered and handed Herbert a card.

"Ah," he said after looking at it, "let the lady enter at once; she may not have breakfasted and, in that case, do us the honor to join us in our meal."

The servant retired and a minute later a lady entered the room whose appearance had the same effect upon the company as the bursting of a bombshell in a bivouac. The two Arthur's and Philip sprang to their feet exclaiming almost simultaneously, "Bertha!"

Herbert also arose, though less unceremoniously, and, walking up to the stranger, said, with his hand outstretched for a greeting:

"Welcome, Miss Stamm, in Friedensthal. Inez, this is Miss Bertha Stamm; a niece of my lamented friend Anton Stamm."

"A relation entitling her to my regard," said Inez politely, but rather coldly. The young men now felt it their duty to say a few words of welcome, although each of them had his reasons for embarrassment. Arthur was the first to collect himself.

"This is quite a surprise, Bertha," he said, taking her hand, and giving it a hearty shake, "but I need not assure you that it is a very pleasant one."

"Nor I," Philip now chimed in; "we used to spend such happy hours together at Antonsruhe that I rejoice at the prospect of renewing them."

"I am sincerely glad to hear you say so," she replied, looking at him so steadily that he was forced to lower his glance.

In order to change the subject, he said: "This is my brother, Arthur; I suppose you have almost forgotten him in the long years of absence?"

"I remember him very well," she replied in the cold manner which we have noticed in her before.

"Bertha, have you had breakfast, this morning?" Herbert now inquired; "if not, the girl shall set a plate for you."

"Thanks, Mr. Grau," she responded; "I had my breakfast at the hotel."

The party then arose, and broke into groups. Bertha managed to detach Philip from the others, walking with him to one of the arbors of the garden. She looked at him affectionately and was on the point of speaking, when he said rather coolly:

"What on earth brings you here, Bertha? How did you get the clue to the secret of this place?"

"I did not steal it this time," she replied bitterly. "Mr. Grau wrote to me that he would deed Antonsruhe to me if I would release Arthur from his pledge. I was so glad at this good news that I could not resist the temptation to visit his place of residence. Besides ——"

"Well, besides?"

"He told me in his letter that you were with him then, a circumstance which confirmed my resolutions of coming."

"Much obliged to you, Bertha," he said coolly; but what is to come of this and how will you get back?"

"Why, are you not going with me, Philip?"

"I don't know yet; may be I shall; but do not tell anybody here of our intimacy."

"But why not, Philip? Antonsruhe belongs to me now and there is no longer a necessity for concealing our engagement."

"Well, nevertheless you will oblige me by preserving the secret a little longer."

We leave them talking and follow Herbert, who went to his office, where a clerk ran to meet him with a flushed face, saying hurriedly:

"Read this dispatch, Sir. Here are boats coming up the Rio Frio, to attack the Dolphin, and, may be, the settlement."

Herbert wasted no time with questions, but read the telegram, which was as follows:

"On Board the Dolphin:—

I have just learned from reliable sources that the boats of the same Corvette which chased me will make a night attack with boats. Send the necessary aid without delay, as I am not in condi-

tion to resist so formidable an assault. The man-of-war must have tracked us to this port.

JOHANN SEAMANN."

"Call Arthur in," Herbert commanded; "and Arturo also." Then, without waiting a moment, he dispatched a dozen different messages to a dozen different places. Before he was through, the two young men stood at his side. When he had finished, he turned to them, saying hurriedly:

"I need you both. Captain Seamann telegraphs to me that the Corvette, which chased the Dolphin, has tracked her to the river and is preparing to attack her with boats the coming night. The rascals are getting impudent and need a lesson that will prevent a recurrence of such an offense. I have telegraphed to get the men and artillery ready, and want you two to take command of the forces preparing to beat back the assailants. Arturo you may serve under Arthur, and, I trust, you will use this opportunity to show that I had good reasons for this confidence in you."

A flash of joy gleamed from the young man's eyes.

"I thank you uncle," was all he said, but the pressure of his hand spoke volumes, and showed Herbert that he had done well to give him this opportunity for redeeming his character. He fairly trembled with impatience to be off, and when the two hurried down town there was no occasion to urge him to speed and activity.

The news had not yet reached the citizens, excepting those to whom Herbert had telegraphed; but such tidings travel with lightning speed, and soon the public were in possession of the facts. To know and respond was almost simultaneous, and soon the two saw themselves at the head of five hundred chosen men, who burned with impatience to teach this foreign foe a salutary lesson. The military fire kindled by the recent invasion had not entirely subsided, and was therefore rekindled with redoubled intensity. The battery had been fortunately not returned to the armory, and was speedily placed upon the cars, which the soldiers boarded at the same time. While rushing towards Enterprise, Arturo whispered to his cousin:

"It is not more than right that I should tell you that I am pro-

bably partly to blame for this movement on the part of the Corvette."

"You?" Arthur said, unwilling to trust his ears.

"Yes, I. In order to make you understand, I am compelled to reveal to you a diabolical plot which my brother concocted. You know already that it was our plan to capture uncle Herbert, but you do not know that it was also a part of the plan to convey him on board the Corvette and send him to Germany and deliver him to the authorities for the execution of the death sentence still hanging over him."

"Good Heavens! What a villainous plot," Arthur could not help exclaiming.

"I see it in the same light now, Arturo humbly replied; "but blind fury and passion prevented me from seeing it then. I must bear my share of the disgrace; but believe me Arthur, while I lent a hand in the execution of the scheme, I was not diabolical enough to invent it."

"And you think the commander of the Corvette is in the plot?"

"I know it, for I mailed a letter which Philip gave me before my expulsion from the valley."

"I am glad you told me this; partly because it leaves no longer any doubts as to your sincerity, and partly because it shows the serious nature of the affair. There is no doubt that we shall be able to repel this assault, for the channel of the river is too shallow to allow the Corvette to proceed far from the coast; but there is danger of complications with a foreign power. Mexico is not able to cope with a first-class power of the Old World, and would, for that reason, be willing enough to sacrifice us to placate its vengeance."

Poor Arturo sat very crestfallen.

"Well, that won't hinder us from giving them a good thrashing, I hope," he said.

Arthur had to smile against his will. "Fear not, there will be fighting enoughto satisfy the most bloodthirsty," he replied. "To do these tars and marines justice, they never count the odds against them, and my heart bleeds at the necessity of slaughtering them,

for slaughter it must necessarily be, if their commander persists in his determination to attack us."

By this time they had reached Enterprise, where another detachment of the same number awaited them. The reception of Arthur was an enthusiastic one, for the people of the town had not forgotten that the speedy termination of the invasion was chiefly due to his skill and heroism. They extended their welcome to their late foe, and marveled not a little at the striking resemblance which the two cousins bore to one another. It was, in fact, only the clothes they wore which enabled them to know them apart.

The cars in which the Enterprise division of militia had taken their seats were coupled to the train, and an hour later the expedition stopped at the terminus, which our previous visit has made familiar to the reader. The battery was speedily unloaded and lowered to the Dolphin, which was lying close under the cliff. This being done, the guns were then placed in position and loaded with grapeshot, under the supervision of a gunner who had served a number of years in that capacity. The troops were posted partly on board the steamer, whose gunwale offered an excellent protection against hostile bullets, and partly on the cliffs of the northern side, the southern being too steep for access to anybody.

By dusk everything was in readiness. The men took their supper and then went to their respective posts, with orders to remain as still as possible and to refrain from firing until the order was given. Arturo had received the command of the division on the rocks, while Arthur remained on board the steamer, whose boats had been lowered and manned with sharpshooters, in order to take the aggressive, if such a movement should be deemed advisable. Arthur was greatly troubled in his mind about the approaching struggle. As he had said to his cousin, he was not afraid of the issue but foresaw that the conflict would be a bloody one and might lead to complications with a strong power fatal to the prosperity of Friedensthal. Could he not possibly pursue a course calculated to avoid a collision? If he could only convince the commander of the expedition that an attack, with boats on so impregnable a position must be a disastrous failure, he might be induced to abstain from wasting uselessly both amunition and blood. But how could he accomplish this? In vain he racked his brain, and came finally

to the conclusion that it would be best to await further developments, and then seize the first favorable opportunity presenting itself. In order to ascertain the position of the enemy, he boarded one of the boats and ordered the men to row him down the river. They proceeded with muffled oars and stopped every few minutes to listen for signs from the enemy. The wind came up the river, a circumstance favoring his purpose. He was about a mile from the steamer when he thought he heard a faint noise in the distance. He ordered his men to stop rowing, and all listened with the keenest attention. Arthur had not mistaken; the muffled sound of oars handled with the greatest precaution could plainly be heard in the distance. Gradually it became louder, and when our friend had convinced himself that there was no doubt of the approach of the foe, he ordered his men to return to the steamer. Rapidly the boat continued on its course up the river, and soon afterwards glided past the bow of the steamer. Arthur resumed his post on board the Dolphin and waited anxiously for the developments which the next few minutes must necessarily bring. Still his face was troubled, and he racked his brain for an outlet from the dilemma. At first it would not show itself. But suddenly a ray of light flitted over his countenance, only to pass away and leave a deeper shadow there than before. But this shadow in turn passed away and once more the ray of light made its appearance, this time to stay and clear the face of all trouble and uncertainty. After a minute's reflection, Arthur nodded as in answer to a mental inquiry, and then muttered:

"Yes, that will do;" he arose at the same time, called the captain and Arturo to his side and engaged in a short but eager conversation, whose nature must surely have been of a humorous character, for the eyes of the hearers twinkled and the grin which the first words provoked on their faces broadened until their mouths widened almost from ear to ear, and more than one "capital!" "splendid!" "just the thing!" escaped their lips. As discrete men, however, they moderated their voices sufficiently to guard the official secret from profane ears, and since the well known discretion of the reader and ourselves excludes the very idea of eavesdropping, we have to be satisfied to learn the nature of the things in store by their development.

Night had now completely settled on the landscape, and an impenetrable darkness had wrapped everything in its dense folds; but the anxiety of Arthur and his men had disappeared and given room to that pleasant sensation with which we await an entertainment rich with the promise of fun and merriment. The only feeling manifest was that of impatience at the long delay of the fun.

At last there came signs of the arrival of the expected though uninvited guests. The dull thud of muffled oars, scarcely noticable to the unconcerned, became plainly audable to the expectant listeners. The boats reached a position between the steamer and the opposite cliff. The tide was now at its height, covering the narrow banks too high to allow any footing. On board the steamer everything was quiet, justifying the hope of the invaders that their attack would be a complete surprise. Only the regular throbbing of the engine was heard, resembling the peaceful breathing of a giant, whose very breath may become destruction when coupled with consciousness.

Now the boats are drawn up in line; a low whistle gives the sign for the advance upon the steamer, and this advance begins, only to be cut short in a manner of which the assailants had little dreamed. As if by magic the deep obscurity of the night suddenly gave way to a brilliant light which the suddenness of the change made almost magical and truly overwhelming. Before the assailants had time to recover from their surprise, four heavy streams of water began to play upon them with a force making it totally impossible for them to maintain their positions, throwing almost the entire force into the river, where they spurted and blew like a herd of porpoises. Of course they made immediate and desperate exertions to regain the boats. but they failed, partly because the heavy streams continued to play upon them and partly because the boats, all at once, reared like refractory horses, assuming gradually a vertical position, spilling into the water, as a matter of course, the few who had thus far kept their positions. The scene was certainly one of extreme confusion, and the mass of struggling humanity in the river must have presented a highly ludicrous appearance, for shouts of laughter resounded on all sides, much to the vexation of the involuntary bathers, if we may judge from the numerous imprecations arising from their lips. Never, however,

had they been more helpless and unable to resent a practical joke, and, what is more, they were not merely helpless, but also in peril of finding a watery grave in the deep river, for, though all skilled in the art of swimming, they were too heavily encumbered with their uniforms and weapons to make much use of it. When, therefore, a helping hand or hook was extended, the strugglers made such instant use of the aid proffered that in less than fifteen minutes the whole force was on board the steamer, deprived of their weapons and reduced to the inglorious condition of captivity. We need hardly add that a more crestfallen crew can not well be imagined; nor need we wonder, for they who, but a few minutes ago, had reveled in the anticipation of an easy victory, were now totally at the mercy of a foe whose character they did not know, and whose resentment they had good reason to fear. The commander of the expedition especially presented a picture of despondency, as well he might, for, without regard to the fate in store for him on the part of the victors, he had reason to apprehend a severe punishment from the commander of the Corvette for the levity with which he had plunged his men into this predicament.

Arthur seemed to read his thoughts; stepping up to him, he said, with a polite bow, in German:

"Good evening, sir. Permit me to offer you the hospitality of this vessel."

The touch of sarcasm in these words was so softened by the politeness and evident good humor of the speaker that the captive was wise enough to accept the pleasant side of the situation, saying with an attempt to brighten up:

"Thanks, sir; if the welcome is as hearty as the double bath you gave us, we shall have little reason to complain."

"We shall endeavor to make it so," was the laughing reply. Then, becoming serious, the speaker continued:

"Indeed, we have no inclination to pay you back in your own coin. The nation to which you belong is mine, and nothing is further from my mind than to harm its valiant tars. Please follow me to a stateroom to don a dry suit. I want you to make a short excursion with me through our colony to-morrow morning to become convinced that even an army would find it difficult to conquer us. We want to live in peace with our Fatherland, and nothing, I

think, will bring about such a valuable condition of affairs more readily than your recognition of our strength."

The officer was as much struck by the nature of these words as the gentlemanly tone in which they were uttered. He merely bowed, and by rising, signified his readiness to do the other's bidding. Arthur led him to a stateroom, and half an hour later the officer was dressed in one of Captain Seamann's suits ready to rejoin Arthur, who had meanwhile been busily engaged in making the other prisoners as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

The officers as well as the men were provided with dry garments, and so ludicrous an aspect did they present that the grin on the faces of their captors refused to down. A hearty meal had been spread in the cabins, and when the hungry invaders sat down to do it ample justice, with their captors at their backs in the role of attentive hosts, the scene bore more the character of a carnival banquet than a gloomy prison meal. The common language of the two parties formed an additional bond of union between them, and soon a lively intercourse was in progress, the coarse jokes to which Jack Tar is addicted flying thick and fast, causing shouts of laughter at every good hit. Even amongst the officers this *entente cordiale* made its appearance, and at the end of the meal all restraint seemed to have vanished. This was chiefly due to the genial hospitality of Arthur, who was so happy over the bloodless termination of the encounter that he could have embraced his worst foe with the greatest cordiality. His influence was irresistible, and when the party retired for the night, the mutual hand shaking was as hearty as sincere.

The next morning, after dawn, when Arthur stepped on deck, he found the commander of his prisoners there inspecting the surroundings with both interest and curiosity. Pointing to the boats of the Corverte, which were still suspended in the air by means of wire-ropes descending from the cliff, he said laughingly:

"I see now why our horses began to rear all at once in so unaccountable a manner. The trick is so good a one that I forgive you for our defeat with all my heart. I shudder at the thought of the slaughter to which you could have subjected our men if you had chosen to do so."

"I assure you that the fear of being compelled to such a course

weighed heavily on my mind last night," replied Arthur earnestly. "But come to the cabin for an early breakfast. We shall need all the day to inspect the things I have to show to you."

"I am at your service, sir, but permit me to ask: where did the terrible streams come from which made such dreadful havoc among us."

"They come in pipes from a lake higher up in the valley, which I shall show you in due season," Arthur replid with a laugh.

"Hark, there is the breakfast bell!"

The excellent meal, with its fragrant coffee and pleasant native wines of Friedensthal, evidently strengthened the tie which the supper of the night before had begun to weave, and when it was over the lieutenant of the Corvette, whose name was Detmold, was ready to follow Arthur everywhere, even if he would have been obliged to meet hardships and dangers instead of the pleasant surprises which he had been led to expect.

When he and Arthur reached the deck of the Dolphin the cannon had disappeared, so had, in fact, the greater part of the militia, only a body of two hundred remaining to guard the prisoners and repel any further attacks on the part of the Corvette.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SURPRISES ALL AROUND.

Arthur and his companions rose to the level of the tunnel by means of the elevator, commonly used for hoisting the imported and exported goods. Lieutenant Detmold had been urged to inspect everthing he saw with the greatest care, and it must be confessed that he obeyed this injunction with the most scrupulous exactness. The great elevator or crane, the train of cars loaded with the militia and the battery, the panting locomotive, awaiting merely the arrival of Arthur and his companions to pull the train from the tunnel; all this display of system and power impressed the lieutenant very forcibly as strange things to be found

in an apparently uninhabited wilderness. At first he managed to conceal his impressions under the calm exterior of the man of the world, but when the train emerged from the tunnel, passing one bridge after another, when then the valley expanded in its loveliness, allowing the vision to feast upon all the beauties before described ; the handsome farm-houses, with their clusters of trees and bushes, the beautiful and expansive lake, with Lakeview stretched along its picturesque shore, and when, after an hour's ride Enterprise was reached, displaying its busy thousands, its stores and villas, its shops and factories, the astonishment of the stranger had become so boundless and overwhelming as to defy all attempts at concealment. Now he sat speechless, his soul centering in his eyes ; now he burst into exclamations of delight over the discovery of something unusually beautiful or grand. Occasionally he would ask a question, but most of the time he sat mute, the sense of sight evidently absorbing all his mental faculties. As they progressed his bewilderment increased until, on reaching Montezuma, it almost bordered on stupefaction. As they alighted from the cars and entered the magnificent park Arthur heard his companion mutter more than once : " Where am I ? Is this a dream ? Is it reality ?" Then, as if unable to solve the mystery, he shook his head, allowing himself to be lead mechanically into a street car, where he sank upon a seat in a state of more mental than physical exhaustion.

" Cheer up, Lieutenant," Arthur said smilingly and with an encouraging look ; " our journey is nearly over, and then you can rest to your heart's content."

" So much the better, Sennor," the other replied, with a touch of humor, in which, however, a certain seriousness was plainly perceptible. " So much the better ; for if you continue to lead me much longer through this world of marvels you may as well conduct me at once to an insane asylum."

" Well then, I am happy to inform you that we are at the end of our journey, for here lives the man whose genius has achieved all these wonders. Prepare to meet in him the greatest of all miracles of the valley."

Thus warned, the officer allowed himself to be conducted into the hall of the Herbert mansion, and thence to the office where its

master was ready to receive him. We need hardly mention that the telegraph had informed him of the issue of the singular and bloodless struggle. Like Arthur, he rejoiced at its harmless termination ; but, while he was far from the desire of resenting the unwarrantable aggression of the man-of-war on the innocent tools of a higher authority, he thought it proper to observe a reticence and coldness indicative of indignation at the assault. So, when Arthur entered and introduced the prisoner he bowed a little stiffly and said, both coldly and sternly :

" I would be much more glad to meet the gentlemen, if he had come on a more peaceful errand. Is it customary now in the Old World to thus attack peaceful citizens who make it a point to mind their own business? "

The sharp tone of the rebuke restored in a measure the self-possession of the prisoner, who replied fearlessly, though politely :

"As to the habits of the European powers, I must confess ignorance, being a son of the ocean and, as such, constantly upon its bosom. As to my errand here, I plead innocent, being an inferior officer of the Corvette and, as such, bound to obey the orders of my superiors."

" Well answered," said Herbert, an amused smile playing about his lips."

"But can you not at least give me a plausible explanation for a demonstration so greatly at variance with the usages of enlightened nations? "

" I cannot, Sir, and if I could, you would hardly expect me to betray the confidence of my commander."

"No, Sir, for I despise a traitor," responded Herbert, in whose esteem this fearless young soldier rose every minute. " When I asked you for an explanation I expected only such as you could honorably give. This, however, does not remove the fact that your commander has been guilty of an inexcusable breach of peace, and that I would be fully justified in using any measures of retaliation within my reach."

The lieutenant said nothing, but shrugged his shoulders, as if to say : " Well, you have the power, I must submit to any measures you may deem proper to adopt."

" I shall certainly express my opinion of his conduct in terms

of unmistakable plainness," Herbert resumed; "but this is neither here nor there, and you may rest assured that I shall not exercise vengeance upon men whose only offense was to have obeyed their commander well. Consider yourself my honored guest during your sojourn here. Arthur, be kind enough to lead the gentleman to a room where he can make the necessary preparations for dinner, which cannot be far off."

Thus dismissed, the lieutenant followed Arthur, who led him up stairs into a handsome room. As the guide was on the point of retiring, the stranger stopped him and said, extending his hand: "Permit me to thank you for all the kindness you have shown me in this unfortunate affair. Who would have thought that it would have terminated in this way—almost in the manner of the Arabian Nights. Nothing but the enchanted princess is wanting to make the likeness perfect."

"Well, who knows but the princess may appear sooner than you imagine."

"Really? Well, if she is in conformity with all the rest of this magic land, she will be an acceptable addition. I reckon, if our captain had known into what hornets nest he would put his hand he would have thought twice before meddling."

"Do you think that his opinion of our weakness makes his attempt any more honorable?"

The other blushed, replying hastily: "Of course not. I did not like to talk out of school down stairs, but you are more my equal and comrade, as it were, and I do not hesitate to confess to you that a piece of diplomatic trickery is at the bottom of this affair."

"I am sure of it," Arthur replied so positively that the other started and looked at him with surprise. Our friend, however, gave him no chance for any further questions, but said hurriedly;

"Not now, Sennor. You have but a few minutes to prepare for an introduction to the enchanted princess, and if my prolonged stay hinders you from making the proper toilet, you will never pardon me; adio."

With this he withdrew to seek Inez, who flew with an exclamation of rapture into his arms and cried:

"At last! O, Arthur, I have entertained so much anxiety for your safety."

"I am sorry, dear," for never have such fears been more groundless. Has father not informed you of the issue of the combat?"

"Yes, he has, but I have trembled for you nevertheless. As long as Philip is in the colony, I shall have no peace. I hope sincerely that papa will send him away."

"Your wish will probably be gratified before long, but fear nothing on his part. He has been unmasked and thus made harmless. But I have to get ready for dinner, *cara mia*, so fare thee well."

When, half an hour later, he led Lieutenant Detmold into the dinning room, he found Inez ready to do the honors of the house. Presenting the stranger to her, he said:—

"Inez, permit me to introduce to your consideration Lieutenant Detmold, of the Corvette "Mermaid." Lieutenant this is Miss Inez Herbert, the enchanted princess of this haunted region."

The officer bowed low. "Enchanting you should have said, Sennor. I fear you have done me little kindness by introducing me into this world of wonders, since, by a subsequent expulsion, you must needs create a painful craving for its charms."

We know that Inez was not much given to flatteries of any sort, but the appearance of the young seaman was so prepossessing, and his words were colored with such an air of frankness, that she could not force herself to resent them.

"I see you share the fault of all followers of the sea, *i. e.*, you flatter and exaggerate."

"Indeed you wrong me," the youth cried enthusiastically. "If you had, like me, been led through this land of marvels, you would, like me, fear to trust your senses, and be inclined to believe in fairies and other mystical beings. I trust you will extend your benevolence to your newest servant, and allow him to offer his homage to your fairyship."

"I see your journey through Fairyland has been too much for your mental equilibrium, and it is on this ground I pardon your exaggerations, and overlook your heterodox compliments. As a

sign I bear you no malice, I will permit you to offer me your arm, for I see that the entire party has assembled."

"The eagerness with which the youth obeyed showed plainly how delighted and honored he felt at this privilege. Proudly he led the fair maiden towards the table, where the rest of the company awaited them. Inez introduced him to Philip and Bertha, and could not help noticing the slight tremor which passed over the former's body when he was informed of the stranger's character.

"The Mermaid," he forced himself to remark. "Then you are here in the capacity of an ambassador?"

"Nothing of the kind, sir," the young man replied with a laugh; "I am here in the capacity of a prisoner, bound with chains of the strongest kind."

A significant glance at Inez gave a double meaning to his words, but the girl had no time to chide him for his temerity, for Herbert at this moment begged the company to be seated and partake of the bounties spread before them. The young seaman did not fail to obey his summons with alacrity. He ate with the appetite for which his profession is noted, and did more than his share to enliven the repast with his humorous remarks; but, in spite of all that, there seemed to be a certain something hovering in the air which acted as a damper upon the spirits of the company. Even the jolly mariner could not escape its influence, buoyed by the liberal potations of Friedensthal wine though he was. The growing silence around him startled him and shut off his stream of pleasant badinage so suddenly that the stillness became truly oppressive. He looked about with an air of perplexity, as if asking for an explanation, an appeal which caused Herbert to break the silence by saying:

"Lieutenant Detmold, I have reflected gravely upon the affair which gave us the pleasure of your company, and as we are all more or less concerned in the decision which I have formed, I can do nothing better than communicate it at this time and place. Here is a letter to the commander of the Corvette which you will be kind enough to hand him on your return to the "Mermaid." My terms are as follows: I agree to release all my prisoners without ransom, provided the commander promises to abstain hereafter from all hostile demonstrations, and agrees to convey as passengers

Philip Grau and his betrothed, Bertha Stamm, and either land both of them safely at some port of Germany, or, if his instructions should forbid, see that some other vessel carries out this portion of the programme."

The company cast stolen glances at Philip Grau when Herbert ceased. They all felt that this was banishment, a dismissal in disgrace. Philip himself turned deadly pale, but managed to falter:

"You merely anticipate my wishes, Sennor, by making this request, which is superfluous, however, since I have sufficient influence with Captain Verner to secure it for my own sake."

"Of this I have no doubt, sir," Herbert replied coldly, "as the presence of Lieutenant Detmold clearly proves such influence."

The shower of startled looks at this remark deepened the pallor on Philip's face.

"Dr. Grau," he said, with an attempt at bravado, "you shall not thus insult me with impunity. I shall appeal—"

"Philip," Herbert interrupted him calmly. "Say nothing further, or I may forget that you and I bear the same name, and reveal to those present the whole depravity of your black soul. With you I am done, but I have to say a word to this young lady. Remember, Bertha, that your future is with a man whom I have grave reasons to consider dangerous in the extreme. If you wish to detach yourself from him, I shall enable you to reach your native land in safety."

All eyes were now turned upon Bertha, but she was not the person to become easily embarrassed. With the deliberate coolness we have noticed in her before, she replied:

"I thank you, Uncle, for your kind interest and advice; but I cannot benefit by them, as my destiny is irrevocably linked to this man. While I am not blind to his shortcomings, I love him; I love him with all the fervor of my soul, and could no more struggle against this passion than swim against the current of Niagara. So with him I shall share joy and sorrow as long as a spark of life animates my body."

Very strong passion is apt to impress us, and there was not one present who thought her confession either unwomanly or ridiculous. Philip himself was powerfully affected by it. While all

others cast him off, this woman, whom he had wronged so deeply, was the only one to adhere to him, in spite of the ominous light which Herbert's insinuations could not help casting upon him. The little good pervading his nature was stirred, and seizing Bertha's hand, he said :

"I thank you, Bertha. Trust in me ; my future life will prove that you have not put your trust in me in vain."

The company then arose. While Philip and Bertha made preparations for a departure which, in all probability, would be an early one, Lieutenant Detmold devoted himself with so much zeal to the wooing of Inez's favor that Arthur took pity on him and informed him of the tender ties which bound the fair maiden to him. This revelation struck the young officer like a thunderbolt. He remained silent a moment, then rallying, he said, almost fiercely :

"Why the deuce didn't you tell me sooner?"

"Sooner?" Arthur returned; "you seem to forget that you have been here only an hour or so. How could I imagine that you would be all fire and flame so soon?"

The other reflected a moment ; then replied : "You are right, and I beg your pardon for my rudeness. Still, how could a fellow witness such loveliness, and not be captivated by it? I fear that I have this day received a wound which will not heal for many a day to come."

"Nonsense, lieutenant, cheer up ; you will soon get over this spell and laugh at your infatuation. But here comes father, let us see what he has in store for us."

Herbert stepped to the pair and said : "Lieutenant, it pains me to interrupt a conversation which seems to interest you ; but it is two o'clock, and if you wish to reach the Corvette to-night, you will have to make haste. I shall be pleased to see you again ; indeed, I hope your Captain will make you the bearer of his answer and give you a few days furlough to give us a chance to show you the attractions of Friedensthal."

The young man sighed heavily, then replied :

"Dr. Grau, I fear I have already seen too much of the attractions of this colony for my own good ; you will therefore excuse me if I do not join you in your wish. The sooner I leave and forget this valley the better it will be for my peace of mind."

A glance of the speaker at Inez interpreted his meaning to his host. Herbert knew that the story of the broken heart is only a myth; but he also knew that youth feels very keenly, and therefore sympathized with the young Werther.

Pressing his hand warmly, he said: "Wait then, until the wound is healed, which will be sooner than you now imagine. At all events, consider me your friend, and if ever I can be of service to you, or you get tired of the Old World, do not hesitate to turn your steps hither, and you will be sure of a cordial reception."

The youth wrung the hand of the other with an exhuberant fervor, exclaiming: "By Hercules, it would not take much persuasion to bring me here, for what I have seen is very enticing. There is an absence of ceremony, a natural cordiality which won my heart, and if they pester me too much with their conventionalities across the ocean, you may see me before you think."

"I repeat that in such a case you will be sure of a hearty reception."

Another thanks, another handshake, and the two parted. In saying farewell to Inez the young soldier endeavored to maintain a stoical composure befitting his profession; yet his eyes grew moist and he could not help laying into his glance all the feeling his tongue was forbidden to utter. Inez would not have been the quick-witted girl she was if she had failed to notice the deep impression she had produced on the youth. Although she was sorry for the pain she had unintentionally inflicted on the young man, she could not help appreciating the compliment his admiration paid her, and with the feelings of a true woman she made her farewell to him as cordial as circumstances would permit. The young man's departure was a hasty one, and the journey rather silent. They reached the Dolphin shortly before dark, and half an hour later Lieutenant Detmold departed for the mouth of the Rio Frio in a small boat pulled by four stalwart sailors of the Dolphin. He promised to return as soon as possible, and so faithfully did he execute this promise that the boat once more shot under the bow of the Dolphin before the tenth hour of the following morning had expired. He shook hands with Arthur with a feverish energy, saying:

Well, I weathered this storm better than I had any reason to expect. My captain, as well as my mates, laughed heartily at

what they were kind enough to call my bathing tour. Captain Verner, moreover, was so favorably impressed by Mr. Grau's letter that he has resolved upon a visit to the wonderful colony of Friedensthal and will be here this afternoon. Now, if it were not for the heart sore which your enchanted princess has inflicted upon me I would like nothing better than to accompany him on his journey.

"Nonsense!" Arthur exclaimed; "be a man and face the trial. Remember that women like heroes, and Inez will think all the better of you for your return. Moreover, we have many lovely women besides her in Montezuma, and who knows but you may find one capable and inclined to undertake your cure. But excuse me; I must at once telegraph to father. He will never pardon me, if, by my negligence he would lose the chance of impressing this captain of yours with the strength, richness and beauty of his colony."

"This will surely be an easy task; all you have to do will be to conduct him as you did me through the length of this wonderful valley."

"Something of the kind will probably be done; but if father acts upon my advice, he will add what the Germans call some "Knalleffect. But I must be off, so fare you well."

Arthur first sought the presence of Arturo and entered with him into an earnest and animated conversation, at the close of which the latter said: "I perfectly agree with you, and while you telegraph to Montezuma I shall get ready to assist uncle Herbert in the preparations you suggest. There must be somebody here to receive the visitors, and as you can do this so much better than I, I shall go and assume duties for which I am better qualified. Do not fail to telegraph the exact moment of your departure to the valley."

With these words he went to the elevator and a moment later boarded a special locomotive, which started as soon as steam could be raised. Arthur, on the other hand, went to the telegraph office and wired a lengthy message to Herbert, to which he received the short but evidently satisfactory reply, "All right," for he went to work with a will, and soon had the entire crew and guard engaged in putting the steamer in readiness for the distinguished visitors.

The deck was scrubbed, flags, streamers and bunting of German and Mexican devices hoisted in profusion to the mast heads and rigging, and finally the tables for a sumtuous repast were spread upon the deck. The band of the steamer, strengthed by volunteers from the militia, received instructions as to the character of the music they were to perform, and finally the guns of the Dolphin were charged for a salute of welcome on the arrival of the strangers.

Thus the time flew rapidly and at five o'clock a sailboat with the visitors on board hove in sight. When it had approached to the distance of about five hundred yards, twenty five shots were fired and a mighty German flag in black, red and gold was hoisted to the flagstaff, where a favorable breeze spread it in all its beauty. Then the band struck up "What is the German's Fatherland," in which every living soul on board the Dolphin soon joined with commendable zeal and with tolerable execution. The crew of the approaching boat caught the infection, and when it touched the hull of the Dolphin, they sang as vigorously as their hosts. Stairs had been provided to facilitate the ascent, and when Captain Verner appeared at the gunwale Arthur stood ready to receive him. Both sailors and marines had been drawn up in line and at a signal from Arthur they fired a salute.

Our friend then offered the stranger his right hand and said: "In the name of the head of this colony and its people I bid you a cordial welcome. Permit me to express our common hope that this visit may lead to a firm bond of love and friendship between the Fatherland and the sons of Friedensthal."

Captain Verner was visibly moved. Clasping the proffered hand and giving it a hearty pressure, he said:

"I thank you for a reception whose cordiality contrasts strangely with my own conduct towards you and yours. Believe me, when I tell you that only the grossest misrepresentation of one in whose veracity I had been led to believe, prompted me to actions which I now heartily regret."

"Say nothing more," Arthur said politely; "we all felt there must be some misunderstanding, and would sincerely thank you for letting bygones be bygones, for it pains me to see a brave man making apologies."

"In other words you want to save me further humiliation. Very well, sir, I accept an assistance so gracefully bestowed; but I shall make a mental note of this and trust the day may come when I can repay my debt with interest. But here is my embassador. Lieutenant, can you not give me an introduction to this courteous gentleman?"

"It is Mr. Arthur Grau, superintendent of the Friedensthal mines, but I can testify that he is well versed in many other arts and sciences, as his campaign against my forces abundantly proves."

"In watercure, for instance; hey Lieutenant? Well, I thought as much, and am glad my expectations were fully realized. But permit me to make you acquainted with my companions."

The mutual representations were then attended to, after which supper was announced. Arthur conducted Captain Verner to his seat, and, when all had taken their places, a banquet was inaugurated which by its peculiar surroundings, the strange composition of its participants and the excellence of its courses and wines certainly ranks high amongst spreads of a similar character. One could readily discover that Captain Verner enjoyed himself intensely and that his liking for his hosts, and especially Arthur, increased from minute to minute.

It was ten o'clock when the party finally arose, Arthur urging an early retirement, to enable the visitors to endure the fatigue of the next day. After a cordial "good night" all parted, and soon found the slumber which seamen need not long court even under the most difficult circumstances.

Early in the morning they were astir, and, after a hasty breakfast, prepared for the ride in the new romantic land. Besides the captain, four of the subordinate officers of the Mermaid were to participate in the journey. Three of them had come with their commander and the fourth was Lieutenant Detmold, who had finally reached the conclusion that a brave man must be as ready to face the songs of the sirens as the bellowing of cannons. Besides, he had traversed this wonderland before, and might do some service to his companions as prompter.

The captain had undoubtedly been in a measure prepared for what he was to see; but this did not at all prevent him from falling a prey to an astonishment which increased every second and was soon

fully as great as that of Detmold the day before. Perhaps he had not fully credited the latter's wonderful story; perhaps the sights presenting themselves to his view had in them elements calculated to destroy even the composure of even the strongest mind. However this may have been, it is certain that the bewilderment of the commander was fully as intense on his arrival at Montezuma as that of his lieutenant had been on the former occasion In addition to the natural attractions of the valley, the demonstrations of welcome and respect manifested by the people at all points undoubtedly added to the pleasurable emotions of the captain. Cannon were fired, flags and banners hoisted, strains of martial music filled the air, and other tokens of regard were indulged in, reaching a climax when the train entered the lofty hall doming the depot at Montezuma. Double rows of handsome maidens dressed in spotless white lined the platform, and when the captain passed through them with head uncovered, one of them handed him a beautiful boquet and welcomed him with well set words to Montezuma. The visitor was so overwhelmed by all these demonstrations that, man of the world though he was, he found it difficult to thank her for the kind sentiments expressed. Nor had he time to collect his thoughts; for on leaving the depot he encountered a man of commanding stature whose gaze was at once so benevolent and yet so authorative that the visitor could not help doing him homage by a deep bow.

"Dr. Grau," Arthur introduced.

"Who considers himself fortunate to have the opportunity of welcoming in this valley a representative of the valient navy of his Fatherland. Be kind enough to take a seat in this carriage which will take us to my house for a little collation. Arthur see that the other gentlemen are provided for in a similar manner."

"I am entirely at your disposal," was all the captain could reply.

He felt himself lifted into a splendid open carriage, drawn by four superb horses of the purest white. His host took a seat by his side, but even then the visitor found it impossible to enter upon a coherent conversation, for one demonstration crowded upon another, engaging all the attention of which the stranger was capable. A salute of twelve guns shook the air, and six times in succession did they belch forth their fiery contents. A company of soldiers was

posted in front of the carriage, being in turn headed by a brass band which, on a signal from Herbert, began to play a national strain, and set itself in motion. The park with its stately trees, its sparkling fountains and gay flower beds was in itself an object of no little attraction; but to-day the military array and gaily dressed thousands of curious spectators greatly enhanced its charms. Over six thousand soldiers lined the sides of the streets, presenting arms while the carriages passed, and then, forming into line six abreast, marched after them, until the procession halted at Herbert's Villa. At the head of the steps leading to the veranda, Inez received the guests, convincing the commander as well as his subordinates that Detwold's ordeal had indeed been a severe one. The guests were lead into the dining room to partake of a dinner which, in splendor and variety, far outstripped the banquet on board the Dolphin. We have neither the time nor desire to paint the details of this lucullian entertainment, but we must chronicle the almost contemptuous mein with which Captain Verner acknowledged his introduction to Philip Grau.

He pretended not to see the proffered hand, and the bow he made was so stiff as to engender the idea that his spine consisted of an iron rod. Of course, Philip fumed inwardly; but just then he was much like a rattlesnake whose fangs have been extracted. He grew pallid with rage and vowed to himself that both his relative and this haughty officer should suffer for the open contempt with which they treated him, and the reader may rest assured that he was the man to remember such vows and to seize every opportunity to fulfill them.

After the repast Herbert proposed a journey through the full extent of the valley, a suggestion eagerly accepted by the guests. The electric street railway conveyed them to the depot, where they boarded a special train, which carried them to the northern extremity. They visited the mines of Minersville, the factories of Ironton, and all the other wonders of this wonderful valley. It would not only be tedious, but simply impossible, to chronicle the exclamations of suprise, delight and acknowledgement constantly uttered by the visitors. It must suffice to record the remark which Captain Verner addressed to Herbert after the return to the Villa.

"Dr. Grau," he said; "I am not a man of many words. You

may rest assured that I mean what I say when I tell you that what I saw to-day is the most wonderful thing that I ever gazed upon. If a man is to be measured by his achievements (and I think he ought to be), you are surely the most remarkable person I ever met."

"Why Captain, I thought you seaman were above such flattery," Herbert replied with a good-natured laugh.

"Flattery be hanged!" exclaimed the other, becoming very plain in his demonstrations; "Why, you have almost made a convert of me. I never believed much in these new-fangled theories of equality, fraternity and socialism; but I'll be hanged if it would take much to persuade me to become a disciple of yours."

"You would surely be heartily welcome," Herbert said cordially, the same good-natured smile still playing around his lips.

"Would I now? By St. George, I shall remember these words, and if too many reptiles"—with a significant glance at Philip—"cross my path over there, perhaps I may take you at your word sooner than you imagine."

When the evening's festivities were over, Captain Verner said a cordial adieu to his host, declining all further offers of hospitality on the plea of duty. "I must be on board the Mermaid tomorrow morning," he said so positively that Herbert could not well urge the point. "I thank you heartily for your generous hospitality and"— he lowered his voice to a whisper—"for the lesson you have taught me. If ever they want to bother you again, they must choose another tool. I would sooner resign my commission than raise my hand against you once more."

"You tell them of the strength of our position," Herbert replied, smiling, "and I think they will abstain from further attempts to crack the hard nut."

"I think so myself. Besides, you may depend on my setting you right with our authorities."

"Everything ready? Well, good-bye, Dr. Grau, I part with a heavy heart from you and yours. It is not very pleasant for a man to find out at my age that he has been on the wrong track all his life."

"Then make a turn, Captain; never too late to learn, you know."

"Well, I may; but I shall do nothing rash, and ponder well before taking a step which cannot be recalled. Good bye, good bye!"

With these words they parted, Philip and Bertha accompanying him.

The latter was unusually affected. She embraced both Herbert and Inez with deep emotion and wrung Arthur's hand with almost painful fervor. While she could not control the passion she felt for Philip, she felt that he had played a disgraceful role in the valley, and evidently wished to offer her an affectionate farewell as a slight atonement for his perfidy.

As for Philip, he was too completely unmasked to make any further attempt at dissimulation, and the others were too deeply disgusted with his duplicity to feign a sorrow which they were far from feeling. So he parted with a chilling coldness, with only the observance of the barest civilities. Even Arturo drew a breath of relief, when the door closed upon him; nor was the intercourse between the exile and Captain Verner any more cordial. Their conversation was reduced to the interchange of remarks absolutely necessary, and so galling was the open contempt of the commander and his officers for their passenger that the latter demanded to be landed at the nearest point to the Mexican capital, threatening openly, before leaving, that he would inform his government of the strange conduct of its servants. The captain received this threat with silent contempt, and felt relieved when the intriguer left his vessel.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CROWNING OF THE WORK.

In Montezuma everything soon fell back into the wonted routine. A delightful calm settled upon the family, and they talked and acted as if a heavy burden had been taken off their minds. Arturo was given a place in the administration, and it did not take

him long to show that he was made of good material, which came to light when the dross had been removed.

The judges dispensed in his case with the customary term of probation, and, a week later, he and Clara were joined in wedlock. The bride was all blushes and received the congratulations of her friends with a mien so full of bliss and rapture that there was no doubt of the perfect happiness which had fallen to her share.

Time flies as rapidly in Friedensthal as elsewhere, or rather faster, for the reader knows well that the minutes are most lightly winged where joy and happiness have taken up their abode. He will, therefore, not wonder when we tell him that the day which was to bring independence and self-government to the colonists made its appearance much more quickly than they had expected, and, strange to say, wished. Independence is always coupled with duty, and duty with care. The rule of Herbert had been so gentle, so benevolent, so beneficent that the colonists had been spoiled and become indifferent to a blessing which we are apt to miss most in misrule. Herbert was aware of this feeling; he knew its danger to the future liberties of his colonists, and it was principally for this reason that he refused to prolong his period of paternal rule.

I have outlined the principles underlying Herbert's institutions in my story; it is therefore unnecessary to give at this place the constitution which the people were to adopt or reject on the day of election. The day set for it broke fair; fair even for the happy clime of Friedensthal. The entire valley assumed a holiday attire. The shops, the stores and the schools were closed, and the people swarmed from their houses like bees seeking new quarters. It was conjectured that, with this freedom from work, all the votes could, and would be cast by noon, leaving the afternoon for the celebration of the festivities which had been arranged throughout the valley. Nor was this conjecture wrong. After twelve o'clock no one approached the poles, which were then closed. The counting of the votes began at once, but it soon became evident that the work was merely a matter of form, not a single "no" making its appearance. At four o'clock the result was no longer to be doubted, and salutes of artillery announced the momentous event to the people. Of course, only comparatively few could hear him, no *matter how* eagerly they crowded around the tribune; but as

all were anxious to hear what their father, friend and benefactor had to say to them on this occasion, the address had been printed, and was circulated in thousands of copies all over the valley. It read:

"*Friends and Associates:*

You have, this morning, performed a political act of the utmost importance. You have, by your votes, adopted the principles which have guided your steps these twenty-five years, and led you to safety, happiness and prosperity. Hitherto I have watched over you and seen to the faithful execution of these very principles. From to-day it will be your duty to exercise such vigilance yourselves. A great boon is worth the trouble of preserving it; I trust you will cheerfully bring the little sacrifice of a few hours' labor to guard a treasure for the thoughtless loss of which your children's children would curse you. Watch over it with the most zealous vigilance. Do not allow the slightest infringment of the fundamental principles forming your constitution. Keep secular and religious matters strictly separate. Preserve the most absolute liberty of thought, speech and belief. Do not allow the land of your colony, this inalienable common property of all, to become the property of individuals. Let it and the treasures found in its bowels alone bear the brunt of taxation; be very careful not to tax the industries of your fellows or to put a premium on shrewd speculation which, ninety-nine cases in a hundred, is nothing but legalized robbery. Keep the interest for loans at the present low rate, thereby compelling even the rich man, to work with his hands or his brains for a living. Educate all your children alike, and thus give them all an equal chance. At present it is not necessary to feed any of them at public expense; nor will this necessity ever occur here, I feel assured, if you live up to the spirit as well as the letter of your constitution; but should, by some calamity or other, poverty raise its hideous head among you, be very careful not to discriminate between the children of the rich and the poor. If you do; if you allow the latter to grow up with advantages over the less favored ones, you give your institutions a death stroke, under which they will soon perish. I do not much fear such deplorable conditions here, but if ever they occur, combine all the wisdom, patriotism and virtue of the colony to avert their fatal consequences.

"I have always tried to impress you with the truth that justice, not charity, ought to guide your intercourse with one another. The latter degrades the recipient and is absolutely unnecesssary, if the former is your rule of action. And with his birth everybody has the right of enjoying happiness, and only the grossest injustice on the part of others can deprive him of this birthright. Yet, strange to say, such injustice is almost universally the rule, and not the exception, a circumstance well calculated to fill me with the fear that you, too, at some distant day, may lose sight of this fundamental axiom.

"To-day, at this very hour, the deed, making over this beautiful valley to you and yours is being recorded in the Archives of the Capitol. From this moment I shall be no richer than any of you; but do not forget that I have made you merely stewards of this wealth for the benefit of the entire race and unborn generations. Show yourselves worthy of this magnificent gift by aiding. to the best of your ability, outsiders who, laboring under the yoke of secular or spiritual tyrants, look to you for deliverance from such bondage.

"You are composed of many nationalities. Do not cling, then, to one particular race or land, but, placing yourselves on the broad platform of cosmopolitanism, work at and for the emancipation of all. I could add many words to these; but it is not only since yesterday that I have lived and worked amongst you. You all know my principles, which are, moreover, embodied in the constitution you have to-day adopted. I have given you many millions; but the legacy I leave you in this instrument outweighs by far the treasures of Montezuma. You all know how these treasures have enabled me to carry out my ideas of an existence worthy of the human race; but only in this sense these millions have the right to be introduced as factors in our relations to one another. Let them be subservient to the true interests of mankind, and they are a blessing; but let them assume the mastership and enslave mankind for the furtherance of selfish purposes, and they assume a hostile, yea, truly fiendish character, before which the real welfare of the race perishes as the dry grass before the fiery breath of the flame."

I have but little to add. Arthur and Inez at the end of the year of probation became united in the bonds of matrimony.

They have ever since continued to form a shining example for the young people of the valley, which has long since lost the character of seclusion, and is sending forth every year apostles whose duty and delight it is to preach to the world the principles governing the happy colonists of Friedensthal. Herbert Grau is still among the living. He has become young again in the games he plays with his grandchildren; but while he continues to assist the colonists with his advice, he strictly abstains from exercising any arbitrary authority which might create a precedent for later counsellors, both less wise and disinterested.

THE END.

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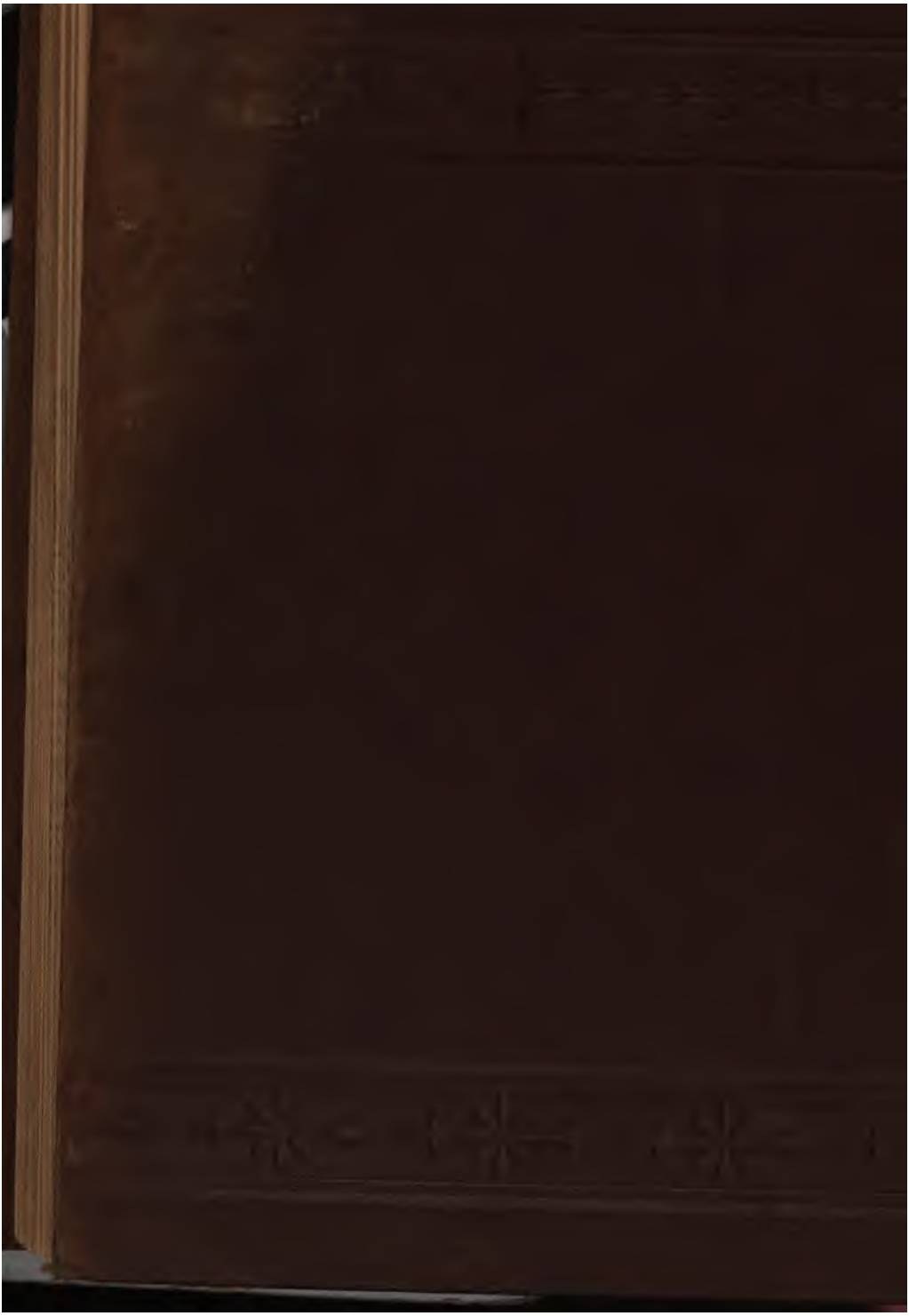
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